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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS
IN SIGHT OF THE GODDESS.

A TALE OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

BY HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS,

Author of "The Chapel of Ease," "Gilbert Elgar's Son," etc.

COMPLETE.

NOVEMBER, 1895

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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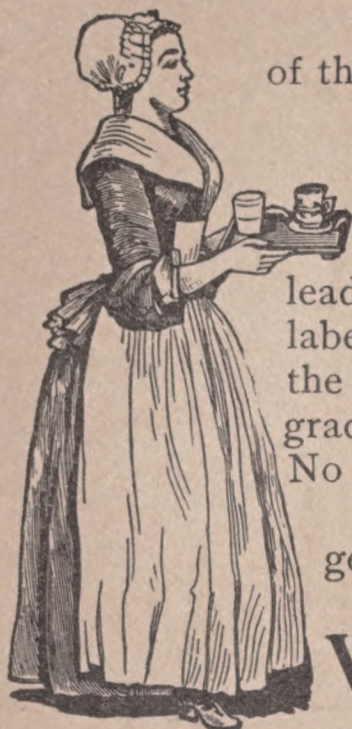
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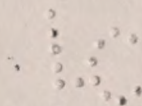
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BY

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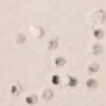
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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

IN SIGHT OF THE GODDESS.

CHAPTER I.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

OF course a man who narrates his own experiences, who talks of himself, and who chronicles events both great and small, must necessarily lay himself open to being called garrulous, perhaps even vain. So I must submit to being charged with these petty crimes in trying to give an account of the queer position I occupied with these new people. I cannot remember at any time in my whole existence, not even during occasional periods of mellowness, that I have ever had a very exalted or roseate opinion of my own achievements in life. On the contrary, I can count various distinct times that I have had heavy reckonings with myself, in which I have administered severe and well-deserved mental kicks, notably in my affair with Mrs. Romney. But this last turn of the wheel left me in a dull state of amazement which wiped out all previous experiences. Let me state the situation in bold, clear English, without any softening of the outlines or garnishing of the truth.

I, Stephen Barradale, for the sum of thirty-five hundred dollars a year, agreed to become the polite lackey to these new people. I agreed to keep the Madam's visiting-book, to make out her visiting-list, to order her State functions, and to introduce Washington high life to her. These, in plain terms which could not be blinked, were the duties that were meant in the bond, although at the time I failed to understand them, to my everlasting regret be it said.

I suppose I could never have had any ambition, for I remember that as a little chap my desire was to grow up to be a street-car driver. The only stumbling-block to me in this glorious career was my indecision as to whether I should run a car on F Street or on the Avenue.

That was as long ago as when we boys used to drop a penny into the little stone gutter in the Capitol grounds, up by the old fish-pond, and watch it roll along on end till it would come out at the big gates at the entrance, and there, unless we were spry, would be swallowed up in the mud and slime of the open drain that ran across the pavement. Those were the days when the sluggish old Tiber Creek flowed across the Avenue, covered over with a primitive wooden culvert, not always a safe conduit by any means. Sometimes there was a rickety wooden hand-rail along its sides, oftener there wasn't. Then beyond the Tiber were all the little one-eyed shops that lined the streets on one side down as far as Shillington's book-store, the whole presided over by the ugly old *Globe* building. At Shillington's we used to stand on tiptoe and flatten our noses against the window-panes to see the last prints in the picture papers, or, what was more likely still, we used to follow some passing drum and fife; for, even though the war had long been over, there were always troops in our midst, and old dilapidated blue army wagons hobbling along through the mud-holes of the Avenue. But I don't remember even while following the inspiring fife and drum ever having had any martial spirit or any fervor to become anything in life, not even a soldier. Clearly, I must have been without it in my composition, for later at Young's school the spark was not lighted, nor after that at college were there any stirrings of ambition that I can recall. I don't remember ever having been an actual disgrace in my studies, but I was always content to scratch through narrowly, provided I stood well in the college team.

No, that jade Fate has played me two unworthy tricks. It is true that she has endowed me liberally in some respects, for I think I may lay claim to brains, to superior physique, and certainly, without any undue vanity, to a kind of masculine good looks; but she stopped there. She did not give me the wherewithal, that nameless faculty for making life a success. But, far worse than that, she cursed me with birth in the District of Columbia.

I have never been able to decide just where in these sixty square miles that make up the District the mischief lies that seems to play the devil with the most of us who have been afflicted with birth here. Certain it is that few of the native-born have ever attained anything in the way of success, and I am conspicuously not one of the few. There seems to be an enervation, a sort of mental malaria afloat, that lays waste, kills, or perverts any energy or ambition that nature might have endowed us with.

I don't know just what I expected to do with my life when I came home after graduation. I may have had some ideas on the subject before I left my alma mater, but, if so, as soon as I felt the lazy, paralyzing atmosphere of my native place again, everything became uncomfortably vague, and, although I was confronted with the fact that I had my own living to earn, I was just about as much in the dark as to how I was going to do it as the traditional unborn babe. I know I had a pretty bad quarter of an hour, which somehow has managed to stretch itself over the best part of my life so far.

But in all sober earnestness, while I am reviewing the situation and

damning myself for being what I am, I ask what chance a fellow has to make a start in life if he remains in the District? There is no business save the small trades that go to supply the town, and the professions hold little or no inducements. No lawyer may ever rise beyond a modest local recognition: there can never be the goal of the Supreme Bench before him, he may not even hope to attain an ordinary District judgeship; for the Executive, with always a political debt to pay or a political future to consider, will not choose from a community behind which is neither State nor vote, and the same reason holds against various other positions within his gift. No one ever seems to consider the nonentity who is without the ballot.

Nevertheless, I made an attempt at a profession. I have now somewhere in my possession a framed certificate of graduation at a law school and one of subsequent admission to the bar. Then I tried for a consulate, or a secretaryship in a foreign embassy. I was not even particular where it should be, so long as it was in the diplomatic service; and upon this strong and influential pressure was brought to bear, but somehow it never came to anything. Then I tried going into a brokerage business. This seemed at last to be the very road to quick fortune, but here was disappointment again. An unsuspected strain in me of a certain inherited scrupulousness unfitted me for the turnings and twistings which this business seems to demand, and I finally abandoned it. Then, whimsically enough, my mind reverted to my ambition as a little chap to be a street-car driver. By Jove! it wasn't a half-bad idea to stand on the platform of one of those slow-crawling green or yellow cars which do not get over the ground any faster than our citizens do on foot. Well, after months of waiting, wasted in the vain hope that something would turn up, I finally sauntered, or stumbled, or fell, without further struggle, and naturally without enthusiasm, into the great engulfing arms of the government. A department door swung behind me and swallowed me up, and I became a machine, a thing without ambition, individuality, or illusions. I was Stateless, homeless, and voteless.

Owing partly to my inclinations, which have ever led me to seek social distinction, and partly to the birthright of my old name, there have been few doors in the polite world that have not been open to me; and this, together with the fact that I knew the ins and outs of social life here so thoroughly, was the means of springing the trap in which I was caught, and is the why and wherefore of this tirade and of my calling myself a spade.

Through all my meanderings in life, while there are some shady and unsavory spots, still I have always managed to keep a fair amount of self-respect, but this self-respect, like Bob Acres's courage, oozed entirely before the inglorious combination of circumstances. For though I might delude myself with being the private secretary to a Secretary, and might even occasionally do his confidential writing or take down his private letters in short-hand, in reality I could not blink the fact that I was only the secretary to a Secretary's wife. My good and honored father would have turned in his admiral's grave had he known of it. And why did I submit to such a position? Well, partly

from lack of energy and ambition, and partly from a misapprehension in the first place. It all happened simply enough, too.

I reached my desk rather late one morning, and knew that in all probability I should be docked for it; for it is one of the pleasing customs of this administration to know all the small doings of its employees and to keep a tally on all who are in the least derelict. I remember that as I passed the door-keeper he glanced at me sharply, and as I sprang up the stone steps that led to my corridor I knew a pencil-mark had gone down against my name. On entering our division and going to my desk, Billings looked up from his work and said,—

“A messenger has been in here looking for you, Barradale.”

“Anything up?” I asked, half startled; for another pleasing custom of department life is that one’s tenure of office hangs continually in mid-air, like Mohammed’s coffin, with birds of evil omen circling about it.

“Don’t know,” he replied; then, lowering his voice and making a significant motion of his hand, he said,—

“Miss Johns has just received a yellow envelope.”

I glanced across at Miss Johns and saw her with her face buried in her arms on the desk before her; at her side the fateful yellow envelope; on the floor the crumpled letter of dismissal; and not a clerk in the whole room but had suspended work to pity her and to shudder in silence for himself. At the sight of her bowed head and the despair of her attitude, the gorge rose in me. Involuntarily my hand clinched and my lips curled in contempt for a great government run upon such lines, where faithfulness and ability go absolutely for naught, and where civil service is a daily lie.

However, I had little time to indulge in contempt for my government, or in pity for Miss Johns. I felt that my own time had come. A messenger came hurrying in through the swinging green baize door and said to me,—

“The chief clerk wants to speak to you, sir.”

Billings looked at me while this message was being delivered, as much as to say, “Your time has come.”

I stepped out into the corridor and made my way leisurely to the room of the chief clerk. As I went along I wondered what was up, what the complaint was to be, or, if it should prove to be outright dismissal, what the cause was. I recalled with certainty that I had paid my assessment to the campaign fund, and that I had carefully held my tongue about some remarkable doings under the new head of a certain division. By the time I had reached the end of the corridor I was convinced in my rapid review that there was nothing of a serious nature to be charged against me. As I entered the chief clerk’s room he nodded to me in his usual brusque way and went on with some writing. There was nothing for me to do but to await his pleasure or leisure. In a few moments he swung around in his chair and looked me over in a cool, contemplative sort of way, and finally, after a more lengthy survey of me than was agreeable, he condescended to jerk out a few curt sentences:

“Mr. Barradale, the Secretary has asked me to send him some one

who has certain qualifications and a certain kind of knowledge about——well, he will explain to you better than I can. I am informed that you are well equipped for what he wants. I think perhaps you may do. You will please present yourself to the Secretary immediately and say to him that Mr. Blunt thinks you are the man he is looking for. Good-morning.”

He turned back to his desk, and I was dismissed. I was more surprised than I had been for many a long day, and immediately took up my line of march for the office of the Secretary. As I traversed the endless stone corridors, I wondered what the qualifications and knowledge were that I was supposed to possess, and what the Secretary proposed to do with them when he got them. I had never been sent for by the chief before, being altogether too subordinate ever to be wanted.

When I reached the anteroom I found it filled with the usual crowd that always belongs to the waiting-room of a Secretary. There were one or two Congressmen, various applicants and supplicants, and at least two cranks, among the number, and on one and all of their faces were stamped hurry and anxiety. I had to cool my heels for a long time, and to see one after another admitted into the inner room while I was consumed with impatience, curiosity, and not a little apprehension. At last I sent in my name, and was promptly asked to state my business; but, as that was just what I could not do, I had to say that Mr. Blunt, the chief clerk, had sent me upon the Secretary's own order. This brought me into the Secretary's presence at once.

He was in the midst of a low-toned conversation with some one, and merely glanced at me in an absent sort of way.

As I stood about waiting for him to give me his attention, I had ample time to study him.

The Honorable Horatio Childs had been appointed to a Cabinet portfolio from the West, and political report had it that his appointment was a direct reward for the vast sums of money he had contributed out of his own wealth to the campaign. Be that as it may, in the short time since the new administration had come in he had already proved himself one of the strongest and ablest men in the Cabinet, and, unless I was much mistaken, he was going to prove the soundest financier the department had known in many a year. He was a natural-born organizer and handler of men, and I was soon to learn that he had the sternest sense of uprightness and was the most single-purposed man I had ever met. Afterwards I often wondered how, with such a make-up, coupled with high-strung mental sensitiveness and irritability, he ever became a successful politician. He was tall and slight in build, with fast-whitening hair. His eyes were keen, though kindly, and he had that peculiar twang or intonation in his voice, accompanied by occasional slips in pronunciation or speech, which belongs to some parts of the country and which marks the self-made man who has been too busy or too indifferent to free himself from the illiteracies peculiar to his section. As I stood aside, watching his quiet gestures and catching the tones of his quick nervous speech, I felt the power of the man; and it was evident that the man to whom he was talking

felt it also. The Secretary walked a few steps towards the door with the man, where they paused for a few moments in parting; then he turned back and approached me; but it was evident that my name and business had slipped from his mind, for he said, in a quick, irritable voice,—

“What can I do for you, sir?”

I could not prevent a smile of amusement creeping into my face at the idea of being sent on an unknown mission and then having it demanded of me in this stand-and-deliver fashion. I replied, with some little dignity,—

“I do not know what you can do for me, Mr. Secretary: that is just what I have come here to find out. Mr. Blunt, the chief clerk, sent me to you and told me to say to you that I am the man you are looking for. My name is Barradale.”

“Oh! ah! yes,” replied the Secretary, fixing his eyes on me piercingly and uncomprehendingly. Then his face lighted up. He smiled broadly. Memory had come to him.

“Mr. Barradale, come to my desk. Sit down: I want to talk to you.”

I took the seat he indicated. He settled himself at his desk and seemed in no hurry to enlighten me as to why I had been summoned. Just then a messenger brought in a card. A darkening look came over the Secretary's face as he read it. He said, curtly,—

“Ask him to wait a few moments, and don't admit any one until I ring.” Then he turned to me and spoke rapidly:

“Mr. Barradale, I have need for the services of a private secretary, and I want some one who has been in Washington long enough to become acquainted with life here, some one who knows the ropes thoroughly, both in official and social circles. In the press of business in the department I have not had time to look about for myself. I have asked Mr. Blunt to send me some one thoroughly qualified for my purpose. He mentioned you, and tells me you have been in the department four or five years, that you stand well in your office. I understand that you were born in the District, that your people were of social importance here, that your father was an admiral in the navy, and that you yourself know every phase and every side of life here. Is this right?”

He paused and looked inquiringly at me. I was so dumfounded that I scarcely knew how to reply. I finally said,—

“Yes, Mr. Secretary, it is true that my father was an admiral in the navy, that I was born in the District, and that I know life here well.”

“Then it seems that you are just the man I want. Will you undertake the work?”

I hesitated, and stammered, “Mr. Secretary, I feel honored by your offer, but——”

I did not know how to go on. This was a chance that had never come in my way before, but it was all so sudden. He had not said how permanent such work would be, nor defined what would be expected of me; and I could not burn my bridges without knowing

something more definite. This keen man must have read me through and through, for he said, with a half-cynical smile,—

“Mr. Barradale, you shall lose nothing by your services to me. I will be frank with you. I want some one who is capable of serving me in various ways. I want a confidential man about me who will attend to my private correspondence, who perhaps will sometimes be sent to look after my private business when the pressure of public affairs will prevent me from thinking of my own concerns; but also I want——” Here he stopped as if he did not know just how to go on. He began again with some hesitancy:

“Mr. Barradale, I am a man of simple tastes and habits. I know little of the life here, and I shall always be too busy to do more than what is actually required of me socially, but I want my family to take the position that they will be entitled to, and which my means will justify. I do not want any mistakes made at the outset. I feel that if I have some one near me who knows all about these things and how they are done in Washington——”

There was a pause, and for a moment we looked each other squarely in the eyes. In a sudden flash I seemed to read more than his lips would say. Unconsciously a picture filled in the background. I thought that I fully understood the situation and all that his words had so delicately implied. There had been one or two lapses in his speech which grated on my Southern ear, and it was almost impossible to reconcile them with the man before me; but the steady look in his eyes seemed to challenge me and to compel me to acknowledge his intellectual ascendancy. I found myself saying with fervor and almost with eagerness, which were utterly foreign to me usually,—

“Mr. Secretary, you may command me in any way; I will serve you to the best of my ability.”

He replied quietly, but in a tone of kindly appreciation of my decision,—

“I am glad, Mr. Barradale. We will talk further about this. I will send for you later in the day, when I have a little more leisure. I think you won't regret your decision.”

He rose to dismiss me, and, touching his bell, said to the messenger who appeared,—

“Show in Senator Reagan.—Good-morning, Mr. Barradale.”

CHAPTER II.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

SOME one has said that “It is the first step that costs,” but I am inclined to dispute this wise old saw, for it was by no means the first step which cost me anything, unless I could so call the sudden feeling of freedom which took possession of me as soon as I had sent in my resignation to the department.

This took place some time in July, and I entered upon my new duties with an enthusiasm that I had never felt before for anything that I can remember. I was surprised to find with how little difficulty

I fitted into the position of private secretary. Partly from my long experience in the smart world, and partly from inheritance, I possessed a certain amount of tact which made it easy for me to estimate accurately, to remember and place everybody who approached the chief. Whenever, as was sometimes the case, it fell to me to stand between him and the horde of annoying, persistent men, often men of note, who frequently couched their wants in the form of demands or half-concealed threats, who had to be denied and yet who must not be offended, I think I showed a positive genius.

The pressure that was brought to bear upon the Secretary during these first months of his incumbency was something stupendous, and as I came to have some comprehension of the magnitude of the inside workings of a great government, I found that various cherished and deep-rooted notions which had grown up with me would have to be got rid of. As the long, oppressive days slipped by and I watched this man, grasping in his strong hands all the petty details of the department, meeting every demand upon his brain and strength with a vigor and judgment that staggered me, I confess that the narrow lines upon which my ideas had been formed seemed suddenly to fade, a wider vista opened before me, and I felt for the first time the stirrings of ambition. The blood leaped in my veins in a way that gave me a new sensation; I felt that, given the chance, I too, might be the shaper of a nation's policy.

These days were terribly enervating and hot. July was doing its worst in scorching the parks, in melting the pavements, and in bringing to the surface of the town all the queer waifs and strays that one does not notice much when the streets are not so empty and things are not so dead.

Somehow I am always reminded of a great river which in its course has many still places where the water is darker-colored, perhaps stagnant, and its surface covered with bits of wood and all manner of half-worn and rotten stuff that have been flung there or have drifted into the haven out of the hurry and turmoil of the stream. Just such a bit of still water is Washington when the summer fairly sets in. Then it is that the odds and ends of humanity that have drifted in and lodged here come to the surface and stand out prominently against the background of deserted streets and empty parks.

I never seemed to notice before how many of these half-cracked waifs there were here. They have wandered for years familiar figures through the corridors of public buildings, upon the promenades, in and out, always mysterious, always strange, and yet always more or less known. They somehow inevitably find their way past the vigilant watch kept to guard the door of high places, and I had to do battle with many of them as they drifted in past the door-keeper into the Secretary's anteroom, where they had no business and from which they had to be unceremoniously hustled. During my first month in the Secretary's office I developed quite a knack in dealing with these odds and ends of humanity. There was that strangest of all deformities, the "soldier boy," as he is familiarly known, whose head has grown to such enormous proportions that his frail, puny body is weighed

down by it, and he is always topped off by a huge, battered old blue army cap which has earned him his *sobriquet*. He came to beg for an interview with the Secretary and to enlist his aid in his behalf. He had sold his head to a medical college for the sum of five thousand dollars. They were kindly to allow him the use of it during his natural life, but, alas! they were not paying down their money nor keeping their part of the bargain. Would Secretary Childs help him recover damages? I said politely but firmly that Secretary Childs couldn't and wouldn't.

I had only escaped from the "soldier boy" to fall into the clutches of number two in the army of nondescripts. This was Jane Thurston, who was most original in her demands. She owns the United States, and wants to dispose of some part of it in order to realize something. She told me in confidence that she would not ask much for the land and only three cents a head for the people, so it would be a bargain, and if the Secretary would help her to bring up her claim before Congress she would give him a handsome fee; perhaps the State of Maine would satisfy him, if not, she would throw in Vermont. Well, I had to choke off, as best I could, this poor cracked woman, who is known to every lawyer and official in the District. But the worst of all my encounters was with the burly, herculean, swarthy Frankenstein who was found standing just within the door of the anteroom one morning when I rushed in from executing some mission outside the department. There he stood, perfectly immovable and absolutely silent. The messenger had disappeared, the door-keeper was gone, and the whole room was deserted of its usual applicants and visitors. I thought, as I glanced at the terrible object, that I understood fully the desertion manifest upon all sides. I knew the reputation that the mysterious Frankenstein bore, for he is never known to speak to any one, and woe to him who is brave enough to accost him. He shaves his forehead far back, and then paints the back of his neck black to represent hair. His shoulders are built up and padded far beyond nature's limits. His hands never appear below his sleeves, but are hidden therein, and the rest of his dress is correspondingly strange and hideous. He will take up a position in some prominent place and stand for hours without moving.

I did not know what to do with him, whether to speak to him or to let him stand there. While I was debating, one or two people came through the door from the corridor, evidently intending to send in a card to the Secretary, but one and all fled precipitately upon seeing the occupant of the room. I finally made up my mind to accost him. I said, in a most courteous tone,—

"Do you wish to send in your card to the Secretary? This is Cabinet day, and he will not return from the White House for some little time."

There was no response, no change of attitude, even no quiver of the eyelashes. When some time later the Secretary came in and saw with amazement this strange visitor, I motioned him not to speak. I followed him into his inner room and there explained to him as much as I knew of the mysterious Frankenstein. It was decided to let him

stand where he had taken up his position and to leave him unmolested. There he stood the livelong day, and always in the same attitude. Just a few minutes before the department closed, when we were wondering how we should get rid of him, Frankenstein disappeared. No one knew where he went or saw him go, but there was a sigh of relief from the Secretary down to the door-keeper.

So the summer wore away, filled to me with congenial duties, and long before its close I knew that the Secretary felt for me a strong personal liking, and many were the hours that I found myself admitted to an intellectual companionship I never had known in my whole life before. He discussed with me almost every known question and topic of the day. I often was led on by him to talk more openly than perhaps I ought to have done, considering my position. He would pause in his nervous pacing up and down to look at me and to follow my rapid and blunt utterances. Sometimes these would take the form of fierce denunciations of the spoils system of government, or the abuses practised in his own department; or perhaps I dared in my vehemence even to criticise the Chief Executive; or, more likely still, I would hold forth on the disfranchisement and mode of governing the District of Columbia. He would say, emphatically,—

“Stephen, you ought to be out growing up with a State. We need such young, vigorous blood as yours. I didn’t know any one in the District felt or cared about these questions. You put things strongly.”

He would study me for a moment or two and then would resume his pacing. He often called me Stephen even during these early days, and I liked to hear him do so, for this man’s magnetism, or force, or personality, or whatever it was, had already fast bound me to him, and holds me now, the strongest tie I know.

Late in the summer I made a trip with him to Saratoga. The nature of it and the why and wherefore were not divulged to me, but I was not long in discovering for myself that the Secretary was assisting at a monetary conference at which were present the ablest financiers from all over the country, irrespective of party lines. But the Secretary never talked to me openly about it, and I of course never alluded to the object of this gathering of notable men; and so quietly were their meetings conducted that nothing ever transpired in regard to it. Later he sent me to look after some business of a private nature. Then I learned how vast his interests were, what heavy responsibilities he lived under.

He commended me warmly for my management of his affairs, and said that he thought it would be a good thing to make me his business agent rather than his secretary. He seemed to be turning me over in his mind, which was a way he had of doing, and I wondered if he found me wanting.

I of course came in contact with my former associates in the department, and I tried to do all that I could to help Miss Johns to a reinstatement of the position she had lost. I knew my place too well to presume upon my nearness to the Secretary to bespeak his interest in her behalf; but one day when he was discussing civil service I had an opportunity of taking the opposite view in the matter, and I cited

her case as an illustration of the utter fallacy of civil service reform as I knew it to be practised. This drew out a question or two from him and some admissions from me. Several weeks later, there was a bomb-shell explosion. The new chief of a certain division was displaced, my old office was entirely overhauled, and in the general shaking up and rearrangement Miss Johns was given a desk. She never knew, however, that I was instrumental in her reinstatement. Of course I knew that the Secretary had been investigating things for himself, and from a number of changes and various new rules which were promulgated it was evident that he had found just grounds for interference and reform.

During the months I had been with him, one thing had struck me very forcibly, that he was a man who lived a singularly solitary life; I mean that inner solitariness which must ever go hand in hand with a certain keen, high-strung, nervous intellectuality. I had had glimpses into his life and into his mind that made me think this, and I remember once in the course of a conversation concerning the influence that other minds have upon us, he quoted a line which was to the effect that in the original nature of everything there was the power given to preserve its existence, that each ought to strive for the great right of sovereignty which was naturally his. He said,—

“Stephen, this idea has always had a powerful influence upon me. I have perhaps lived too much in it.”

He paused, and seemed to be pursuing some train of thought in far-away regions where I could not follow. I asked him finally, in a puzzled way, how it happened that with such a precept he had ever entered public life, or had been prevailed upon to accept a portfolio. He replied, with a sudden smile,—

“Oh, Stephen, after all, we men ‘love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues.’ It is the touch of servility that underlies the make-up of all men: we want to look down upon those beneath us, and we are even willing for some to stand above us. I read somewhere the other day a clever thing by some writer who said that we are continually living over again the story of the creation; that in the first order of things beasts were created and brought before Adam that he might give them names and places in the universe and that he might have dominion over them, but nowadays the human animal comes himself before his own kind and begs for a place, and cries, ‘Give me a name, give me a title, that I may not be naked and ashamed.’”

There was a touch of humorous contempt in his tone that brought an answering smile to my face, yet I was impressed by his remark, as indeed I was with almost all his utterances.

He had seldom talked of his family, but once or twice he had mentioned names that I supposed must belong to them. Once, when alluding to the prolonged absence in Europe of a grown child, he said, half bitterly,—

“Oh, well, it is only nature for the flower to fall from the stem.”

I did not know whether this child whom he alluded to was a son or a daughter, for he was a reserved man in personal matters, and

somehow I did not happen to ask the question. Towards the end of September, one quiet day, he received a telegram. He came to me with a half-troubled face, holding it in his hand, and said,—

“Stephen, my family will be here to-morrow night. It is high time they came and we were settled permanently somewhere, but——”

He stopped, and did not finish the sentence.

Of course I could not know what was in his mind. It seemed natural enough to me that they should come. Indeed, I wondered why they had not come before, and I said, warmly,—

“I am glad for your sake, Mr. Secretary, that they are coming. It has been a long, hard summer.”

He made no reply, but twirled the telegram in his hand and seemed to be considering. There flashed over me suddenly a recollection of our first interview, when he had alluded to his family and had expressed a desire to have some one near him who was familiar with social and official life. I wondered if he were going to say something about it now, and glanced at him half expectantly. As I met his eyes it seemed to me for an instant as if there were a mute appeal in them, but I could not be sure. He stood a moment longer, but did not speak, and finally turned back to his private room and shut the door noiselessly.

I did not dream that these were practically our last undisturbed days together. I went on with my writing, with a running accompaniment of thoughts in the background. I had a well-defined impression that there was some element or some unrestrained force in the Secretary's life that left him solitary. What could it be? He had alluded to an absent child almost pathetically, although he had clothed his speech in the dress of philosophy. I felt sure that, whatever it was that disturbed his life, he himself was blameless.

No, decidedly it is not the first step which costs. It is the step in between, or the last and final step, or the step aside, but not the first step. At least it was so with me.

CHAPTER III.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

It was only a few days after the arrival of the Secretary's family that I was invited to meet them and to dine with them at their hotel. It was now the very end of September, and almost a midsummer heat still prevailed. At the appointed time I set out languidly to keep my engagement. I live at the club, and have lived there ever since the breaking up and final scattering of my family. It has always seemed to me that to a homeless man club salt is on the whole a good deal less tasteless than any other, and is rather calculated to make one feel less keenly one's bereft condition: so the club holds for me my Lares and Penates, and it has been said of me that I have the gait and manner that always mark the inveterate club *habitué*. But with us we are so cosmopolitan that I doubt if any one could recognize any such stamp, which same cannot be said of our neighboring clubs. For who in this

part of the world does not know a man from the Maryland, or from the Westmoreland, or even, be it said with bated breath, from the Union? But our men, belonging as they do to every nation that is accredited here, make it difficult to fasten upon us any imputation of sectionalism.

When I stepped out from the electric glare of the club, the streets were unlighted and utterly dark, and they were as sultry as they were dark. It happened to be one of our periods of corporation gaslight, when the moon ought to have shone and did not, which failure on her part was by no manner of means the concern of anybody or anything in the District, save Nature herself. The city fathers have no part nor parcel, apparently, in the general arrangement of things. Therefore I walked rather mincingly and carefully along past familiar houses that were shut up, silent and lightless, past the park with its great historic trees looming up in the night, past the statue of "Old Hickory," which the friendly darkness hid from me, but which I knew still stood where it has stood for so many years pawing the air in mid-heaven, with its cocked hat waving in the breeze,—or at least it would wave if it did not weigh a ton or two; and I smiled to myself as I recalled the tale of how Charles Sumner had hurried Thackeray past this same statue, hoping that the great novelist would not remark upon it, and when they were almost safely by Thackeray had asked slyly what had become of the rockers.

There was no breath of air, no stirring of the leaves. An occasional tree-toad or belated cricket that sang or chirped from the shrubbery of the park gave me a sudden boyish feeling of homesickness or longing—for what? I could scarcely have told.

I had been vaguely picturing to myself these new people whom I was going to meet for the first time. I had only a mild curiosity regarding them. I had somehow thought of Mrs. Childs as a comfortable, motherly woman who would doubtless accentuate the occasional inaccuracies or illiteracies of the Secretary. I had even fancied that her face would be marked with sweet, deep lines that would convey an idea of ripe sense and wise and prudent thought. With this picture in my mind I was therefore totally unprepared for the woman to whom I was presented. The Secretary had scarcely named me to her when a conviction as strong as it was sudden flashed over me that here was the element or force which left him in the midst of his strenuous life a lonely man.

She was not more than forty-five years of age. I could easily imagine that she had been handsome in a highly colored way which sometimes passes muster in the first flush of youth, but which with the touch of time becomes hard and florid and degenerates into an uncompromising hopelessness. Although she was neither very tall nor large, she somehow conveyed the idea of large proportions. Her hair was dark, her eyes were hard and shining, her mouth was drawn in a straight, unyielding line, and her voice had the most penetrating, pervading tone I had ever heard.

The only other member of the family who was present was a half-grown son, neither boy nor man, at that abominable age so trying to everybody nearest to him; when a mother rests her irritated soul in

the memory of his babyhood and shuts her eyes to the possibilities of coming years: an age when his nature has not escaped from the barbarism which seems to be the normal state of the young male, as I remember only too well, when he picks up the semi-vices of men and is loud and rude from impulse. He had an enlarged baby face, soft and handsome, relieved by a strongly marked brow, that was the exact counterpart of the Secretary's. His hair was cut in that hideous fashion which is so much affected by the youth of the present foot-ball age. He called his father "governor" and his mother "old lady," and I felt an absolute certainty that it would be a matter of only a short time before I should be dubbed "old chap" or "chappie." And yet, somehow, I liked the young cub from the first moment.

I do not know just how I had gained the impression that there were others in the Secretary's family. I know that I was half expecting all that evening that some one else would appear who would make the group more nearly complete, but dinner was announced and served and no one else joined us.

My attention had been caught and held early in the evening by a photograph of a beautiful girl, or so she seemed to be with all the latest arts of the photographer brought to bear upon her. The picture stood on a small table, and my glances kept wandering towards it continually. This did not escape the quick, restless eyes of Mrs. Childs, who said finally, in a curt tone,—

"That is a picture of Constance, Mr. Childs's daughter."

I was so surprised at the wording of this statement and the manner accompanying it that involuntarily I looked questioningly at her. Was not the girl her child too? I wondered. There was certainly no resemblance to her, but, for that matter, neither did the son resemble her. There was silence for a moment; then the Secretary said, taking up the picture and looking at it,—

"Yes, this is Constance, my eldest child, Stephen. She has been in Europe two or three years, but she will come home this winter; we shall want her."

As he said this he glanced across at Mrs. Childs half interrogatively, but there was no answering look. Then Sandy, by which name the son was called, lounged forward with his hands in his pockets and said,—

"I just tell you, Mr. Barradale, you ought to see Conny. She's a ripper, a regular ripper; but she and the old lady here don't hit it off somehow, so Conny stays——"

But Sandy did not finish this extraordinary explanation. The Secretary's hand came down in heavy pressure on his shoulder, there was a play of lightning in his eyes, and the indiscreet disclosure was cut short. The young cub had the grace to flush all over his fair baby face, and I was left to ponder uncomfortably the meaning of it all. There was constrained silence. My natural man's impulse was to praise the beauty of the girl, but something in the face of the woman opposite made me deem it prudent to stay my words of admiration. The family skeleton had been dangled before my eyes, and it took all the tact I possessed to rescue us all from the dangerous ground we were treading upon. Sandy happily diverted our thoughts and tongues

by asking about foot-ball as played in this part of the world, and the eagerness with which the discussion of athletic sports was taken up testified to the relief that was felt in a new topic. Sandy's respect for me mounted considerably upon learning that I had been a foot-ball player in my college eleven. A little later the question of the location of the family for the winter came up, and for the first time I perceived that I had not understood the bond I had entered into when I had made my bargain with the Secretary in the beginning. Mrs. Childs took possession of the conversation, and said, in her high, penetrating voice,—

"I told Mr. Childs, Mr. Barradale, that he must be sure to look up some one nice who would take charge of things for us here in Washington, and that he could have you all summer, but that I should want you for the winter; and I think, if you will be so kind, you had better begin at once by looking us up a desirable house."

I was never so surprised in my life. I wondered if I had heard aright. I looked at her, and then across at the Secretary, only to encounter in his eyes a dumb look of appeal. I managed to say, turning to Mrs. Childs,—

"I shall be happy, of course, to serve you in any way that my time will permit, Mrs. Childs; but you know that a private secretary is not his own master, and my duties to the Secretary are to be considered first."

Thereupon Mrs. Childs turned sharply and said,—

"Didn't you explain to Mr. Barradale that his real duties as secretary would be to me, Mr. Childs?"

"Well, not exactly that, my dear. I dare say I can spare Stephen to you until we are settled and in running order for the winter, but the truth is I have grown to rely on Stephen, and it will be hard for me to grow accustomed to any one else, even temporarily."

He looked at me as he spoke, and I felt, as I often had done before, the subtle influence he seemed to possess for me, but nevertheless I did not like the situation, and I determined to make a stand.

"Really, Mrs. Childs, the only duties I am capable of performing are those that I am accustomed to: I shall be of no use, I fear, in the way you mention. I shall be delighted if I can suggest anything, or supplement any arrangement of yours, but——" And I laughed pleasantly without finishing my sentence, as if I had said all there was to say in declining. She answered, persuasively,—

"Oh, come now, Mr. Barradale, you must not say you can be of no use to me; you are a Washingtonian, you are a society man, and therefore you will be exactly the right man in the right place. Now I want you to come here to-morrow morning and give me your help and advice. I won't enter into anything to-night, but you will be doing a real service to us, to me, to the Secretary, and——" Here she paused an instant; then she looked up keenly at me and added, artfully, "and to Constance."

She evidently had read in my eyes my admiration for the fair girl in the photograph. She knew the vulnerable spots in a man's make-up, and she played upon this particular one with her not very delicate

touch. And I, with all the dishonesty that men invariably use towards women in never facing squarely any disagreeable question with them, tried to make vague promises, to temporize, to put off Mrs. Childs; but I might just as well have tried to stem the power of Great Falls. Before I knew it, I had been overborne step by step, till I had consented with what grace I could muster to come to the hotel in the morning and hold conference with the Secretary's wife concerning her *ménage*. But I was inwardly sulky at the prospect. I did not stay long after that. I soon found myself out in the dark streets again. The Secretary followed me, and, putting his arm through mine, walked along with me and said,—

"I will go up as far as the club with you. I want to explain one or two things to you."

His quick, springing step was more full of energy and life than mine, and I had to quicken my own more languid gait to keep up with him. But his speech was slow, and the explanation was long in coming. At last he said, abruptly,—

"Stephen, Mrs. Childs is my second wife. Constance is my daughter, but not hers. Constance and Sandy are only half-brother and sister. Constance's mother——" and there was a pause which to me seemed significant. In a few minutes he continued quietly,—

"Constance's mother shared all my early struggles when I was only a sort of hired man, or at best only working on shares on a rough Western farm. She died before I ever attained anything, or before I knew it was in me to attain anything. She never knew any but the hard, unlovely beginning to my career. Afterwards I married again. The present Mrs. Childs has been a great factor in my later life. She has ability and ambition, and a wonderful faculty for gaining an end. She has done much to put me where I am. I should like, Stephen, to have you meet her wishes and plans as nearly as you can; you will be serving me as truly in so doing as you are serving me now, and it will be at most only a temporary thing."

He paused and faced me. We had now traversed the length of the street between the hotel and the club, and stood in the electric light from the vestibule. He was regarding me intently, half wistfully, half commandingly. I did not like the idea of serving Mrs. Childs even temporarily, but I found myself saying heartily,—

"Don't say another word, sir; I will do as you desire. I will serve you now and always to the best of my ability and in whatever way you may designate."

I put out my hand in token of the compact. He shook it warmly and seemed loath to part. I noticed it, and said,—

"Come in and play pool, sir: you have scarcely been in the club since your election to it."

"Not to-night, my boy," he replied.

He turned suddenly and was swallowed up in the utter darkness of the street. The lazy jog of a passing car as it turned the street corner, the backing up of a herdie cab at the curbstone, and his retreating footsteps, were the only sights and sounds in the still September night.

I stood on the threshold, thinking over the events of the evening and the promises I had made for the morrow, which, if my instinct did not fail me, would bind me for most of the morrows that should dawn during the coming season. I was wondering what would be the outcome of my odd relations to these new-comers, and was getting some jeering amusement out of it at my own expense, when Hargate of the British Embassy, with his monocle screwed into his eye, came rushing headlong up the steps, bent nearly double, which is his manner of carrying himself, and which, by the way, seems to be the preferred manner of walking of many of the foreigners. He dragged me inside with him to make up a game, but we had not got much beyond the swing doors when we encountered Roger Macon.

Macon is to my mind one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. He is a Virginian, and, speaking of club types, Westmoreland is written all over him. He is only a non-resident member with us, and I had not known that he was in town. He came towards us rapidly, I thought almost violently, and when we were face to face I saw that he looked haggard and pale. I dropped apart from Hargate to speak to him.

"Why, Macon, old man, what's up? You don't look very fit."

"I've been hunting all over the place for you, Barradale. Can you give me a few minutes' time?"

"Of course," I replied. I excused myself from Hargate and led the way into the loggia. Macon followed me. We took possession of the most remote table and ordered drinks. For a short space of time he did not speak, but regarded me gloomily; then he asked me abruptly,—

"Do you know Mrs. Romney?"

I felt the muscles around my mouth tighten suddenly, and involuntarily I closed my hand, but I kept my eyes on Macon. What was he going to rake up? I wondered. I replied, without hesitation,—

"Yes, I know Mrs. Romney."

"But you know her very well, do you not?" He watched me narrowly. I knocked off the ash of my cigar slowly, and answered,—

"Yes, I know Mrs. Romney fairly well."

"Barradale, is it true that Mrs. Romney has a husband living?"

"Yes, it is true," I replied, briefly; then I added, after a moment, "Any one else could have told you as much, Macon."

Macon's hands shut spasmodically. His lips were compressed. Finally he demanded, fiercely,—

"Why should Romney's existence have been kept dark? Tell me all you know of him."

"Why do you come to me and take this tone? What has happened?" I asked, thoroughly nettled. Then I went on after a moment: "There is little to tell about Mrs. Romney. She is young, pretty, and gay. She is in society, and she is living apart from her husband. I have understood that Romney was an impossible sort of man as a husband. When I first knew Mrs. Romney I had supposed her to be a widow, until I learned unexpectedly and unpleasantly that she wasn't."

"Then you were one of her victims?" he queried, with a sneer.

I merely shrugged my shoulders. His face grew dark. He leaned towards me, and said, significantly,—

“I am told, Barradale, that you are Mrs. Romney’s friend.”

I felt the blood mount to my face. The insinuation was not to be borne. I sprang to my feet in hot anger. “See here, Macon, your tone and manner are little short of offensive. What do you mean?”

Macon rose to his feet at the same time, and we faced each other. Of course such an abrupt movement attracted attention, and our menacing attitude towards each other brought two men in the opposite corner to their feet. There was an ominous pause. Suddenly Macon’s tense manner relaxed, the sneer died out of his face, and was succeeded by the most haggard misery I have ever seen in a man’s eyes. He dropped back into his chair quietly, and said,—

“I beg pardon, Barradale; I do not want to pick a quarrel. Sit down again; I want to ask a question, and I want you to answer it honestly, as between man and man.”

I sat down again, of course. He leaned across the table earnestly, and, lowering his voice, said,—

“I have just heard your name coupled with hers, and I have also just heard for the first time that Romney is living. Well, Barradale, there’s no need to explain further. I am the most miserable man on God’s earth.”

His eyes were indeed miserable. I could not but pity him, for I understood the situation only too well. He went on:

“I have come to you to know the truth, and I am going to ask for it plainly. Is there an affair between Mrs. Romney and you?”

“None, absolutely,” I curtly and emphatically replied.

Macon drew a long breath. There was a pause. I was on the point of giving him the unvarnished truth about Mrs. Romney, but I hesitated. He was too wretched and too fierce just then to have been grateful to me if I had; and, besides, he was finding it out for himself. Afterwards I was sorry I had not spoken, for I was destined to hear more of the affair in the near future.

The whole scene had been so sudden, so brief, and so deucedly uncomfortable that when Macon left the club, which he did almost immediately, I did not learn anything about his movements or intentions, save that he was leaving town that night.

After he had gone I went and hunted up Hargate and the game. I plunged into it, and was glad to forget my interview with Macon in the loggia.

CHAPTER IV.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

IF I were to go into all the details of the succeeding days, of my conferences with Mrs. Childs and of my interviews with real estate men in the endeavor to locate the Secretary’s family for the coming season, I should become as tiresome as a certain popular novelist did who in countless pages portrayed the dreary wanderings of two of his

favorite characters in their search of a flat. During these days I often ground my teeth over the task I had undertaken.

It is needless to say that I soon learned that Mrs. Childs felt the importance of money and position, and that she meant to make the most of them in the brief four years before her. I felt a kind of relief and satisfaction in this fact, for it would be a much more popular thing to overdo the position than to fall short in public expectation, and I had a vivid recollection of a predecessor of hers some years ago who persisted in driving about in the department wagon, to the utter scandalizing of the community, and who, when remonstrated with for so extraordinary a proceeding, had tersely disclaimed, in a vernacular entirely her own, there being any "sculduggery" about her, whatever that might mean. So, when Mrs. Childs wished to lease a showy white stone house with monstrous caryatids supporting the eaves and impossible lions guarding the door-way, I felt that her error in taste was at least encouraging, and that it would be a more hopeful task to tone her down to a quieter selection than it would have been to key her to a higher pitch had her choice fallen below the requirements of the situation. But we had some discouraging and annoying skirmishes before anything was accomplished. It seemed as if there were nothing in all the town that pleased her ladyship save the aforesaid white monstrosity, but against that I had set my face, and I was supported by the Secretary. At last I had an inspiration, and I flattered myself that I had been quite adroit when I finally installed the family in a spacious old-fashioned house, in which all the appointments bore the hall-mark of gentility and race.

It was a house that had been known to me from my earliest recollection. Familiar figures trooped through every room. I could still see a stately man of the old school moving about, and I almost felt again his awe-inspiring manner. What would his feelings have been had he known that the old family mansion would pass entirely out of the hands of his descendants, and that his own grandson would one day be installing strangers therein? Of course the Childs knew nothing of this. They did not know to whom the old house had once belonged. They did not know what ghosts peopled it to me. I should keep the knowledge to myself, and I hoped no idle tongue would inform them.

When everything was done that I could do, when the corps of servants was complete, when horses and correct carriages were in the stable and the last touches were given, these new people, whose lackey I had become, moved into my grandfather's house. I could not help awaiting with some curiosity their comments. Sandy said, as he tore all over the house, his footsteps sounding like a cavalry charge,—

"What a jolly old house this is! I say, governor, I can see all the way down the river from the cupola."

Mrs. Childs looked about regretfully, and said, in a quick, complaining tone,—

"Dear me, what a barn of a house! People don't know half how to live down South here. I wish the drawing-room had been done over in white and gold. The crystal chandelier isn't bad, though it is

clumsy and old-fashioned, but of course the rooms will look very different when I fill in a few modern chairs in bright satin, and some bits of new *bric-à-brac*. The stuff in that cabinet over there must have come out of the Ark, and the ball-room is perfectly hideous. I can't for the life of me see why any one should want those queer mirrors between all the windows, and those long spindle-legged chairs—or are they sofas? They are simply terrible. I shall move them all out the first thing I do."

I half sighed and half smiled at the fate in store for the old Chippendale and the quaint Venetian mirrors which had been brought from Italy and had been one of the wonders of the town in a long-gone-by day, and which would be regarded almost as a patent of nobility by most people; but I knew that Mrs. Childs was still regretting the white stone mansion with the lions and caryatids.

As for the Secretary, he walked silently about with his hands clasped behind him. He looked long and thoughtfully out of the little round windows at the top of the house, from which could be seen a wide, sluggish river, bounded in the distance by the soft, green banks of the Virginia shore, against which in relief stood out an old yellow mansion-house, grim, lonely, and historic. As he turned away from the view he sighed and said,—

"It was a terrible struggle, Stephen, and it is painful even now to look at that old place and remember all that Robert Lee gave up. Let me see, some of your own people were on the other side in the Rebellion, weren't they?"

"Yes, my grandfather was entirely rebel in his sympathies, so much so that a guard was kept around this—around his house for months. My father's oldest brother fought and died for the lost cause, my father himself being the only one of his family whose allegiance to the government never wavered. He was given command of a ship at a very early age, and there was a terrible and bitter breach between him and my grandfather. All this is hearsay with me, for I was too little a chap to know of such things at that time, having been ushered into the world with the guns of Sumter."

"This old house pleases me exactly, Stephen. The man who built it and lived in it was evidently no self-made man. He must have come of an old line that had known only the cultured side of life. Look at these queer bits of carving: they must have been brought from Europe. Constance will like this. She and I are a good deal alike in our tastes. Do you know anything about the former owners?"

"Only that their story is common enough in this part of the world. They were ruined by the war. When the last owner died, about twelve years ago, he had nothing to bequeath but debts and a pension to his widow." (God forgive me, I was speaking of my own father.) "This old house was covered up with mortgages, and of course it passed away from the original family, together with everything in it. I happened to know it could be leased, and I am glad that it is satisfactory."

"That scroll-work over there almost forms a letter: it looks like B," said the Secretary.

Luckily, he was speaking absently, and I did not reply. I felt a singular reluctance to acknowledge my relationship to the old place, and I wished with all my heart that I had encouraged Mrs. Childs to lease the white monstrosity upon which her heart had been set in the first place; but it was too late. I had of my own free will precipitated these people almost headlong into this particular house, and I was just beginning to count the cost of what I had done. My feelings can better be imagined than described when I remembered that I should have to face the entire smart world in the character of major-domo to these people in my own grandfather's house. The situation was rare, and caused me some exquisite, though grim, amusement.

Sometimes it seemed more herculean than my temper and self-respect could bear; for, when all was said and done, what did I know about the running of an official household? or, for that matter, what did I know about running a household of any kind? and I was called upon for every petty thing imaginable. Mrs. Childs would make a great show of consulting me upon all points, and then, woman-like, go and do just as she had made up her mind to do. I did, however, dissuade her from using a crest upon the panels of her carriages,—which took some little tact to accomplish, for she had just received a very impressive-looking one with martlets upon it from a well-known firm in New York: I also saved the Chippendale and Venetian mirrors from banishment. It was *Figaro çì, Figaro là*, every day in the week, except when I would take refuge with the Secretary and write up for him his arrears of correspondence.

I had not heard anything further of Roger Macon, but I learned that Mrs. Romney had returned to town from a coaching-trip, and then I heard through the constantly-sifting gossip of the club that Macon had met Mrs. Romney on this coaching-trip and had at once become infatuated with her. He had followed her from place to place, and even to Washington, where he had immediately learned that there was a stumbling-block in the shape of Romney, and, as he had thought, still another in the shape of myself. I could not help wishing that I had spoken out frankly at the club, as my impulse had dictated. What an egregious fool a man can be about a woman when given the inclination and an unhindered opportunity!

The autumn was now well advanced. People were beginning to flock back to town. Houses were being opened up in all directions. The same old set began to take their familiar places in public once more. The Bachelors reorganized, and we had our usual yearly wrangle over the list of admissions. The more conservative members, with their ever-vigilant eyes, scanned the membership list carefully lest some taint of trade should creep within our hallowed midst; though of course we were ready to stretch out our arms in welcome to any unchallenged sprig from the embassies who might perchance have arrived on this side during the summer. The Hunt Club also woke again to new life and elected a new M.F.H. A date was set for the first run, and it was devoutly hoped that traditional hunting weather would prevail, with a southerly wind and a cloudy sky. The meet was to be this side of Dumblane and the finish to be at the new club-house, where the hunters

and the visitors who should go to see the throw-off were to stop for tea afterwards.

The one lasting enthusiasm I have ever had, and the only one that has ever seemed worth while, has been my love of horses. If I were to tell of the sacrifices, the shifts I have made to keep my mare Stéphane from following in the wake of my other possessions, I should make the eyes of my polite friends open rather wide. Stéphane has been my one lasting passion. She has never failed me, and I made up my mind long ago that when the time should come that I could no longer provide for her I should lead her out into the free and open country and there end it all with a bullet between her faithful eyes. I think she has always understood this in her dumb brute way; for sometimes when I have been unusually down and have ridden gloomily out into the country away from asphalt pavements, she has turned her grave, almost human eyes upon me as much as to say, "Don't do it to-day, master."

She has carried me a winner through several steeple-chases; she has followed the longest hunts, always close to the hounds and rarely absent at the death; water jumps, worm fences, prickly hedges, are as nothing to her quick, unerring eye, her supple sinews. It is only a heavily ploughed field that can have power to stay her stride. No one will ever know the respect I have for Stéphane. She is the only one of her sex that is never capricious, never changeable; and the red-brown gloss of her head is as beautiful as ever the red-brown tresses of a woman could be. During the scorching hot months of summer she had been browsing in green country pastures with her shoes off, but with the early awakening autumn sports she had been brought to town and shod and was ready for the first run of the hounds.

I persuaded the Secretary and Mrs. Childs to drive out to the meet and afterwards to come to the club-house for tea, where I should meet them and act as host. I knew it would be a good opportunity to present to them thus early a few of the right people among those who were entirely outside of official circles. Accordingly, they drove out in their new cabriolet, and when the run was over I dismounted and approached their carriage to beg them to come inside the club-house for tea. As I went towards them I was secretly amused at the interrogative glances from both coachman and footman which plainly asked of me, "Are we all right? Are we doing the thing properly?" I was, however, a little staggered by the cool nod which Mrs. Childs bestowed upon me, and hastened to present to her the two most important personages present, the French ambassador and the Honorable Arthur Alan Butler Hargate. Not that I presented the latter with all the flourish of his many names, but I was a little bit nettled at the condescending nod I had received, and therefore gave Hargate rather more of a send-off than I usually bestow on him. But if I was impressed with the coolness of Madam's greeting to me, judge how much more I was impressed when she addressed the French ambassador in French,—crude and clumsy French if you will, but nevertheless French. As for the Secretary himself, he was undisguisedly pleased by the whole scene and surroundings,—the sharp, damp air, the stretch of

open country, the mounted horsemen, the impatient, drooping hounds, the quick-moving figures of the gay throng, all thrown into relief by the dark line of woods in the background and the warm, old-fashioned farm-house in the foreground. I knew the Secretary was pleased and interested. I also saw that he had an eye for a horse, for he took in Stéphane's points at once and said,—

“I didn't know you owned such a piece of horse-flesh, Stephen?”

“It is my one folly, sir.”

Just then a general move was made towards the club-house, and I ushered the Secretary and Mrs. Childs into the primitive little drawing-room, with its low ceiling, its old-time furniture, and its faint, musty smell. As my eye swept over the room I was rather taken aback to find that Mrs. Romney was pouring tea at the tea-table; but before I had time to make any recognition of the fact my attention was distracted by the sound of my own name, and I heard just behind me in a loud voice, that evidently took no heed of the surrounding crowd,—

“Stephen Barradale can work it for us, if he only will; he's here with 'em to-day.”

I knew the voice well. Its owner belonged to the smart set, and was a young woman whose tongue was a good deal longer than her pedigree. I turned at once to find myself face to face with a group of fashionable girls,—girls with unimpeachable frocks, unimpeachable appearance, sleek and well groomed. They were perfect types of the smart set that belongs to all society the world over in this end-of-the-century, electric-light age. Their creed is to waste no courtesy on anybody outside of their own immediate set, or on any one who cannot give them something in return. But I don't know that I ought to rail at the fashionable girl of the day. Providence, no doubt, was wise in fashioning her as he did; for, in the language of Mrs. Poyser, he undoubtedly made her to match the man. I don't know that her manners ever grated upon me before,—probably not,—but they grated upon me that day.

I wheeled around upon hearing my name spoken, and faced the speaker, who was Miss Bellamy. She continued,—

“We were just saying, Mr. Barradale, that we think it might be a good thing to cultivate Mrs. Childs. We hear that these people have loads of money and that they're going to entertain lavishly. We want to get hold of as many ball-rooms as we can for our dinner dances, and we know the fame of the Barradale ball-room. Do you think you could work the ball-room for us?”

“I am sure I could not,” I replied, smilingly and promptly, “but I will present you, and no doubt you can arrange it for yourselves.” And accordingly I presented them.

It amused me not a little to note the adroit flattery which each let drop, and which was a comedy in itself. I do not think that it was entirely lost upon Mrs. Childs; and I mentally tossed up a coin, wondering whether it would come down heads or tails,—or, in other words, whether it would be “ball-room” or “no ball-room” for these disinterested girls.

When everybody had had tea and there seemed no possible excuse

for lingering, there was a general move towards carriages. The crowd moved out upon the cramped porch, where it overflowed in a straggling group. While we stood there just before separating, a soft, sweet voice called me distinctly enough for everybody at hand to hear, "Stephen." It was Mrs. Romney's.

Once I should have thrilled from head to foot at the sound of my name so pronounced, and my voice would have been too unsteady to answer; but now I only turned gravely towards her. She continued, plaintively,—

"Stephen, am I to be the only one who is not to meet your friends?"

There was a sweet, hurt, child-like look in her innocent, grave eyes. It seemed to me that every tongue had suddenly ceased its chatter. There was a perceptible pause. I said, quietly, while I stood with bared head,—

"Mr. Secretary, may I present Mrs. Romney?"

The Secretary uncovered his gray head with old-fashioned gallantry and made a neatly-turned compliment. Then I pronounced Mrs. Romney's name to Mrs. Childs, and we stood in light conversation for a few moments. Hargate finally motioned to the Secretary's footman to bring up their carriage, and while they were preparing to drive away I sprang into my saddle, and Stéphane and I turned our faces towards the town.

CHAPTER V.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

WITH the first Monday in December came the assembling of Congress. This event is taken very little into account by the general run of people in the District, and by the smart set not at all. I can count various people of my acquaintance who have never in all their lives had the impulse to cross the threshold of either the Senate or the House. It was therefore some little surprise to me to learn that Mrs. Childs desired to be present on the occasion, and it was intimated to me that I was expected to accompany her in order to point out the prominent men. To me there is scarcely any form of boredom equal to that of Congress. The overheated air, the uncomfortable gallery seats, the din and confusion of sounds, and the tedious and perpetual calling of yeas and nays, go to make up the most monotonous experience to the initiated that can well be found.

Of course, on the assembling of a new Congress all interest centres in the House, and it was accordingly there that I piloted Mrs. Childs. As we made our way thither rather slowly through the corridors it was almost a liberal education to see the crowd. The lobbies, committee-rooms, corridors, and door-ways swarmed thickly with all sorts and conditions of men and women who wanted everything under the sun and were there to get it: men who wanted consulates in South America, men who wanted Indian Agencies, speculators who wanted mail-lettings for routes in the Territories, seedy men who were dependants of Senators and Congressmen, men who wanted to reduce the tax on whiskey, men who had schemes for the tariff, men who had just

invented or discovered new projectiles, men on the make and men on the spend, unprotected women, widows who had never had husbands, women with antecedents and histories, women with careers, women with missions, and women who were nameless.

There were crowds who bought the Blue-Book, crowds who borrowed it, and multitudes who devoured it eagerly. They were mostly the odds and ends of the human family, set afloat or run aground by the pressure of hard living and hard times. They, one and all, trooped through the endless corridors and flooded the galleries, there to gaze down unintelligently upon the chaos of the House below.

When we finally reached the galleries, it was on the stroke of twelve, and we were ushered into the gallery set apart for diplomats. We had scarcely seated ourselves when the gavel fell, and the clerk of the House, there being no Speaker as yet, called the new Congress to order, then immediately the din began.

I set about my task of pointing out the well-known faces of the members below. Who at a glance cannot tell the new member just entering upon his term? He is smiling, confident, suave, and important. The old member, alas! has often a weary look on his face: he knows that he must settle down to the old work of baffling unsolved problems, and must face new questions which threateningly confront him. He is not the brilliant meteor who flashes through a session or two leaving a trail of light behind, but he is the plodding member, who faithfully serves his constituents and his party, who never shirks the work of the House, who never shirks his vote, but, alas! who is nine times out of ten not known outside the Congressional Directory and the Record. Ah, who would be a Congressman? Not I. I was almost content for the moment with being a lackey to the rich woman at my side, who was plying me with questions continually:

"What's that man doing over there with his hat on? What is the clerk mumbling? Will every one of 'em have to take the oath? You say that man is the sergeant-at-arms: what does he have to do? Carry the mace? What is the mace?" and so on.

I found it almost as difficult to answer all these questions comprehensively as it would have been to make her understand the points in a game of baseball; and whoever has tried to make a woman understand baseball has been tested to the uttermost.

At last Mrs. Childs became weary of the constant repetition and swearing in of the new members, and concluded to go home. I solaced myself later with a short, brisk ride into the country. Stéphane was fresh, so was the December air; and I got back to partake of club salt in a more contented spirit. That night after I had written for the Secretary for a couple of hours he suddenly interrupted the work with an unexpected proposition:

"Stephen, we're very lonely in this big house: I want you to come here and live with us permanently."

"Never, sir," I said, promptly and decisively.

"Why not? We were talking of it only this morning. Mrs. Childs desires it, Sandy is full of the notion, and I—I want it very much."

"Never, sir," was all I seemed able to repeat. I had visions of Mrs. Childs coming in and settling the thing before I could make it understood that I would not consent to any such arrangement.

"But, my dear boy, you have no home; you have only the club, and you are invaluable to me. What is your objection?"

"Simply, sir, that I have an utter disinclination for it. I cannot but feel gratified by the kind invitation, but I have been used to absolute freedom. It would be difficult to conform to new ways, and I think it would be a mistake all around."

The idea of living in the old house again under such a different rule would have been intolerable to me in itself, to say nothing of the parting with my last remnant of freedom and self-respect. The Secretary said, with a sigh,—

"I am sorry; I had set my heart upon it. You will find it more difficult to refuse Mrs. Childs, Stephen."

"I know I shall; but it is impossible for me to accept the proposition."

Nothing more was said at the time, but in a day or two I had to meet the question with Mrs. Childs. It was couched in a very different way. She demanded of me that I should live under their roof, and one argument was,—

"You see, Mr. Barradale, it is a great nuisance to be sending to the club for you when you are not here. You never go away from the house for an hour but something is wanted, some note to answer, some subscription to be filled in, or some one to be interviewed, and I don't see any other way but that you must live here permanently."

"Never," was all I could reply; and so stubborn was I that at last Mrs. Childs said, sharply,—

"There must be some reason that does not meet the eye. Have you considered how much to your advantage financially it will be?"

I flushed, and said, "No, I have not, Mrs. Childs, and I can only repeat that it is out of the question. I would do almost anything for the Secretary and—you, but not that."

"Well, I think you are very obstinate, Mr. Barradale." And she set her mouth in the straight line I already knew so well.

Shortly after this the smart world began to wake up, and informal visiting became the order of the day. It was now part of my duty, or I may say my whole duty, to make out visiting-lists and to keep Mrs. Childs's visiting-book. Almost every name that I entered in the latter brought a twitch to my lips. Every set of cards that I put in envelopes and sent out to be delivered by the footman caused in me a feeling of exquisite derision. Then, too, I had the novel mission of finding out the dates of the different Cabinet dinners that were to take place; for it was *de rigueur* that they should not conflict with each other, and above all it was of great importance not to conflict with the State dinners at the Executive Mansion. All this I finally arranged, and the dates for the dinners of Secretary and Mrs. Childs were duly set, beginning with the first one to the President; and other and far more brilliant schemes were talked over. As New Year's day drew

on, which begins with the White House and the Diplomatic breakfast, I felt that the curtain was about to be rung up.

Towards the end of December, just before Christmas, a cablegram was received which threw the old Barradale mansion into quite an excitement. It announced that Constance Childs would sail for home immediately. It needed only a glance into the Secretary's face to see what this news was to him. I did not look at Mrs. Childs; I did not wish to surprise in her any reluctance to welcome the daughter of the house; and from the silence which for a moment prevailed, I knew that the news was unwelcome to her. Sandy sent up a shout of pleasure, and said, with boyish enthusiasm,—

"I say, governor, it'll be jolly good fun for you and me to have Con home again. I'm going to New York to meet her."

"Yes, you shall go, Sandy, my son; we'll go together."

The father and son left the room, arm in arm. Some days later, when the steamer was nearly due, the Secretary came home early one day, and came straight to the library where I was writing, and said,—

"Stephen, I find that the very day the steamer arrives will be Cabinet day: this new foreign complication has arisen which compels a full discussion, and the President has requested everybody to be present. I don't see how I can possibly go to New York, and yet I don't see how I can let Constance arrive and I not be there to meet her. What shall I do?"

There was a worn, harassed look on his face. I had noticed for some time past that the cares of the department were weighing him down, and that he was having less and less leisure every day.

"Well, Mr. Secretary, could not Mrs. Childs go, accompanied by Sandy?"

"Yes," he replied, doubtfully; then he added, "My idea was that you should go over with Sandy."

"Of course, sir, I will go, if you desire, and if you find that you cannot get away. When does the steamer get in?"

"Day after to-morrow, and you must go over to-morrow night. I wouldn't have had it happen this way for the world; the poor child will think she is not welcome, for she has no one but me to look to."

After a little more discussion, the Secretary returned to the department. The next afternoon a message came to me from him that he was definitely sure he could not get away, and I was instructed to proceed with Sandy immediately to New York. Accordingly, the boy, in high glee, and I not altogether unwilling, started off in the Congressional that afternoon. Sandy remarked as we sped along,—

"It would be a go if I shouldn't know Con."

"How long is it since your sister went abroad?"

"It is nearly three years, and I'll be hanged if I knew that last photo she sent home. Of course you never saw Con in your life, and if I shouldn't know her we'd be in a hole. I wish the governor had come."

"Oh, we shall have no difficulty, I imagine: she at least will know you, Sandy."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," replied the youngster, in an im-

portant tone, as he put up his hand slyly to stroke an incipient down on his upper lip.

The next day we stood on the pier and watched the incoming ship, and when she touched the dock we pressed forward to scan the faces leaning over the rail. I was looking for the fair girl I had seen in the photograph, and Sandy was staring with all his might for dimly-remembered features. Slowly the crowd surged over the gang-plank, and everybody was closely scrutinized, but there seemed to be nobody for us to claim. I was beginning to be seriously uneasy as in due time the last group came ashore, when a voice exclaimed suddenly from behind us, "Why, Sandy!"

A tall young woman, very nearly as tall as I, and not looking in the least like the photograph I so well remembered, was just detaching herself from a group of distinguished-looking people with whom undoubtedly she had made the voyage. As we turned around quickly upon Sandy's name being spoken, we faced her. There was a moment of uncertainty on Sandy's part, then his arms were flung around her in a quick, boyish embrace, and he exclaimed,—

"Why, Conny, old girl, I didn't know you; and I've been staring at every woman under forty that came down the gang-plank. I don't know how I came to miss you."

"Where is papa? I don't see him," she said at once, glancing anxiously about.

"He couldn't come over, Con. His chief went and had an old Cabinet meeting, so the governor couldn't come. Barradale came instead."

There was a trembling about the girl's mouth, and for a moment her eyes filled, as she stood gazing wistfully into Sandy's face; then she asked, negatively,—

"I suppose of course mamma did not come to meet me either?"

"No, Con; fact is, the old lady is in the midst of great doings and is no end of a swell just now; she couldn't leave, but she sent her love."

"I think papa might have come; I counted on seeing his face the first thing," said the girl. And she turned her face away to hide the disappointed tears. I had been quite forgotten by Sandy, and stood aside, an onlooker; but I remembered that there were custom-house officers to meet and luggage to be inspected, so I stepped forward and said,—

"Miss Childs, the Secretary gave me this letter to give to you as soon as you landed, and if you will give me your keys I will attend to the custom-house and to the transferring of your luggage."

Miss Childs looked at me, while I spoke, half doubtfully, half inquiringly; then Sandy bethought himself to say,—

"Oh, I forgot, Conny; this is Mr. Barradale. He is the right-hand man in the family nowadays, and my particular friend. He's the governor's private secretary, though the mater has rather swiped him of late."

Miss Childs gave me a troubled look and murmured something about having "heard of Mr. Barradale" in acknowledgment of

Sandy's horribly slangy and patronizing introduction. She was very much overcome at the defection of her father, and she had not had a chance to read what I was sure was a tender greeting from him. She mechanically handed me out her keys, giving me a faint smile.

I found a place for her away from the crowd, and, bidding Sandy stand guard over her, made my way to the custom office. There was no difficulty nor delay, fortunately; we were able inside of an hour or so to leave the pier, and were soon rattling over the cobble-stones on our way to the train.

I had had considerable curiosity about this young woman, and while she and Sandy were deep in their eager conversation I was silently studying her. I was distinctly disappointed in her beauty, and she had, besides, a most pronounced affectation of speech. It was ultra precise, ultra refined, ultra cultivated. She seemed on a first view a perfect type of the *fin-de-siècle* young woman. She paid absolutely no attention to me beyond what conventional courtesy demanded, and I was left to observe her at my leisure. There was no doubt about it, I was disappointed in Constance Childs.

CHAPTER VI.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

MY disappointment in Miss Childs's beauty lasted just three days. At the end of that time I found myself seeing her with very different eyes. Whether it was that she underwent some subtle change upon reaching home, or whether her points were so fine that one could discover them only slowly, I do not know.

She had an unusually grave face for a young woman. Her hair was brown, rather nondescript in its color, neither warm nor yet dull in tint. She parted it plainly and drew it away softly on either side of her temples, leaving a forehead that was like the opaque whiteness of an egg-shell. She had not one regular feature. When examined separately, they were distinctly plain features, for the nose was rather too short and the mouth a trifle too wide; but there was a wealth of rich vivid coloring upon her cheeks that was the living embodiment of fresh, young health. The eyes were large, dark, and expressive, and were marked with straight, delicate brows; they met you with a steady level look which could change in an instant with any interest or emotion. When she bent them upon Sandy there was suppressed laughter in them at his audacious slang, or they glowed with interest in his games and sports. If they were turned towards Mrs. Childs there came into their depths a serious, contemplative look, which gradually became wistful. When they rested upon the Secretary, as they invariably did if he were present, they were soft and luminous and would gradually deepen with thoughtful comprehension as she followed his utterances, no matter how intricate or dense the subject; and if by chance her eyes dropped upon me—well, there was simply no expression at all; not any more, that is, than when they rested upon the butler or the footman.

There was something intensely vigorous and fresh about her, albeit she did speak with a certain affectation. It was a tone and inflection that one often hears nowadays among young women who are well educated, who have travelled overmuch, and who are perhaps conscious of it. It did not take Sandy long to catch up this little affectation of speech, which he imitated and aired upon all occasions.

The mother and daughter seemed to be upon fairly good terms outwardly; just how much of an armed neutrality it was I could only imagine. Sharp words and small stings were met with quiet manner, dignified speech, or else silence. Mrs. Childs, while in no way ever disposed to derogate any jot from her position, nevertheless put the daughter forward prominently, and from the time of Miss Childs's first appearance in public there was a change of venue in the entire fashionable world. The striking-looking, well-dressed, self-poised girl attracted wide-spread attention, and the wealth that was behind her brought young and old among the smart set to the Secretary's doors. I was an interested and amused observer.

I had begun already to hear little sneers dropped now and then upon my position in the Childs household, and I was ready to curse the day I had entered upon such a farce. I had caught one or two glances from Miss Childs as she noted my footing. There was surprise, then perplexity, and finally a look which, if I spoke the truth, I should call contempt.

The first time that my position was clearly defined to the polite world at large was on the first Cabinet-day reception, when I stood near Mrs. Childs and made the presentations to her of the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys who thronged in through her doors all that afternoon. I had in years gone by half pitied the young army and navy officers whom I had seen detailed to make presentations to the wives of the War and Navy Secretaries, but I little dreamed it would be my fate to do likewise.

As I stood there that afternoon and several people, both men and women, of my acquaintance chaffed me slyly upon my occupation, I caught a fleeting glance from Miss Childs as she heard these little gibes; but I went on presenting name after name with the utmost coolness and nonchalance. No one should know what a fiery ordeal it was to me. Once Mrs. Childs whispered to me, in a surprised tone,—

"Where do all these odd-looking people come from? Are they representative Washingtonians? Do they flock like this every Wednesday?"

"Yes," I replied, and my eye followed a group of impossible women who had just come in to walk about the rooms, take stock of things, stare at the receiving party, and walk out again. Then I continued, in explanation,—

"Most of these people are strangers; some of them are Washingtonians, but very few of the smart set are here. They do not do very much of this kind of visiting, though no doubt some of them will be here to-day. The diplomats will present themselves sooner or later."

Before the day was over, various of the diplomatic corps came in. Hargate was particularly anxious to meet Miss Childs, and after pres-

sentation lingered until nearly the close of the afternoon. There was an *attaché* of the French Embassy, Bouton by name, who also seemed to become enamoured at first sight. I never had a particle of liking for Bouton, and I hoped devoutly that he did not mean to attach himself to the family.

The ease with which Miss Childs met and talked to the various foreigners made me think that she felt more at home with them than with her compatriots. She always seemed to have a fluent word of German or Italian, and French of course. I almost expected to hear Chinese fall from her lips when the representative of China came in with a jade ring on his thumb and a big jewelled button in his cap; but no, she addressed him in French, and, finding that fail, she conversed with the interpreter, Dr. Ping, who conveyed her remarks to the impassive Celestial. The crowning event of the day was when Mrs. Romney swept into the room, followed closely by Roger Macon. I had not known that he was in town, but as soon as I saw his determined, almost dogged face I knew there was sure to be some *dénouement* sooner or later, and that he meant to see this affair to the bitter end. Mrs. Romney looked as young, fair, and innocent as any dove. Her first remark was loud enough for any one to hear who stood near, and her tone was as gracious and liquid as the purest spring water.

"I am so glad to see you, Stephen. It must be delightful to you to be in your grandfather's house again. The old Barradale domain looks vastly rejuvenated."

As she made this remark she looked up innocently into my face, but she was careful at the same time to notice whether Miss Childs had heard her. Of course Miss Childs had, and was looking at us both questioningly. Mrs. Romney thereupon addressed herself to her, and said, opening her eyes to their widest extent, like a child,—

"Why, Miss Childs, I thought everybody in Washington knew that this house belonged to the Barradales. Stephen was born here. It is such a strange coincidence, his being here again; everybody is talking about it, and I supposed you knew it."

"No, I did not know it, Mrs. Romney; I have only been home a week or two, and have not become acquainted with nor interested in the personal histories of people as yet," replied Miss Childs; and she turned her eyes upon me swiftly with a look I do not like to recall, nor shall I define its meaning; but its effect was shrivelling, and I felt the blood leap in me. I answered her look in speech, and was rude in intention. I looked her squarely in the eyes, and said, smiling,—

"It has been one of Fortune's turns of the wheel, Miss Childs: I am unfortunately the end of an old line, and you are happily the beginning of a new one, that is all."

I had not bettered my position one whit by my remark, but something in this young woman's attitude of disdain towards me and her worldliness stung me continually, and I was compelled by her manner to be constantly on the defensive, and to give more thought to her than I had given to any woman since my affair with Mrs. Romney. One afternoon a little later she entirely overstepped the bounds in showing

her contempt for me. A party of us was assembled in the Secretary's drawing-room, and some idiot was attempting to run me upon my nearness to Miss Childs and all the possibilities it opened up. Miss Childs of course heard it, and, as if to define my position clearly before every one, said, in a tone of curt command,—

“Mr. Barradale, I am waiting for tea. Go and find out what is the matter.”

Her words cut like a lash, and I was angered by her rudeness; but, without betraying any concern or even surprise, I touched an electric bell and summoned the footman. When he appeared I said, quietly,—

“Miss Childs has an order to give, I believe.”

I turned away and speedily left the room amidst an intense silence, but I had caught a burning flush on her face as soon as I addressed the footman. I wondered if she were trying to enact the scene from the “Poor Young Man,” and I had to smile as I recalled how exactly we had filled the bill. I avoided her as much as was possible thenceforth.

From this time on the social ball rolled rapidly. The Childs became the most brilliant entertainers in all the town: dinners, receptions, musicales, followed in rapid succession. Miss Childs was already having a decided vogue, and there were various men in her train. Hargate was becoming assiduous in his attentions, always managing to be near her whenever she appeared. Also in her train, though least among them, was Bouton, whom the Secretary always called Mr. Button.

Mrs. Romney had established an intimacy in the house which was quite noticeable, and of course in her wake Roger Macon was always to be found. Mrs. Childs was particularly taken with her, and nothing that went on in the Secretary's house was complete unless Mrs. Romney was present. But Miss Childs did not share in this intimacy; she distinctly held aloof. It was to my mind an evidence of the pure, unerring instinct in a young woman against—well, let us say the unknown. I was most uneasy at the foothold she had gained, but I could do nothing against it, for she sought me with the utmost friendly affection, and would say, in her soft voice,—

“Stephen is such an old friend.”

Upon such a remark as this I have seen Macon set his teeth sharply and turn away.

As the season wore on, I withdrew more and more from the whirl. I declined every invitation that I could with decency, and whenever I could I failed to appear even at the Secretary's.

During that whole season I never asked Miss Childs to dance. I often stood and watched her as she whirled around in Hargate's arms, or in some other man's, but never in mine.

Sometimes I took refuge with the Secretary at the department, and would always feel a mental brace when he would give me some confidential matter to attend to which he did not care to have his new secretary see. I had not failed to notice that he seemed very much harassed these days, and I heard a rumor floating about town that there was a split in the Cabinet; but, as such rumors are in daily

circulation at the capital, I knew that it was not likely to be true; he was probably only feeling the stress and strain of public life. I hoped devoutly that he would not break down under it, as some of his predecessors had done.

Just about this time I made a painful discovery. I found that Sandy, whom no one had any time to look after, was getting into mischief. I had twice seen him out on the street when he was supposed to be in school, and when I had questioned him he had given very evasive answers. So I went quietly around to inquire into his record, to find to my consternation that for two or three weeks he had scarcely appeared at school. I felt that I must watch the youngster and set him right without worrying the Secretary. I gave him a severe scoring, and he promised better things.

One night, when a large and brilliant theatre-party was in progress, I was very much bored both by the play and by the people in the boxes: so I strolled out into the theatre, partly to get away from the incessant chatter and partly to get away from the sight of Hargate leaning over Miss Childs' chair. Something in his attitude irritated me. As I left, Mrs. Childs said,—

“Don't go home, Mr. Barradale; I shall need you.”

It seemed as though I could never get away from her claim upon me; I felt that I had a ball and chain upon my leg. When I was out in the aisle I happened to glance up into the top gallery, and a pale, boyish face was staring back at me. It was surely Sandy, and with him were two or three tough-looking fellows, much his seniors. I went up into the gallery at once. Something in the set, white face had startled me; but he must have seen me coming, for when I got there he was nowhere to be found. I was tempted to believe that I had been mistaken. I went down at once to the gallery entrance outside, but he was not to be seen. I looked around for Mrs. Childs' footman, who was standing on the curbstone waiting. I beckoned to him and asked if he had seen Sandy go away.

“Yes, Mr. Barradale, he has just gone from the gallery door, and, sir, I think he was in bad company. I heard him say something about a variety theatre.”

“Very well; don't mention this to any one else.”

There was a cab at hand. I jumped in and drove to one of the variety theatres, but there was no Sandy. I rapidly ran over in my mind other resorts of a like order, and determined to visit every one, which I did, and unearthed the poor deluded boy in one of them. It needed only a glance at him to know that he was not himself, and it needed only a glance at the faces of the three or four rough-looking fellows in whose company he was to know that the boy was not responsible for what had befallen him. I approached him and laid my hand on his shoulder. He shook me off. One of his companions, whom they called “Budd,” said,—

“Come off that, I say.”

I tightened my grasp on Sandy. He tried to get away, and said,—

“G'way from here; lemme 'lone, Steve.”

At the same moment the youngster straightened himself, squared off, and dealt me an uncertain blow full in the face. This was enough. Immediately the roughs sprang upon me; the biggest one, a burly fellow, struck at me with a knife. A demon of brute rage took possession of me, and I laid about me vigorously and to some purpose. For a few minutes there was a fierce scrimmage; blows were dealt right and left. There was a cry of "police" from some source, but the fight went on; in the midst of which Sandy went to the floor, his unsteady head and still more unsteady legs being unable to sustain him longer in the scuffle. I don't know how it would have ended, but I know we were all speedily taken into custody by the police; and when asked my name and residence I had a chance to explain. The Secretary's name was given as bond, and, with my evening dress a total wreck, an ugly gash on the back of my hand, and Sandy in collapse, we were allowed to depart. We bundled into my waiting cab and started for home. On the way thither I had the proud satisfaction of knowing that I had laid out at least one of my assailants, though had I been Van Bibber my record would have been far more brilliant.

My mind, however, was sorely taxed as to how I should get the youngster into his father's house without any one knowing of it; for Mrs. Childs was entertaining the theatre-party at supper that night, and the whole gay crowd, no doubt, was having full swing. What should I do? How should I manage it? The boy was beginning to be very sick, and I might have to take some one into the secret. I naturally thought of the Secretary first, only to discard the thought at once. It might be possible to keep the unpleasant episode from him. Then I thought of his mother, but she seemed out of the question: she would only scold and rail at the boy, and do no end of harm, for our masculine make-up, even in a boy, no matter how much it sins or goes astray, must not be brought up roundly in bold reproof, but must be handled tenderly and the sinner held to the heart and protected; at least this is the mode of treatment we masculines usually demand. So Mrs. Childs was out of the question. The only other person left, therefore, was Miss Childs. Yes, she would have to be the one admitted to the secret; and yet I could not bring myself to let her clear, pure eyes look upon this wretched, drunken boy.

I ordered the cab to stop several doors from the Secretary's house, and proceeded carefully to reconnoitre. Several carriages were standing about, and the house was brilliantly lighted. Evidently supper was in progress. I went up the steps and let myself in with my pass-key. A stealthy glance around the big hall told me that the guests must be at table, for there were gay voices and laughter coming from the dining-room. Just then a servant appeared. I beckoned to him. He came hastily, and, glancing at my disordered appearance, was about to speak. I made a warning gesture, and whispered,—

"How long will they be at supper?"

"They're in the second course, sir."

"Where's the Secretary?"

"He's at supper, too, sir."

"Very well, then: come with me."

I led the way out to the street, the man following in a bewildered fashion. I explained, hurriedly,—

“Mr. Sandy has had an accident; help me to get him to bed quietly, and keep your mouth shut. Do you understand?”

“Very good, sir.”

I beckoned the cabman to come to the door, and the man-servant and I together lifted Sandy out and carried him with as little noise as possible into the house, up-stairs, and into his own somewhat remote room. Not one of the gay people in the dining-room below was the wiser. I locked the door and began to undress the boy and put him to bed. When all was done, I did not dare to leave him, for he was beginning to cry in a helpless, hysterical way. I only hoped that no one would come near the door. I knew that when he should finally fall asleep I could steal out in the quiet hours of the night unseen.

About two o'clock a sudden lull fell upon the house, and I knew that the last guest must have gone. I heard the servants come blundering up-stairs; I caught a muffled sound of voices in the corridor outside; then all was still, and I breathed more freely. The boy had finally fallen into a heavy stupor. Just as I was about to leave him there came a light footstep down the corridor. It paused at the door, and my heart was in my mouth. There was a gentle tap, and yet another; the handle of the door was turned, and a girlish voice called softly at the keyhole,—

“Sandy, it's Conny; let me in.”

What on earth should I do? The door-handle was rattled more vigorously, and a frightened voice said,—

“Sandy, unlock your door; you frighten me when you lock yourself in. Sandy! Sandy!”

She continued to call in a voice growing in fright. I did not know it was her custom to come to his door every night, no matter how late, to say good-night to him. I was afraid she would arouse the house. I turned the key and opened the door. She stood on the threshold, a lovely vision. She was in *négligée*, with loosened hair, flushed face, and shining eyes.

When she saw me standing before her she became deadly white and grasped at the sides of the door for support. She exclaimed, in utter consternation,—

“Mr. Barradale!”

“Yes, it is I; Sandy is sick, and I did not wish to disturb any one. Will you come in?”

She glanced at my strangely disordered appearance, and caught instantly, with her quick eyes, the ugly, gaping cut on my hand and wrist. She turned towards the figure huddled upon the bed; she noted the red face, the heavy breathing. There was a pause, while wonder, doubt, and fright appeared successively in her face. Then she stepped into the room, shut the door, and said,—

“What has happened? Have you hurt Sandy, or has he hurt you?”

“Neither; Sandy has only hurt himself,” I replied, briefly.

"You left the theatre to-night suddenly, just after the second act. I saw you go hurriedly away. What was the matter? Had it to do with Sandy?"

"Yes," I replied, and I wondered how she knew that I had left the theatre; she had been absorbed at the time with Hargate. I did not go on; I did not want to tell this clear-eyed, womanly girl what ailed the wretched boy on the bed, and yet her keen instinct was guessing it. She went quickly to the bed. She listened to his heavy breathing, she leaned over and touched his red and swollen face, and caught the fumes of liquor. She turned suddenly, as though she had received a blow, and said, with horror and disgust in her face,—

"Sandy has been drinking. How did it happen? Please tell me the whole truth."

I did tell her the whole truth; that is, all that was necessary. I went back to the time that I had found him in the streets during school hours. I told of his promises to me, I told of finding him at the theatre that night, and of following him and bringing him home. After I had finished she said,—

"But you are badly cut: how did it happen? There must have been some trouble. Where did you find Sandy?"

I would not name the place, of course, where I had found the boy, though she would have been none the wiser if I had; nor would I give any account of the cut on my hand, save in a vague way. All the time she regarded me steadily, with her eyes full of pain and distress. She said, finally,—

"It is perfectly terrible. We must keep this from papa, and we must save Sandy. I have been horribly selfish to neglect the boy, for I have a great deal of influence over him; and I shall not let him out of my sight for long in the future. Will you help me, Mr. Barradale?"

She ended her speech piteously with this appeal to me. Then she broke down suddenly and buried her face in Sandy's bedclothes. I seemed to be utterly tongue-tied. I had no word to offer of consolation or sympathy. I could not believe that this sobbing girl was the worldly Constance Childs I had known during the past eight weeks, and I was bewildered. She started up in a few minutes with her face stained with crying and all her beauty convulsed with grief. She dashed the tears from her eyes, pushed back her hair, and said, tremulously,—

"But I am forgetting you. Your hand needs dressing; you look wretchedly ill. You will let me make it more comfortable for you, won't you?"

I wanted to ask her if it were true that she could be so divinely considerate, but of course I did not. I would not confess how painful my hand was becoming. She got up energetically and moved to the door, saying,—

"Wait here for me, please. I'll be back in a minute."

She vanished into the dark corridor, and it was some little time before she came back. I strained my ears for the sound of her returning step. When she reappeared she brought a jug of hot water, some

bits of linen, and a roll of adhesive plaster. She proceeded to make ready by saying, in a business-like tone,—

“I have attended emergency classes, and I think I can manage this cut.”

She poured the water into the basin and brought it over to the bureau where the light was bright. She took my ugly, bruised, cut, and swollen hand in her soft, firm fingers and examined it carefully and critically, saying,—

“It is a deep cut. I’m not sure but a few stitches would be the best thing; but I will try the plaster.”

She bathed it carefully. It was a new experience to me, and I scarcely dared to breathe. When it was thoroughly cleansed, she gently drew the edges of the cut together and laid across them strips of the plaster. Then she bound up the whole hand in soft bits of linen. I spoke no word during the whole process. I watched her face, so earnest in its work. There was an expression of womanly concern upon it which, for the time at least, was all for me, and as I stood rigidly quiet I was making the most of my brief reign. She looked up at me suddenly, and for a moment seemed a trifle nervous. She said, with less assurance in her tone,—

“I wish you would tell me how you came by this wound: you are ghastly pale. Are you suffering so much?”

“I am not suffering at all, thank you,” I managed to say. I did not know where my wits were, what had come over me, or what had happened to me. There was silence again between us. When the bandages were arranged to her complete satisfaction, she said to me,—

“I shall stay and watch Sandy to-night. I will go down-stairs and let you out of the house. You must have something to drink before you go: your pallor is intense.”

We proceeded softly down-stairs. At the foot she turned to the dining-room, and, opening the buffet, gave me a glass of brandy. Afterwards at the front door we paused and stood silent in the dim light of the chandelier. I did not take my eyes from her face. I do not know what I was thinking or looking, but she said hurriedly as she put out her hand to me,—

“I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for what you have done for Sandy. Good-night.”

I found myself standing out in the street, with the door shut behind me and the city bells just ringing out the hour of three.

CHAPTER VII.

TOLD BY CONSTANCE.

I HAVE been trying ever since I came home from Europe to accustom myself to the new order of things, to the new conditions which surround us here in Washington. It is all so different from the old life out in our native region, where the prairies surrounded our little

town, where things were on a free and easy footing, where mamma ruled the town and everybody in it. It is so different from the two or three years of Europe, where I worked, studied, dreamed, and lived the life that fills my imagination and meets my ideal of existence. I have breathed this new atmosphere with every faculty alert, every nerve tense to catch the impressions and phases of the unaccustomed life. The first things which struck me were the changes in papa and mamma, and of course in Sandy. Papa has grown older, much older. He looks weary ; there is a certain tension or strain in his eyes that is entirely new to me. I cannot help watching him anxiously and listening for every word. I am not satisfied with his appearance. And mamma,—well, the most surprising change is in mamma. She has always been a difficult person in a way, but perhaps she is less so as she grows older, or else it is that this position in the Cabinet has so satisfied her ambition that it fills all the demands of her nature. I cannot get used to seeing her a fashionable woman, a woman of the world. It is astonishing where she learned it or how she acquired it. She must always have possessed more adaptability than we knew of. She holds her position well, and I am less uneasy about her than I had expected to be.

My first view of her at a public function was when I saw her standing in the position that was hers by right in the receiving party at the White House. I watched her nervously. I was just behind the line myself, a stranger in a sea of strange faces. Papa had drifted away from me, and I watched the people, a deeply interested spectator in this mimic American court of ours. I pitied the tired, perfunctory smile of the President. I liked the glittering uniform of the cavalry officer who stood in front of him to repeat any name that he had not caught. I liked the pleasant, easy manner of the women of the receiving party. I thought, in contrast, of the day of the Drawing-Room when I had been presented to her Majesty. Of course the present scene could not compare to it in pomp, stateliness, and magnificence, but, oh ! how infinitely I preferred this unpretending party which stood against a line of sofas that had their upholstered backs turned to form a bulwark behind them ! I recalled the saying of Webster in one of his speeches, or perhaps it wasn't Webster, but some other one of our patriotic statesmen who said, "I was born an American, I will live an American, I will die an American." And I felt as I looked upon this plain democratic scene that I was glad I was an American, in spite of the reminders in the shape of the gorgeous court dress of the diplomats that there were countries older in civilization and culture than ours. I was glad, finally, to see coming through the crowd at least one face I had seen before. It was this Mr. Barradale, who seems in some very mysterious way to belong to our family and our household, though his position is not quite clear to me as yet. Sandy says that he is papa's private secretary ; mamma claims that he is hers, and that she could not get along without him. He met me in New York upon landing, and I have seen him at every turn and upon all occasions since.

He is a good-looking man, tall, and at first glance gives the impression of being slight in build, but a nearer inspection dispels this,

for he is muscular and well proportioned. Both his physique and his face would call for strength of character. His clearly-cut features perhaps appear too impassive, too indifferent, to be handsome, but the firmness of his chin, the mobility of his mouth, and the cool, thoughtful look in the eyes belie the idea of impassiveness or indifference. He has no beard nor moustache under which he can hide emotions or defects of character, and in talking to him one has an unimpeded scrutiny, though perhaps one won't read much in his face, as all is so carefully masked. Taking this Mr. Barradale all together, I should call him distinguished-looking, but just what he is doing in our household I do not fathom, in spite of Sandy's and mamma's explanations, which, after all, do not explain anything.

I was most willing to be delivered from my tiresome position behind the line of sofas to be piloted by him through the crowd and to have people pointed out to me. Everybody we met seemed to be a general, a justice of the Supreme Bench, an Ambassador, or a Cabinet officer, and celebrities were apparently the order of the day. In the course of our tour various people were presented to me. Mr. Barradale seemed to know everybody. He presented a lovely woman, a Mrs. Romney. I don't know when I have seen such a face; I was reminded at once of Knauss's Madonna. Her manner had much repose and gravity, which was an agreeable contrast to the manner of other women near us. Mrs. Romney had a man with her, Mr. Macon. I could not exactly make him out, or his sulky attentions to her. We seemed speedily to have a crowd around us, and by the time papa had joined us, bringing with him several distinguished elderly men, we were holding a miniature court at one end of the vast room. I suppose Mrs. Romney was the attraction mainly, though perhaps I had some right to a part of it. I could not help noticing that there was some curiosity about me, but I was glad when it was all over, and also the Diplomatic breakfast afterwards at one of the Secretaries' houses, and we were permitted to go home and begin our own reception, which took up all the afternoon, with streams of men pouring in through the drawing-room doors, none of whom did we know, save one or two here and there.

There were whole delegations who came in in platoons and were marshalled past mamma and me with little pretence of presenting their names. One man who came in simply shouted his name to each of us in turn, "Kelly of Illinois," "Kelly of Illinois." I shall never forget "Kelly of Illinois." I was heartily glad when New Year's day was over. I felt that I had had a new experience, and I was told that now the society ball would be set whirling till Lent.

I soon found out that mamma was ambitious to be the social leader in the Cabinet, and that she had a series of brilliant dinners, musicales, dances, and the like, mapped out. I was amused to find that she meant to put me forward as a trump card in her social game, and the little jealousies and scenes that used to mar our life together in the old days out in our prairie home were not to be renewed. I was willing and eager to enter into the fray. There was something in the pace set that filled my blood with tingling pleasure and excitement.

It was a new experience to me. I had been puzzled to know how we had been domiciled in so spacious, so *chic* an old house. I knew so well mamma's taste for the ornate that I had expected on my arrival home to find poor papa's eyes and nerves strained by over-decorated, over-upholstered, overdone surroundings, instead of which I found a stately mansion-house, I do not know how else to call it. It suggested an old family, old retainers and heirlooms, things that were as far removed from us as it was possible to be; for papa made himself, his money, and his name, and I am proud of it; but I enjoyed the quaint old Chippendale, the queer old china, and the Venetian mirrors. I liked the dark, sombre carvings, the dark, polished floors, and resented the electric bells and the modern chairs mamma had introduced.

Upon our first Cabinet-day reception a sudden light was thrown upon our stately home. I had taken it for granted when Mr. Barradale made the introductions on New Year's day that it was something unusual, or perhaps usual to such a day and occasion, for I remembered the brilliant-looking officer who had performed a similar service at the White House. But as our reception began and this Mr. Barradale stood beside mamma and did the same thing over again, I was much perplexed by it. I had remonstrated with mamma all the week previous because she had let him write our acceptances and our invitations, and because he seemed to be doing things not in the sphere of a man; but she replied,—

"That's what Mr. Barradale is here for: so don't be an idiot, Constance."

Of course I said no more, but I wondered what manner of man he was to submit to such an arrangement, such an ignominious position. I felt positively mortified for him that he should stand it for a day. Think of a man, a gentleman evidently by birth and breeding, serving as lackey in a household like ours! I could not prevent my eyes from wandering towards him, trying to fathom his reasons. I was amazed, perplexed, and finally felt a contempt for him. The indications of strength of character were mere indications, nothing more. He evidently had not a scrap of manhood in him. When our first Wednesday reception took place and he nonchalantly presented name after name, even parrying sly thrusts from some of our visitors, I could not prevent a curl of the lip, which I am afraid he saw. But finally Mrs. Romney came in,—Mrs. Romney with the Madonna face. In her train was the dour Mr. Macon, who would be a handsome man if he weren't so stern and severe looking. Mrs. Romney had not been in the room three minutes when she called Mr. Barradale "Stephen" and remarked that it must be delightful for him to be in his grandfather's house again; and when I could not prevent a look of astonishment, she went on in a sweet voice to explain,—

"Stephen was born in this house: didn't you know it? It was his grandfather's house."

I turned my eyes upon him, and I don't know what expression there was in my face, but it was unflattering to a degree. I made some remark to the effect that I had not been home long enough to be

interested in people's private histories. I suppose the tone of my voice was no more flattering than my look had been, for he flushed, and said, cuttingly,—

“It is one of the turns of Fortune's wheel. I am unfortunately the end of an old line, you are happily the beginning of a new one, Miss Childs.”

I am not sure that I deserved so rude a speech, and I did not again look towards him. From that time I certainly felt a distinct conviction that Mrs. Romney's Madonna face belied her, and I mentally made a note of her; but mamma seems to be fascinated by her completely.

The rest of that afternoon went swiftly. I liked an Englishman I met, Mr. Hargate, he seemed so genuine, so strong, so much of a man; but I did not like a Frenchman, Mr. Bouton. He presumed to say something that was slightly *risqué*, and when I was impenetrably blank he apologized by saying that his English was so defective that sometimes he confused the “idiom.”

All that afternoon I was trying to fathom Mr. Barradale and his anomalous servitude. What had induced him to let papa and mamma actually rent his grandfather's house? Had he no pride, no sensibilities whatever? Did papa and mamma not know of it? Evidently not, or I should have heard of it. I determined that I would keep Mrs. Romney's indiscreet disclosure to myself, for when she had apparently so innocently mentioned the fact I had seen a look pass over Mr. Barradale's face that belied his seeming nonchalant indifference. I was glad to know that he had some spark of pride that could be kindled—— But pshaw! I was concerning myself ridiculously about him and his position towards us.

After this first Wednesday reception of ours, things came with a rush. I began to realize that I was becoming of importance in the social world. Of course I could not but be flattered by it and enjoy it, but I was not blinded by it, for the fact remained that behind me were papa's wealth and position, and, although I had never been much in the world, I was sufficiently keen of vision to know to what to attribute the greater part of my popularity. Papa, whenever he had time to note our doings, was proud of my success, and I read in his dear, strong, worried face the pleasure he felt in me. Mamma was almost tender to me, and there was no jar between us save now and then when she took me to task for being rude to Mr. Barradale or when she chided me for not going to Mrs. Romney's house. As for Sandy, he was my most ardent admirer, and when I appeared in some of my French gowns, for which I soon learned the polite term of description among the girls of the smart set to be “swagger,” Sandy would break into enthusiastic and characteristic slang.

I went to balls, germans, suppers, theatre-parties, teas,—in fact, to everything that the fashionable world gave. I could not help noticing as the season advanced that Mr. Barradale appeared less and less at the germans and balls. I don't remember ever to have seen him dance; I concluded that he could not: he certainly never asked me. Mr. Hargate had now become quite openly devoted, and ditto Mr. Bouton,—as

much as I would permit him, that is ; and I also had the unique distinction of enrolling among my adorers Dr. Ping, of the Chinese Legation. I shall never forget the first time he offered me his arm to take me to supper. I looked at the great, flowing, fluffy, downy-looking sleeve he presented, and timidly made an effort to take the proffered arm. I never found it, though I suppose he had one somewhere, but I groped around in the padded sleeve and finally pinched up in desperation a fold of wadded silk. But Dr. Ping was charming to me. He taught me how to make genuine tea,—an unknown art, he says, in America. He sent me yards of beautiful, gauzy, gilded stuffs. He brought me queer sweetmeats, in flat wooden boxes, which he offered in speech that would make a poet sigh with envy.

I now saw little of Mr. Barradale, for I never descended till mid-day to breakfast, and after that there was always something upon the cards, and later in the afternoon a round of visits, teas, and receptions. But one afternoon, I remember only too well, a few people had dropped in, and Mr. Barradale happened to stroll into the drawing-room, where we were all waiting for tea to be served. There was something in his quietly indifferent way of acknowledging my salutation that irritated me. I don't know whether the late hours I had been keeping and the inadequate rest for a week or more had told upon my nerves and temper, but when some one in the party chaffed him about having the "inside track" in our family, the insinuation, which he took superciliously, aggravated me and was not to be borne. Without stopping to think how it was going to sound, I said,—

"Mr. Barradale, I am waiting for tea: go and see what is the matter."

The words had no sooner passed my lips than I realized that I had made a mistake. There was a look of astonishment on every face, and I could have bitten my tongue out, especially when, without any haste, or without betraying any feeling, he calmly touched the bell and when the footman appeared said to him that I had an order to give, he believed. His tone and manner were superbly well-bred. He was master of the situation, and in a short time, with a polite bow to all of us, he left the room.

There was a constrained pause, then everybody began to talk at once to cover the awkward occurrence. The afternoon was utterly spoiled to me. I had prided myself upon an equable temperament always. I had often stood mamma's little gibes and tempers without a ruffle of my own nature. Papa had once told me that I was remarkably well poised and kept my quick tongue in admirable check. Sandy thought me an angel. And yet here in my own house and before a roomful of strangers I had shown an arrogance, an intolerance, that I have blushed for ever since. The worst of it was that I could not or would not apologize, for I was upon no terms with Mr. Barradale. He avoided me most openly, and you may be sure that I did not seek to change his attitude.

One thing had crossed my mind most forcibly, that in this life of gayety that mamma and I were leading there was no room, no time, for papa and Sandy. It seemed to me that papa was daily becoming

more silent and lonely and Sandy more uncouth and slangy. I meant each day to be more with them both, but engagements crowded my good resolves out of my mind. It seemed to me that every aim, every ambition, I once had had become utterly dwarfed or had disappeared altogether. I may as well own that to a certain extent I was carried away by my evident success. I enjoyed to the full papa's position and the very evident power his wealth gave us. This may have been ignoble, but it was most natural. I had hitherto seen little of gay life, and I enjoyed the vogue I was having. I was considerably disappointed to learn that I was not popular with the girls belonging to the smart set, and I do not know whose was the fault, but I was annoyed when I heard that I was accused of caring only for men's society. I always felt sure that this remark came from Miss Bellamy: it sounded like her. I was surprised to find out gradually that Mr. Barradale held a most unassailable position in the social world, and there was an evident respect felt for his old name and for the importance of his family in the past. I wondered often, however, why Mrs. Romney called him "Stephen," and she pronounced the name in a purring way that was rather irritating to hear; at least it was irritating to Mr. Macon.

I don't know how long I should have been swept along in the whirl if I had not had a sudden shock. Just about ten days before Lent mamma was giving a large theatre-party which was to be entertained afterwards at supper. For a wonder, Mr. Barradale did not excuse himself, though his bored face and manner did not add much to the affair, I must say, and I was considerably puzzled to see him leave the theatre rather hurriedly before the performance was half over, although I heard mamma very pointedly ask him to remain. I wondered if he would come back, but he did not. Mr. Hargate that night was rather *empresé* in his attentions; he hadn't a particle of lightness of speech or manner, and his devotion took the form of a stolid British stare. Towards the end of the evening, especially at supper, I grew tired and silent, and I was glad when the last guest had gone. After I had exchanged my evening gown for a *négligée* I ran down to Sandy's door, when the lights were out and the house was still, to see if he was all right. I have made a point of this ever since I came home from Europe, for the boy is left so much alone, and he often keeps himself awake to wait for my good-night. What was my surprise to find his door locked and my tap disregarded! Yet there was a streak of light under his door. I thought I heard some one stirring within, so I persisted in tapping and calling his name softly. I was just beginning to be genuinely frightened, when the door was suddenly unlocked and opened.

I was almost paralyzed with surprise to see Mr. Barradale standing in the door-way. It was not only surprise at seeing him, but surprise at his extraordinary appearance; for at all times he has been the most fastidiously and fashionably dressed man in town, but now he was dishevelled, he was pale, he was everything that was unusual. I did not know what to do, whether to retreat or to enter. He explained that Sandy was ill, and that he had not wished to let anybody know

of it. This seemed so strange that I stepped into the room and shut the door behind me. I looked from him to the bed where Sandy was huddled, and of course I knew that something very much out of the ordinary had happened; and then I caught a glimpse of Mr. Barradale's hand, which had a long, ugly gash across it from which the blood trickled. He had evidently tried to wrap a handkerchief around it without success. I asked him to tell me what had happened, but he seemed very reluctant to speak, and stood leaning against the bureau as stiff as a post and with his face as impassive and expressionless as a mask. I went to the bed, leaned over, and touched Sandy. In an instant I knew what had happened. The boy had been drinking; he had been in bad company, he had drifted into evil ways while mamma and I had been selfishly pursuing our own pleasures. I never felt so condemned in my life as I stood there at his bedside. I broke down completely and buried my face in the bedclothes. I don't know what Mr. Barradale thought of me. I did not care at that moment; I felt my antagonism, my contempt for him fall suddenly away from me. He had been Sandy's friend when not one of us had cared to know where the boy was or what he was doing. I remember I was incoherent, and I think I begged him to help me save Sandy and to keep the whole thing from papa's ears. Then I implored him to tell the whole story, which he did in a curt, bald way, but I gathered some idea of what had happened.

Suddenly I bethought me that his hand ought to be dressed and bathed. I could get no clear idea of how he had received such a cut, but it must be attended to. I went for some hot water, plaster, and bandages. Luckily, I had attended emergency classes and knew what to do, although his stiff, unapproachable manner was rather disheartening. He was absolutely indifferent as to whether I did anything for him or not. He was rigid, and his face was ghastly. I asked him if he were suffering. He drew in his breath sharply in a way that belied his reply, and said, "No." There was something in his eyes that made me suspect he was playing the stoic.

I went down-stairs and made him drink some brandy before he went away, and when we got to the front door there was an awkward pause and silence. He seemed to be regarding me fixedly in a most disconcerting way. I was so stupid I could only say a few lame words of thanks for what he had done for Sandy.

When he was out of the house I ran back up-stairs. I was tingling with excitement. I never had felt so alert, so full of energy, in my life. Here was this poor boy to be watched and to be kept from evil, and I had made a discovery. Mr. Stephen Barradale was not the man I had conceived him to be, and somehow this discovery was exhilarating. As I sat by Sandy all through the night, I made various resolves: I would not lose sight of Sandy again, I would give up my engagements and devote myself to papa and him, and, if it were not too late, I would apologize to Mr. Barradale. I had been heartless, arrogant, and worldly; I would be so no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

I AM pretty sure I did not sleep much the night that Constance bound up my hand. I tossed about restlessly, now seeing her earnest eyes looking at me, or feeling the touch of her light fingers, now going over again my encounter with Sandy's tough companions, until I scarcely knew myself, so disordered and feverish were my fancies. In the morning things had taken a calmer aspect. The fisticuff of the night before had sunk to insignificance, and, alas! Constance's eyes were less sweet in my memory and the touch of her fingers less thrilling; for I knew it had been only a brief and pleasant kindness on her part, no more, and that I should find her when I met her that day again wrapped in her cold dignity.

I presented myself at the Secretary's just at mid-day, and found them at breakfast, all but the Secretary. Sandy was at the table, pale and heavy-eyed, and scarcely held up his head. His sister sat near him, and Mrs. Childs was complaining in her high-pitched voice about Sandy's ill appearance and enforced absence from school, about my defection of the night before, about the weather: in fact, nothing was right. When I entered the room each of them looked up, but I saw only Constance; I looked only for her greeting. She gave me a frank, sweet look and held out her hand, and in my quick response I accidentally brought my bandaged hand into full view. Instantly Sandy's head dropped almost down to his plate, while Mrs. Childs said,—

"What have you done to your hand? and what became of you last night? I particularly asked you not to go away. We had a horrid time getting home."

I made some lame excuse and apology, and inquired what the programme was to be for the next twenty-four hours. Mrs. Childs answered, with a sigh of discontent,—

"Oh, dear me, Constance and I have got to go to that reading at the Bellamys' this afternoon; then the Secretary and I dine at Senator Jessop's, and afterwards we'll pick up Constance and look in for a few minutes at the dance at the Brazilian Legation; and after that Constance will go on to the german. You're going to the dance and the german, aren't you?"

"No, I was not intending to go to either, but of course I will accompany you and see you safely to the end of the evening."

Constance here broke in, and said, gayly,—

"I have an entirely different programme, and I want you to help me carry it out, Mr. Barradale. I mean to take a day off. I'm going out this afternoon in the cart, for a long winter drive in the country. Sandy is to go with me, then he and I will have a quiet dinner here at home, with you, Mr. Barradale, for company, and afterwards we three will have the nicest sort of an evening together."

Her worldliness had dropped away from her like a shell. She looked at me appealingly. She was pleading for Sandy, but she seemed also pleading for herself and for her past rudeness to me. I gave back an answering look, and lost no time about it. Sandy raised

his head for the first time, looking piteously at his sister, while Mrs. Childs said, in consternation,—

“Why, Constance, you cannot possibly cut these engagements. You are to dance the german with Mr. Hargate: his flowers are already here.”

“Yes, I know, but I can manage it, and without offence, too. I shall write a note to Mr. Hargate and tell him my reasons. I have made up my mind that I shall give up most of my engagements between now and Lent. I am going to spend more time with papa and Sandy: we have neglected them shamefully lately.”

“Now, Constance, don’t be an idiot and do any such absurd thing. Papa and Sandy are doing very well, and you have no reason for any such proceeding.”

“Yes, I have, mamma. I am going into partnership with Sandy.” And she laid her hand affectionately on the bowed, shamefaced boy, who finally lifted his head and looked at her gratefully; then he looked at me, and his eyes plainly asked for pardon and for silence. Constance seconded his appeal. We three gazed at each other understandingly, and I for one was strangely elated. Mrs. Childs soon left the room, muttering something about “headstrong girl.” As soon as she was gone, Constance said,—

“Mr. Barradale, Sandy has made a clean breast of it to me. He has told me that in trying to rescue him last night you were cut by one of the other men, and that he himself struck you. He is terribly ashamed and sorry: aren’t you, Sandy?”

“Oh, Stephen, I’m so glad you came last night. I never saw any one so quick as you were when you knocked out Tom Budd. I didn’t see the rest of the fight, but, by golly, it must have been worth seeing, and I’m awfully ashamed and grateful to you. Will you shake hands? and will you go with Conny and me when we go for our drive?”

Of course I assented to this. When Sandy had gone out of the room, I was wondering how Constance meant to excuse herself from the german without giving offence to Hargate. She seemed to be thinking perplexedly over something, and said, finally,—

“Mr. Barradale, I shall send for Mr. Hargate and tell him the truth. I am going to tell him that I dare not leave Sandy alone for a moment for the next few days until he is safely over this outburst. I think he will release me without taking offence. I do not know how else to do it, truthfully.”

She evidently wanted my opinion, and had I dared to give it I should have surprised her considerably. I knew enough of Hargate’s honest English nature to know that, if this particular girl were to tell him that in order to save a wayward young brother she must forego her brilliant engagements in the gay world and bury herself, it would appeal to him as nothing else could, and would seal his fate. But she evidently had no idea what a strong card she was about to play. She was bent only on saving the graceless Sandy from further scrapes. She despatched a note to Hargate asking him to come in for five o’clock tea that afternoon.

Meantime we set out on our winter drive, Sandy and Constance

in her high cart, I beside them upon Stéphane. I had no idea that a winter day could be so glorified. We wound around among the bare, hilly country roads, stopping at the club-house to see the fox-hounds; then afterwards on our way home we came through the Zoo to see the bears fed. When we reached the Secretary's house again it was late in the afternoon, and Hargate was waiting. I turned to mount and ride on, but Constance called, gayly,—

“Be sure to come back for tea, Mr. Barradale.”

I rode to the stable and put up Stéphane, then returned at once. It was evident to me when I entered the drawing-room that Constance, who had her back to me, had already made her explanation, and that it had had precisely the effect I had anticipated. If Hargate had not been in love before, he was now. He was begging in an undertone to be allowed to come and make one of the home party that evening. He did not care for the german, for it was no longer of any moment to him. The look in his eyes and the earnest tone of his lowered voice were enough. I went quietly away without having been seen. There was zero temperature in my heart, and every drop of blood in my veins had turned to frost.

Hargate belonged to an old family. He was well up in the diplomatic corps; he would some day be Ambassador, perhaps even succeed to a title. Besides, he was a good fellow. What more could a woman want? while I had not one single thing on God's earth to offer to any woman. I was by birth a gentleman, but I was by occupation a lackey. I had wasted every opportunity in the past, and I was absolutely without prospects for the future. I picked up my hat, pulled it down over my eyes, rammed my hands into my pockets, and plunged into the darkening night. I have hardly any recollection of where I went, or how far I walked. I was filled with wild, impotent rage and bitterness. When I had walked myself into a controllable state of mind, I went to the club, dressed, and proceeded to the Secretary's, where I found dinner just announced, with Sandy and his sister awaiting me. It seemed as if I could not rouse myself to respond to their simple gayety, although I made heroic efforts to shake up my dull spirits. When we went to the deserted library afterwards, where an open fire was burning, Constance approached me immediately and said, frankly,—

“Mr. Barradale, I am afraid your injury is more serious than you have admitted: you look downright ill. Let me look at the bandages; they may need loosening.”

I lifted my hand a moment. She would have taken it to examine the bandages, but I quickly imprisoned her outstretched fingers in mine and bent my lips to them. I barely had time to kiss them with passionate impulse before they were hurriedly pulled away and her eyes looked into mine. They were startled and half resentful. I immediately rallied myself, and replied to her look with as light a tone as I could command,—

“Fealty to the skilful nurse and the good sister.—Come here, Sandy, you rascal, and do likewise.”

“Come and do what?” asked the boy, as he lounged about the library keeping one eye upon us.

"Come and thank your sister for what she did for us last night."

"Pooh! I've done more than kiss her hand; there's no fun in kissing a hand, that I can see. I'd go in for more than that, if I were you," said he.

We both laughed. Constance had been abashed for a moment when she thought that she had mistaken my action for more than thanks, but Sandy had happily saved the situation. That evening sped all too fast. It was followed by other days and evenings that were as fleeting as they were entrancing, and I could scarcely credit my senses when I realized that I was upon a permanent footing of friendship with Constance Childs. It was dangerous for me, and I was in peril every moment of committing some rash action or uttering words that were ever ready on my lips. Hargate came to the house continually, but as the days went by I became almost certain that he had no chance.

Lent came in, and for a time at least social functions were somewhat relegated to the background. I now began to resume my duties to the Secretary, but he was scarcely the same man he had been the summer before. He was more silent, more preoccupied. It was clear to me that the mental strain was telling upon him. I ventured to ask him about himself in one of our brief talks late one night. He was pacing up and down the library with his hands behind him, and I suggested that he needed rest.

"Rest, Stephen?" he cried, wearily. "Where is rest to be found in this great, restless, seething country of ours? Where can one get away from its continual upheavals, its perpetual jockeyings with its best interests? What it wants to-day it repudiates to-morrow. There is no common interest, no patriotism left in the land. Look at this great department of which I am the head; see what the country expects from it at this present time. I send for this Senator and for that Congressman; I talk to them of the best interests of the government; I impress upon them the importance of laying aside sectional and party interests, and of standing together solidly for sound financial policy. But what good does it do? They go back to Congress and introduce all sorts of wild schemes and bills; they prate of silver and the income tax, and all the while I see the reserve in the vaults melting, melting, melting. Great God, Stephen, who could rest?"

I had never seen him so wrought up; I had never seen him so unreserved. I ventured to touch upon the supposed split in the Cabinet.

"Stuff, Stephen, utter stuff. My policy is the President's policy, or I should not remain where I am; but I am afraid that I shall not stand the strain physically. I do not sleep well; I am pursued by a thousand demons of worry when I close my eyes; I have nightmares of trying single-handed to coerce Congress to some decent concerted action. Everywhere I look in my dreams I see those cursed silver certificates coming in and gold going out to redeem them, and the country howling in my ears from every section. There is no man living capable of steering this country; no group of men, even though they should band together, could stem or control the elements loose in our midst."

He stood with clinched hands for a moment by the table; then he said, dropping them to his side and speaking in a quieter tone,—

"My own affairs need looking after. I am much concerned about some important business interests in the Northwest. I need some one continually to look after them." He regarded me steadily; then he went on:

"Stephen, you are worthy of better things than to be a mere carpet knight. I have been thinking of you lately; I have confidence in you and in your ability. I may call upon you suddenly. Can you hold yourself ready?"

"I can and will, Mr. Secretary; and I feel deeply your confidence and interest in me."

"I am sure of it. I may call upon you any day now; but not a word of this."

We talked some time longer about his confidential affairs, and when the night was half spent I let myself out of the house.

During the next few weeks I heard nothing more of the Secretary's hint to me. I now went to the department every day and resumed my work in his office. True to her resolve, Constance devoted herself to her father and brother, and wherever she went Sandy went too. She drove her father out into the country almost every afternoon, and I often accompanied them. I did not let myself think of the future nor of my purposeless past. I lived as so many have lived before me and as so many will continue to live for all time, solely in the present. Constance continued to treat me with good comradeship; nay, even more than that, she admitted me to an intimate friendship. I was carefully on guard never to overstep the bounds, never to startle her, but it was an herculean restraint I was obliged to exercise. One day when Easter was close at hand and the days had been dreamy and spring-like, with crocuses and dandelions in the parks, she led me on to speak of the old Barradale house, and of my rebel grandfather who had never yielded an inch of his fealty to the Confederacy. She also led me to speak of myself. Her face was very grave when, without sparing myself one whit, I told her of my aimless life, of my unambitious college days, of my half-hearted endeavors at a profession, and of my final surrendering of everything in department life. I related to her also the circumstances of my secretaryship to her father and of my hated social services in her family. I told her that the only time in my life that I had felt the stirrings of free manhood such as ought by right to belong to one was during the three months I had been so closely associated with the Secretary and had for a brief time been in a freer, larger atmosphere than had ever surrounded me before. I told her everything of myself,—that is, everything one could tell to a woman,—but I did not tell her of my affair with Mrs. Romney; there was my blunder. When I had finished my recital, I said, bitterly,—

"It is a sorry record."

She was thoughtful for a long time; then she said, truthfully, with a half-sigh,—

"Yes, it is a sorry record; but, Mr. Barradale, I have faith to believe there is better stuff in you than you have admitted, and also I think that life here at the capital is partly responsible for the inertia you blame yourself for."

"No, I cannot shield myself behind that excuse," I replied. There was silence again, during which I watched her grave, thoughtful face, then I said,—

"Tell me of what you are thinking."

"I am thinking of what you have told me of yourself. I have been used to idealizing men, I suppose; that is, I have always believed that the men I should be brought in contact with would be, or should be, men strong enough to override fate, or whatever you may choose to call it; that they would overcome all obstacles in order to reach some high level or place; and I had always supposed that the man I——" She stopped.

I scarcely breathed. I repeated,—

"The man you what?"

"Oh, well—" she laughed, slightly and uneasily; then she went on, "In looking around at the men I have met here in Washington I find I shall have to adjust my focus a little, or rather a good deal."

"Yes, we are all a precious lot." Then I added, looking her squarely in the eyes and compelling her to look at me,—

"You were going to say a moment ago that you had always supposed that the man you should love would be the man strong enough to override fate, as you express it, whose life and attainments would be such that you could be proud of them and feel that you had not wasted yourself; that is what you meant?" I persisted.

"Something like that, perhaps," she returned, indifferently; and she got up from her chair to leave me. I detained her. I determined to have it out, come what would. I said, with suppressed fire,—

"There was a 'but' in your mind awhile ago which I dare to interpret. You are a worldly woman. You do not want to waste yourself; you do not mean to. You have the ball at your feet, but you have not found your ideal, who is to master all obstacles, of whose life and attainments you can be proud. Instead, you have found the other man, the man who has missed his opportunities, who is a failure in every way. What of him? What are you going to do with him?"

I advanced a step towards her. She looked at me and drew about her instantly that intangible, invisible mantle of aloofness which women know so well how to wrap themselves in, and replied so impersonally and collectedly that I thought she had not understood me.

"The other man, you ask? Why, he is about the only kind that a woman meets nowadays. He is so much an every-day occurrence and so continually in evidence that he is apt to be passed by." She walked slowly to the door, and then stopped a moment and added, with a change of manner and with a daring look in her eyes,—

"Unless a woman happens, perhaps, to love the other man."

"Constance!" I cried, and I sprang eagerly towards her; but the door was shut with a bang in my face. What had she meant? What was I to infer? Was it only a challenging, alluring piece of coquetry? I wondered. I would not let a moment pass. I rushed out of the library in quick pursuit, only to encounter Mrs. Romney and Roger Macon just being ushered into the drawing-room on the opposite side of the hall,—confound them! I had to stop and be polite when I was

burning with impatience to know the meaning of the flash in Constance's eyes. Besides, I also was impatient at the increasing intimacy of Mrs. Romney in the Childs household. Already small innuendoes were being bandied about the town, and Mrs. Romney's name was again a target, as it had been once before among the men at the club, as I only too well remembered. When Mrs. Romney had passed into the drawing-room, Macon lingered a moment behind to say to me,—

“Barradale, some of the men are getting up a dinner to be given to Miss Childs, and you are wanted as one of the number. Will you join?”

“I don't know, Macon: I don't altogether like this fashion of dinners where there are eight or ten men present and only one girl and her chaperon. Who is to be the chaperon on this occasion?”

“I don't know; I think it is not fully decided;” but Macon as he spoke did not look at me, and a sudden conviction flashed over me that the chaperon selected was to be Mrs. Romney, and that he knew it. But nothing more was said at the moment, for Constance came lightly down-stairs to greet the visitors, and I turned into the reception-room with her. I found it impossible to catch her eye, even for an instant. She was as cool and as unconscious as though she had not set every pulse vibrating within me only half an hour before. I soon found that the visit in the drawing-room was going to last for some time, so I excused myself on the plea of some important writing that I had to do for the Secretary. As I was leaving the room, Macon said,—

“Be at the club at six o'clock, Barradale; Hargate, Bouton, and the rest want to settle the little matter I spoke to you about.”

I nodded assent and left the room. A little later I went to the club, and at six o'clock I was waiting for Hargate. I wanted to see him alone to say to him what I could not say before the others; but Hargate and Bouton came in together, and I soon found that Bouton could not be shaken off. The dinner was broached at once, and I said to Hargate,—

“Who's the chaperon to be?”

“Mrs. Romney,” he promptly replied.

I said, carelessly, “Don't you think, Hargate, that at a dinner of this kind it would be well to choose an older chaperon?”

“What do you mean, Barradale?” he asked, in surprise.

“Well, Hargate, I somehow don't like the arrangement of these dinners, so many men, one girl, and——”

“But, damn it, man, we are committed already to Mrs. Romney, and I am sure Miss Childs has also heard something of it.”

“Can't help it, Hargate; fix it any way you choose, get out of it any way you can, but get out of it you must,” I said, with considerable heat.

“What's the objection to the present arrangement?” he asked.

I did not reply, and Bouton looked uneasy. There was silence. At last Bouton spoke up with a slight sneer, and, in half-broken English which I shall not try to set down, said,—

“It would seem that Mr. Barradale gives himself great concern in

this matter of dinner. He might himself relieve the situation by withdrawing."

"No, that would not change the situation at all. You may set down my objection to any cause you like; I can only repeat that this dinner as it is at present arranged must not take place."

"You will be trying to carry it with what you call a high hand, Mr. Barradale, and maybe you are meaning to reflect upon a lady who is not without friends."

"I am not meaning to reflect upon any lady; that is scarcely in my line, Mr. Bouton; but I ask you, Hargate, should you care to have your own sister go to a dinner with, say, ten men present and only one other woman, and that woman almost as young as herself?"

There was silence, and both men shifted their positions slightly; then Hargate said, slowly,—

"You are right, Barradale; I shouldn't like my sister to go to such a dinner under such circumstances. I will see what can be done. I will not repeat this conversation, nor will Bouton; we will try to postpone the dinner for the present, and then we can perhaps arrange it in some other way that will be agreeable."

"It would seem to me, in spite of Mr. Barradale's reason for objecting to this dinner, that there is something more; perhaps it is a tardy virtue, or tardy conscience," sneered Bouton. The man evidently wanted to pick a quarrel. I could have struck him where he stood, but there must be no quarrel, no words even; I must keep my temper, no names must be dragged into this. I shrugged my shoulders without replying.

"Oh, come, Bouton, none of that: Barradale is right," said Hargate, gravely. I had been wondering how Hargate had ever countenanced such a dinner in the first instance, for I knew him to be in love with Miss Childs, and I knew that he had heard Mrs. Romney's name lightly spoken of among men.

Just then several other well-known men came into the club, and I sauntered away. I could trust Hargate to manage the thing both discreetly and effectually, unless Bouton should mar everything with his tongue. I little guessed how much this dinner would undo me.

CHAPTER IX.

TOLD BY CONSTANCE.

THE morning after Sandy's exploit, when he awakened from his long sleep and saw me beside him and remembered what had happened the night before, he broke down completely and buried his face in his pillow, crying hysterically. He was only sixteen years old; it was his first misstep, his first shame. I felt the deepest sorrow and responsibility when I reflected that I might perhaps have prevented it. If mamma and I had been ever at home during the last six or eight weeks we should have known that he was falling into evil, and we should have been able to save him from it. The poor boy sobbed on his pillow, and kept saying,—

"Go away, Conny : don't look at me."

I gradually won him to a quieter condition of nerves. I made him understand that I was not going to sit in judgment upon him, and that neither papa nor mamma was to know of the escapade. I told him that I was going into partnership with him, that he was to go with me everywhere : we would have long drives together after his school hours ; we would have our dinner together, and instead of going out to dine, as I had been doing almost every day, I should decline such invitations, and papa, he, and I would spend our evenings cosily at home. The look that came into his face and swollen eyes repaid me a thousand times. He said,—

"Oh, Conny, it's been so beastly dull here at home. I've had to eat my dinner all alone, for even the governor has gone out to dinner constantly, and mamma of course never is home, nor you either, and I don't know what I'd have done but for Stephen. Lots of times he's taken me out to dinner with him and then played pool with me all the evening, and he went round and straightened me out at school last week ; and, Conny, I struck him last night. Yes, I did ; don't look at me so. He came and found me and tried to bring me home, and I didn't know what I was about, and I struck him right in the face."

The boy began to cry again. I said, quickly,—

"Come, Sandy, be a man. Tell me this whole story. How did it all happen ? Where were you ? And how did Mr. Barradale receive such a cut ?"

Gradually the boy told me the whole story. It was pitiful. There was an unconscious side-light thrown upon the occurrence. For the first time I realized the horrible pit that lies at our very doors, ready to catch the stumbling feet of youth, and I resolved that Sandy should not be long out of my sight for the next few years. My task until he should go to college would be to influence him, to interest him, to do my part towards making a man of him. Any one may smile who chooses at my thinking that I could accomplish this, but I felt that I should not fail. Sandy was most enthusiastic over Mr. Barradale's part in the night's performance. According to the boy, he had attacked and knocked down the entire crowd of roughs, and in the boy's eyes he was a hero. I felt that I should have to adjust my focus anew, and more than ever I was disturbed when I remembered my bearing towards him in the past.

I persuaded Sandy to get up and dress and come down-stairs and breakfast with me. A little later, when we were at the table, mamma fretful and tired, Sandy heavy-eyed, shamefaced, and dull, and I, in spite of having sat up all night, full of energy, life, and purpose, I had something mapped out in the case of this graceless young brother that gave me an aim, an occupation. I felt as though I were equipped to do battle with any untold evil that lurked in Sandy's pathway. Some time later I meant to tell papa what had happened, and to enlist his aid as the boy should grow older.

When Mr. Barradale came in finally we were still at breakfast. Sandy, he, and I exchanged glances full of understanding. We all three comprehended that we had formed a triple alliance against the

powers of darkness, and that we should take no one into our secret. There was also on my part a tacit asking for pardon for myself. In the light of what had happened I was humble. I held out my hand and sought his eyes, this time on my own account and with no thought of Sandy. I met with quick and intense response. Indeed, I thought it expedient to drop my eyes and not look again.

In a moment or two I announced to mamma that I should cancel my engagements for the rest of the season and devote myself to papa and Sandy. I won't go over mamma's disgusted remarks and her vigorous opposition to such a course. She adjured me not to be an "idiot," and her final remark as she swept out of the room was to the effect that I was a "headstrong girl."

After she had gone, Sandy apologized to Mr. Barradale for the performance of the night before, and I despatched a note to Mr. Hargate asking him to take tea with us at five o'clock; for I had determined to break my engagement for the german with him, and was going to tell him the exact truth. I thought he would not take offence; but I gathered from Mr. Barradale's manner that he did not agree with me.

That day, true to the plan I had laid out, I took Sandy for a long drive in the short wintry afternoon. Mr. Barradale accompanied us on his mare *Stéphane*. We had a delightful time, though I fear I do not fully appreciate the surroundings of the town, which he thinks are exceptionally beautiful; but I have not the keen eye for every little touch of nature that he seems to possess. Nothing escapes him, apparently. I am surprised at this. He noticed the changing lights on the purplish hills, and piloted us to a high point from which the city could be seen in a complete basin at our feet. He told us much about the historic points of the town, and was delightfully interesting and earnest. Last and not least among the afternoon's experiences, upon Sandy's insistent demands he put *Stéphane* through her paces. I never saw such jumps as this creature could make: she seemed one breathing, living mass of steel springs and elastic bands. And not a little was due to the magnificent riding of her master. They made a spirited silhouette against the dull, gray, overhanging wintry sky.

We got home and found Mr. Hargate waiting. I threw off my fur and gloves in the drawing-room and prepared to make tea according to Dr. Ping's instructions. Afterwards I entered upon my explanation to Mr. Hargate concerning the german of that night. I don't know why it should have had such a singular effect on him, but he sat for a long time regarding me without speaking, and I thought I had made a mistake in confiding to him the truth about Sandy. I said, finally,—

"I thought you would understand, Mr. Hargate, and I fear you only think I am taking advantage of an excuse to get out of this german."

"Understand? Of course I understand," he replied, suddenly. "I only wish there were more women like you; there would be many a better man in the world, don't you know."

"Oh, you must not overrate me, or what I am trying to do. You see, Sandy is the only representative of our name, which papa has

made honorable and respected, and it comes in my way to protect this boy possibly from further follies, and to help him enter upon his manhood with papa's name unsullied. I must keep him with me constantly, and not leave him to himself."

Mr. Hargate screwed his monocle into his eye, and said, with comical impressiveness,—

"What a blessed boy is Sandy!"

Thereupon we both laughed; but in a moment he became grave again and sat apparently in deep thought. Then he said, with a curious change from his previous light tone to one of earnestness,—

"Miss Childs, won't you let me take a hand in this scheme of yours? May not I come and be one of your quiet home party to-night? You have no idea how I shine in the home circle, what a tremendous talent I have for domesticity. Here am I, far away from home and kindred, with no one to care how I spend my time. I need home influence too. Won't you take me along with Sandy into your care?"

I did not know just how to take him, the man was so earnest and solemn; but his proposition was so absurd that I treated it lightly and laughingly.

"I cannot undertake two wayward masculines at the same time, Mr. Hargate; I am afraid that I must work out my 'home influence' scheme upon Sandy alone."

"Well, may I come every day and find out how you progress? I may be able to give you a valuable suggestion or two," he pleaded; and there was a warm look in his eyes which I thought it best not to encourage. So I managed to get into another channel of conversation; but I thought that Mr. Hargate would never go. He finally went away, however, vowing that he should present himself again the next day.

After he had gone I waited some little time, thinking that Mr. Barradale would come back, as he had promised to do; but, as he did not, I went to dress for the early dinner at which I was to be hostess for him and Sandy, for papa and mamma were dining out, and we three should have it all to ourselves.

Sandy and I had to wait some little time for Mr. Barradale, and when he did come in there was quite a noticeable change in him since the afternoon. All life had gone out of his manner. He was decidedly listless, though he made valiant efforts to match our simple fun; but the dinner fell flat, and I caught Sandy eying him perplexedly: he too had noticed the change. As soon as we went into the library I determined to find out what was the matter. His face bore unmistakable signs of some disturbance or suffering. I asked him if the bandages on his hand did not need loosening, and if he were not suffering. I tried to have him let me examine the hand, which in response he quickly raised as if to comply, but instead he clasped my outstretched fingers in his and pressed a burning kiss upon them. There was that in his manner and in the kiss that drove the blood from my heart for a moment and then sent it surging back to my face. I had had my hand kissed in Europe in the way so commonly done

there, but this was another thing altogether. I darted a quick resentful glance at him. I was startled and uncomfortable; but instantly he looked me coolly in the eyes, and said, with an inimitable manner,—

“Fealty to the skilful nurse and the good sister.”

I never knew so quick or so neat an apology, but I was secretly disturbed by the occurrence,—though Sandy came to the rescue and with one of his boyishly characteristic remarks turned the tide. For the rest of the evening Mr. Barradale was the life of the party, and when papa came in from his dinner, mamma having gone on to a dance at one of the Legations, his expression brightened at the home-like scene made by the open fire and the genial pleasantness. His face was a sermon to me, and I knew how lonely, dull, and forlorn the home had been hitherto, when such a simple thing as the presence of three young people could brighten him so much.

I made him sit down before the fire, and sent a servant for his smoking-jacket in exchange for his evening coat. I lighted a cigar for him and begged him to tell us about the dinner. He gave us a pithy account of the evening and the people; then he said, turning to Mr. Barradale,—

“Stephen, Senator Reagan was there, and I broached to him the pending nomination, but of course they’ll go into executive session over it, and then no one will know till it is too late what blunder they’ll commit. I don’t think anything can be done with Reagan; he’s bound to vote with the silver men on this nomination.”

Immediately papa and Mr. Barradale were fathoms deep in politics. Sandy and I exchanged glances,—we were out in the cold; but I was interested in spite of myself. It was a revelation to me to find how thoroughly papa relied upon Mr. Barradale’s judgment in public matters, and upon what intimate terms of equality these two men were. Finally, as papa in his interest in the theme began to pace up and down and to gesticulate as he gave vent to short, sharp utterances, I thought that it was time to put in a word:

“Now, papa, don’t talk shop any more: let the old silver question and the bond issue alone. You know you are not sleeping well these days. Let the country go to ruin if it wants to: it has been going to ruin ever since it was born, according to common report.”

Papa stopped and looked at me as if to reprove my flippant speech; then he concluded to smile. He sat down in his chair with a sigh.

“Constance, you are right. Stephen and I always talk shop, but that is because Stephen is the only man I can talk out to with absolute freedom, and I have fallen into bad habits.”

The rest of that evening was delightful. Long after twelve mamma came in. She threw open the library door wide, letting in a draught of air, and said,—

“Goodness! are you all mewed up in this stuffy room, and with a hot fire, too?—Sandy, go to bed at once: you’ve no business to be up.”

Mamma effectually dispelled us, and we all crept away to our respective quarters, rather as if we had done something to merit rebuke.

During the days which followed I adhered strictly to the resolve I had made. I went nowhere except where Sandy could go. I drove

papa out every afternoon, Sandy going along, and often Mr. Barradale accompanying us on horseback. I had finally established a most friendly footing with the latter, and I was daily astonished to find how much I had misjudged him. He was a man who on an intimate footing might well be dangerous to most girls, for he had an undeniable charm of manner; but I did not feel in any particular danger, for I was doubly guarded by my unsusceptible nature and the fact that he was not just the man I should fancy seriously anyway. I don't know that I admit having an ideal, for I am eminently practical and unsentimental. I think that we end-of-the-century girls don't have many ideals, and certainly not many illusions. We are pretty keen of vision, and I had sufficient worldliness to know that a man who occupied the position Mr. Barradale did would be decidedly ineligible, matrimonially viewed, no matter how charming he might be. I had ceased long ago to think him lacking in strength of character; still, I could not be quite reconciled to his position and occupation. So, taking things together, while I felt the influence of his daily, almost hourly presence, and was sometimes startled and made uncomfortable by the look in his eyes, I was yet in no danger whatever.

Lent had come in, and social functions ceased to be for the time being the chief end of woman. I could not mistake the fact that I was being sought assiduously by Mr. Hargate, for, true to his threat, he came every day, and supplemented his visits with beautiful bunches of roses and violets; but neither was I in any danger with him, for he was still less the man I should fancy, and, furthermore, he was not of our nationality, which would always be a bar with me, no matter what my sisters may think on the subject of international alliances.

Just before Easter the weather became soft and languorous, and drives in the country were the most desirable occupation among the townspeople. It seemed to me that if I had not been able to see the beauty in the surrounding hills of the town in winter I saw it and felt it now, though I am not sure in looking back upon that time that I had not already undergone some change or received some silent lessons from nature. For upon all sides were crocuses, dandelions, young leaves, and soft air, which feasted the eye and lulled the senses. I had come in one afternoon from a long drive and ramble in the country, where I had dawdled with Mr. Barradale. He had sought out for me from under the dead leaves late sprays of arbutus, and had made up a dainty bunch of hepatica and bluets. He had decorated Stéphane's bridle with a bunch of them, and had fastened a bunch in his coat that matched my breast-knot of the same flowers. We had come back to town rather silently. Indeed, I had made conversation quite impossible by driving rapidly home, leaving Stéphane far behind. I drew rein a moment on the high ground where we had stopped in the winter to overlook the town. It had undergone the fairy's touch, and was one of the sights that I have many and many a time since driven all the way just to look upon, filled with tender memories.

Later that same afternoon Mr. Barradale came in to ask for a cup of tea; not that he liked tea, but he heroically drank what I brewed for him. We were in the library, and under some spell that possessed

me I asked him to tell me about himself and his family, and why he had located us in his grandfather's house. He gave me a sketch of his people, and then went on briefly to record his own career.

It seemed to me that he was bent upon putting himself in the worst light he could, for he was bitterly unsparing of himself, and would plead no excuse for not having made more of his life. He sat leaning towards me. His eyes never left my face, and there was a dumb pleading in them which made my words and my purpose weak and faltering. I was frightened at what I seemed to be calling down on myself. I was not prepared to meet any issue. I tried to give myself courage by reflecting that any girl in my place would be more or less swayed by such pleading eyes. It was enough to make any woman's heart beat.

He asked me in a low voice of what I was thinking, and in my utter demoralization I made some banal remark about having idealized men, and I implied something to the effect that the man I had always thought I should care for would be a man to hew his own way through all obstacles. There was something clumsy in my way of putting it that left an inference of which he was not slow to avail himself. He spoke quietly, but with repressed fire, and each word stamped itself upon my brain:

"You are a worldly woman. You do not want to waste yourself, you do not mean to; you have the ball at your feet, but you have not found your ideal, who is to master all obstacles, of whose life and attainments you can be proud. Instead you have found the other man, the man who has missed his opportunities, who is a failure in every way. What of him? What are you going to do with him?"

As he spoke he came nearer to me. I could neither look at him nor answer for a moment; then I rallied and made some feeble remark about "the other man" being apt to be passed by, after which I made a rapid retreat to the door, where I paused. Some sudden impulse which I could not control impelled me to add, with a slight significance,—

"Unless a woman happens, perhaps, to love the other man."

I hurried through the door and shut it with a bang, but not before I heard my own name uttered:

"Constance!"

I dared not pause nor breathe till I reached my own room. My blood was racing through my veins, and my heart was beating to suffocation; which was singular, for I had convinced myself only a little while ago that I was a worldly, end-of-the-century girl, without sentiment and without illusions, and, more than all, that I was entirely safe from the fascinations of such a man as Stephen Barradale.

CHAPTER X.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

FOR the next few days I haunted the presence of Constance in the vain effort to get a moment alone with her. I have not the slightest doubt that my state of mind was patent to any one who chose to

observe me. I suppose I must have looked something like the fellow in Gibson's drawing which is entitled "Find the girl who has been kissed within ten minutes." But I was utterly reckless of everything.

There could be no doubt about it, she was skilfully avoiding me, and yet her avoidance was so seemingly natural, so apparently accidental, and her bearing was at times so tinged with a divine shyness, that this silent fencing was not without its charm and solace to me. But if she would grant me no opportunity, no speech, she had to endure a steady fire, a constant bombardment, till at last there crept into her eyes a half-helpless nervousness that was adorable. If I could have found or made my chance, then perhaps all would have been well, but every attempt to waylay her, to detain or surprise her, was unavailing, any ruse I employed was instantly detected. She seemed to melt away from me, to vanish, to become wholly elusive, and finally I had to desist from my hot pursuit, baffled for the time being.

I was glad, therefore, for the heavy pressure of work in the Secretary's office. During the winter and spring the new Congress, from which so much had been expected, had been behaving with even more idiocy than the preceding one, over which there had been a sigh of relief when it had expired. Important measures were being filibustered over and delayed. The Secretary was anxious, the President was anxious, and the country was discouraged. I had spent nearly every day for two weeks at the Capitol in the interest of the Secretary and his department. I was watching for a committee report on one bill and lobbying another, when I was recalled by Mrs. Childs to do her bidding. The town had begun to waken from the short somnolence of Lent. Easter and the middle of April had come, together with warm, enervating spring weather. The trees transformed themselves suddenly from their bare shivering appearance into a perfect glory of soft, tender green. Overcoats and wraps were recklessly cast aside, and people went about saying to each other, "Isn't it hot?"

It was, therefore, in order for Mrs. Childs to conceive the idea of winding up her already long list of brilliant entertainments with an Easter-week dance, the arrangements for which were given into my unwilling hands. My only consolation was that I must now find my opportunity with Constance. She should dance with me at this ball, and should hear me, come what might. It was some days since she had challenged me with speech and eyes in the library, and I was restless with impatience. I had heard nothing further from the proposed dinner which I had so strenuously opposed. I had not observed that Mrs. Romney had not been seen at the Secretary's for some little time, and I did not know, of course, that a storm was brewing. Hargate had told me that the dinner had quietly been postponed, and that no one knew that any objection had ever been raised to it, save Bouton and himself: so I rested entirely easy, and proceeded with the arrangements for the ball. Everything was to be upon the most elaborate scale; the old-fashioned verandas were to be enclosed, and all the decorations were to be marvels of spring flowers. A day or two before the affair the ball-room floor was being newly waxed, which necessitated to my mind that Constance should try it with me, even though

the men were still at work upon it. She almost yielded to my request, but there must have been a warning glow in my face, for she turned my seemingly careless suggestion skilfully aside. Thereupon I said,—

“You have never danced with me, Miss Childs.”

“You have never asked me, Mr. Barradale,” she returned, making me an old-fashioned sweeping courtesy.

“And if I had?”

“Most certainly.”

“And you will let me make up for it the night of the dance here?” I asked, following her rapidly to the door, where she was evidently meaning to escape me.

“Yes,” she replied, rather uncertainly, and not looking at me.

“Shall you go to the Embassy to-night?” I asked, persistently.

“Yes,” she again replied, in monosyllabic fashion. She hesitated a moment in the door-way. There was something conscious in her bearing. Then she hastened away beyond any further questions. It was useless to follow, for she fled to regions which I could not penetrate.

That night I too went to the Embassy. I walked through all the rooms; I would stop nowhere, save to greet the hostess and to acknowledge every now and then a salutation; I was in search of Constance. I saw the Secretary standing in a group of men. He was talking in a low, impressive way, and they were listening eagerly. I heard part of a sentence which gave me the key to their conversation. The Secretary was saying,—

“It will insure the maintenance of the parity in value of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts.”

A little further on I saw Mrs. Childs and heard the tones of her voice, so I changed my course and made a considerable détour, only to fall in with Miss Bellamy, who said to me, as she made an effort to stop me,—

“Is this rumor about a dinner true?”

“What dinner?” I asked, scarcely noticing what she said, while my eyes were roving hither and thither with restless eagerness.

“Why, there’s been some row about a dinner that was to have been given to Mrs. Romney: I thought you’d know all about it. Bouton’s in a great state about it. I must say I think it’s time there was a row about Mrs. Romney: she’s——”

“I’m afraid I know nothing about it, Miss Bellamy,” said I, and I passed on carelessly; but I was nevertheless a good deal disturbed: some one had got hold of it somehow. Just then my eyes fell upon Constance standing within the portières in the smallest and most remote room of the suite; and standing beside her was Bouton, talking volubly, almost excitedly. There was something in his attitude and manner and in hers that arrested my attention. I could not hear a syllable, but I watched them, fascinated. Constance was drawn up to her full height; her face was pale and set. She was protesting; her hand was slightly raised, as though to ward off something, and her eyes blazed with some feeling that I could not interpret. She turned

as if to leave him, but he detained her, speaking vehemently; then suddenly they both approached the spot where I stood somewhat screened by the portières. I heard him say, distinctly,—

“It is, of course, as Miss Childs pleases. I but repeat a common report, and I should not have done so much but that I am *méprisé* and, as you say in your English—how is it? ‘The worm turns around’?”

As he spoke she stopped a moment and faced him, and if a woman’s glance could annihilate, Bouton would have fallen at her feet. They swept past me. Miss Childs went straight to her father, where Bouton drew his heels together, made a low bow, and retreated rapidly. I understood, of course, that he had been repelled and that he had not behaved well under it. I immediately made my way to Constance and joined her without delay. She barely acknowledged my salutation,—in fact, she almost ignored it,—and turned to her father, saying, hurriedly,—

“Papa, I am going home: will you take me to the carriage? You need not come yourself.”

“Why, of course, Constance. You look pale. Are you ill?”

“I will take Miss Childs to the carriage, Mr. Secretary, if she will permit it,” I said, at once.

“I will not trouble Mr. Barradale, papa. I am very tired.” She turned away abruptly. The Secretary went with her, and I was left in utter bewilderment. I wondered what Bouton could have said that had made such a change in her. She was the Constance I had first known at the beginning of the year, not the half-conscious and wholly adorable girl I had seen in the old Barradale ball-room that afternoon. I went at once to make my adieux; there was nothing to keep me now at the Embassy. As I made my way through the crowd I suddenly encountered Mrs. Romney, who also seemed to be leaving. She looked directly at me with as stony and immovable an expression as that of a death-mask, and passed on. It was the cut direct. I needed no further hint: I had the cue to the situation, or thought I had. It was that infernal dinner that was to blame; but, while the dinner would account for Mrs. Romney’s cut, it did not account for Constance’s very evident disturbance and haughty bearing towards me.

I pondered the evening’s occurrences long and late that night, but could make nothing of the situation. The next day I hoped for a word with Constance, but I did not even see her. Mrs. Childs said something in a fretful tone about Constance being “frightfully used up,” and I hurriedly completed the final arrangements for the next night and betook myself to the club, where I found a note awaiting me. It was in a handwriting I well knew. It asked for an interview that night. An hour was mentioned, and it was signed “Sibyl Romney.” It was curt, it was cold, and it was to the point. I was in for it now, and no doubt I should have to face the music. There were various reasons why an interview with her was distasteful, and I knew of no good that it could lead to; so when I proceeded to her house it was with decided misgivings.

I well remembered the last time I had crossed her threshold. I had

flung myself out of her house with every feeling in me outraged and at war; passion, disgust, and hatred had all struggled for the mastery,—passion for her, disgust for myself, and hatred for the miserable, dissipated man who had claimed to be Romney. The memory of that night, though more than two years old, made me set my teeth. When I was ushered into her drawing-room there was a subdued light softly flooding it. She rose as I entered. It was evident from the traces on her face that she had undergone some keen humiliation or some mental struggle. Her face had ever borne one great charm aside from her undeniable beauty: it was stamped with the grave, sweet innocence of a child that knows no evil, that is trusting and confiding, and yet it possessed the strength and grace of the woman.

She stood a moment looking at me, and then said, slowly,—

“Stephen, why have you done me this ill turn? Why have you made it possible for me to receive the humiliation I did last night at the Embassy?”

“I am not responsible for any humiliation you may have received. Mrs. Romney: the responsibility lies at your own door, surely.”

“But did you not, knowing that I was to chaperon a dinner, break up that dinner? did you not go to the club and before a group of men speak ill of me?”

“I did not,” I replied, emphatically.

“But you broke up this dinner?”

“Indirectly, yes; but your name was not even mentioned by me. It is not my way, Mrs. Romney, to speak ill of any woman,” I said, looking her steadily in the eyes.

“Nevertheless, I am told that you broke up this dinner, and it has gone all over town; there are all sorts of reports which are cruelly false. It came to my ears a few days ago. It went to Miss Childs’ ears last night, with an insinuation that must shake even your nerve.”

This shot told. I instantly recalled Bouton’s pantomime, his sneering words, and Constance’s rigid, freezing manner.

“Perhaps, since you have sent for me and have told me this much, you will tell me what these reports are.”

“Yes, I will tell you: they are not pleasant telling nor pleasant hearing for either of us.”

She spoke bitterly, her voice and manner growing passionate with indignation.

“It is said that you objected to me as a chaperon for Miss Childs, and that the other men fell in with you, and the dinner was postponed indefinitely. There has gone to Miss Childs’ ears an ugly coupling of our names, which is hateful. So last night at the Embassy I was made to feel the displeasure of this world of yours, and you, Stephen Barradale, walked about graciously spoken to, while I——”

“Stop, Mrs. Romney! stop where you are. This is a useless interview, and can lead to nothing but recriminations. These reports are false, utterly so, and——”

“Perhaps their form is false, but you do not deny having ‘indirectly,’ as you expressed it a moment ago, broken up this dinner, and the world wants to know why. So they fasten upon the only one

who is defenceless; they make me their target," she broke in, contemptuously.

"Mrs. Romney, you cannot expect the world to be more careful of your good name than you are yourself."

"That comes well from you, Stephen Barradale."

"Yes, it comes better from me than from any one else, unless from Roger Macon."

"Take care, Stephen! take care!" she exclaimed, her face pale and her lips trembling.

My words had struck her like a blow, but I was roused thoroughly. I crossed the space between us and sat down beside her on the divan. She drew away, as though afraid of me. I leaned forward, so that I could look into her face. She did not interrupt me, but shrank back into her corner. Something held her mute. I spoke out resolutely.

"I did object to your being a chaperon for Miss Childs at this dinner. You have for months past recklessly dragged your name almost to the verge of the precipice. You have been playing fast-and-loose with this young Virginian, just as you did two years ago with me. You dragged your name then, together with mine, so low that nothing but the blindness or complaisance of this great, overgrown, good-natured town saved you from open scandal. Of course you will say that I was willing to be dragged thus low, that I was willing to plunge with you; but that is not true. I was at least honest. I was offering you my best; I loved you with all the manhood there was in me. I remember in my adoration trying to find something to compare your face to, and the only thing that came to my lips were the old words from the Bible, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' I remember how exalted and uplifted I was when I went away from you one night with the understanding that you would be my wife; and then I remember my perplexity as you put me off day after day whenever I pressed for our marriage. And then the town began to couple our names, and whispers came to me finally that you had a husband living somewhere; and in a frenzy I taxed you with it. You could not deny it; and all that night long I walked up and down the river bank, and when daylight came I was stern and resolved never to see you again. But you sent for me, you whistled me back, you cajoled me. Oh, yes,—don't interrupt me,—I was willing, God knows. You played upon my senses. You blunted every feeling in me but one, till my passion for you was the only thing in my life, till I was ridiculous in my own sight and in the sight of the world; and when I was at last unmanageable and you were afraid of me and did not know how to dispose of me, you brought to light that wretched, miserable man you called your husband; and, after a scene which I do not think even you have forgotten, I flung myself out of this house and out of your life. You went to Europe till it blew over; I stayed here and was cut by my old friends. You came back after a year's absence, opened your house, and this obliging town forgot the little talk you had created and took you back into its midst. And now you are playing on this other man just as you played on me, until his face tells its own story, which

anybody who runs may read,—till the men about town are holding your name lightly on their lips, till the women are beginning to think it time to shut their doors to you; and when once they are shut, not even your wiles can open them. You are pursuing a dangerous, reckless course, and you wonder that you meet with humiliations. You think it strange that you should not be able to sow the wind without reaping the whirlwind."

"You are cruel, Stephen," she murmured, while her hand was put up to shield her twitching lips.

"And what about the cruelty of such women as you, Mrs. Romney?"

"Do you think I have not suffered too? Do you think there is no excuse for me?" she asked, bitterly.

I did not reply. I was trying to decide whether it was possible that she had suffered; and as I gazed at her searchingly, various emotions swept over her face under my steady eyes. As if she could bear my scrutiny no longer, she started up suddenly and exclaimed, imploringly,—

"For heaven's sake go, Stephen."

I rose slowly to obey, and she dropped back upon the divan. Not another word was spoken between us. When I left the room she was huddled up in the corner among the cushions, with her face buried from sight.

I rushed out into the soft April night, considerably wrought up. I had told some cold, blunt truths to the woman I had just left, and I was tingling now with the desire to face Bouton for five minutes. I was exactly in the right mood to reckon with him. I went rapidly to the club, hoping to find him there. As I went along, an overwhelming realization swept over me of the light in which I must stand before Constance. Her ears had been filled with insinuations of my old affair with Mrs. Romney: I knew that I had been brought before the bar of her pure woman's judgment and that sentence had been passed upon me. Whatever footing I had gained with her had been ruthlessly swept from under my feet. I had had nothing to recommend me to her in the first place, save my old name, and naturally that counted for nothing in her estimate of a man; but, alas! even my name was not unsmirched. I stood before her now shorn of every attribute; there was nothing left for me but to retire from the scene.

I stopped suddenly in my rapid walk, struck with the memory of the grim words of Epictetus: "Zeus, you say, does not do right in these matters. He has opened the door to you; when things do not please you, Man, go out, and do not complain." Yes, there was always the open door, but I half smiled at the wild flight my thoughts had taken, and I brought myself down to a cool, quiet resolve: I should seek Constance, and, face to face, I would take from her lips her judgment of me, and I would abide by it.

When I finally reached the club, I learned that Bouton had left town, and it was not known when he would return.

CHAPTER XI,

TOLD BY CONSTANCE.

AFTER my momentous interview with Mr. Barradale in the library, when I had been so nearly in danger of being swayed by him, I had taken refuge in my own den. It had been a case not only of retreat, but of absolute rout; and while I stood wondering how I was going to meet him in the future, cards were brought me. Mrs. Romney and Mr. Macon were in the reception-room. Mamma was not at home, and I should have to receive them. I went down with as cool an exterior as I could command, and found that Mr. Barradale had joined them. The visit was inauspicious in every way, for it demanded not only my trying constantly to avoid meeting Mr. Barradale's eyes, which sought me in open defiance of the presence of others, but also Mrs. Romney's visit was a distinct annoyance to me. Ever since I had heard that there was a Mr. Romney living, it seemed to my eyes little short of effrontery for her to go about with the constant attendance of this Mr. Macon, for whom, somehow, I could not help feeling sorry. He was very haggard and unhappy-looking. Mamma told me that I was prudish and old-fashioned when I tried to explain my feeling about these two people, so I ceased to protest against them. I supposed it to be a Washington custom, perhaps. There were many things that had struck my stranger eyes as being rather extraordinary; and if I made any comment I had always met with this remark:

"Oh, Miss Childs, you know we are so broad and cosmopolitan here in Washington."

This statement invariably closed all discussion. I came to the conclusion that it covered a multitude of sins, and that it perhaps accounted for the extraordinary freedom of speech and manners of some of the girls in the smart set whom I met continually, and among whom I knew that I should ever be an alien.

But upon the afternoon of Mrs. Romney's visit Mr. Barradale did not remain long in the drawing-room. After she had called him "Stephen" twice in her purring way, he abruptly departed. This visit of Mrs. Romney's was the last she ever made in our house.

The next few days were exceedingly trying to me. I had to be constantly on the watch not to be surprised into an interview with Mr. Barradale. I hoped to ward off any further explanation until he should understand and withdraw; and, to my surprise, I had to keep a tight rein upon a certain rebellious inclination within me which prompted me to succumb to temptation. His intense eyes were ever luring me to response or committal, until at last relief came in the shape of papa's calling upon him to resume his duties at the department; and for some little time our household knew him no more.

At last Easter was upon us, and the social world awakened to new life. In spite of the hard times and the political strain and worry, society was prepared, like a butterfly, to flutter from garden *fêtes* and teas at the club in the country to the heavier, more sombre functions in the stuffy town houses.

Mamma, who is ever to the fore at the mere hint of a chance to entertain, decided to give an Easter-week dance, and I am sorry to think how many thousands of dollars she wasted upon floral decorations which were fresh for only a few short hours. It seemed cruel to twist the delicate flowers into garlands, to twine them incongruously around electric lights, to curtain door-ways and arch-ways with them, but so she elected to do; and Mr. Barradale was summoned to lend a hand in the arrangements. I heard him trying to persuade her that a simpler plan of decoration would be much better suited to the spring weather and the Easter celebration, but it was lost upon her, and the original arrangements went merrily forward.

When I first came home from Europe I had been struck with the lack of energy and alertness among the people I met on all sides, and it was not confined to any particular class. There was a certain lazy passiveness, a certain slowness of movement, which I have never seen in any other locality; but as time rolled on and I noticed also the want of snap and vitality, the utter lack of all brace in the air and climate, I soon began to understand why no one hurried in this part of the world. Even the dogs and horses partook of this general slowness of movement. But when April brought with it a sudden overwhelming heat, and there were scarcely any leaves upon the trees to protect one, it became almost impossible to throw off the inertia and lassitude that descended upon the whole town. I told mamma that it was positively inhuman to make people dance in such weather, and that the flowers would not hold up their heads an hour after the rooms were filled with people; but nothing was of any avail.

A day or two before the dance Mr. Barradale suggested that we should try the ball-room floor, which had been newly waxed. I nearly fell into this little trap, but luckily saved myself in time. Then he remarked that I had never danced with him. Men sometimes are so sublimely and densely stupid: was it possible for me ever to have danced with him when he had never so much as asked me?—when I did not even know that he could dance? I told him that he had never asked me to dance. Of course he wanted to know if I would make up for it the night of our dance, and I assented; and then he asked if I were going to the reception that was to be given at one of the Embassies that night. Again I assented, and I was given to understand that in that event he would be present also. I thought it time to make my escape. I did not look at him as he stood leaning against the door-way through which I wanted to pass.

I had a profound contempt for myself that I did not put on my armor, straighten myself, and look him unflinchingly in the eyes. It had to be done some time; it might as well be sooner as later. This sort of fencing was unworthy of me, it was cruel to him. I had always had a contempt for women who lead men on when they care nothing for them: was I not tacitly doing this very thing? I only needed to stop for a moment, let him have his say, then gravely, kindly, but unmistakably say him nay; it would not take ten minutes. This sort of thing was ignoble in a woman who had as little sentiment

as I, who was worldly, who meant to make a brilliant match some day when it suited her. No, this must end now, on the spot.

I made a step forward which was full of determination. I began a sentence in a firm, cool tone. I looked him straight in the eyes, and—I stopped uncertainly; then I turned and ignominiously rushed past him with most undignified haste. When I reached a place of safety, I said to myself, lamely,—

“It was a bad time and place to do such a thing, when the servants were likely to pass back and forth. I will do it to-morrow; it will keep till then. I will meet him to-night in public, and perhaps will wait until mamma’s dance is over; then——” I did not finish the thought in my mind.

That night I went to the Embassy. I had a half-excited, half-frightened sensation of being upon the verge of a precipice over which I did not mean to plunge; and when we, papa, mamma, and I, found ourselves in the crowded rooms, and when we had made our bow to the hostess, I could not prevent a stealthy glance around. Suddenly I was conscious of being an object of attention from several people. This was not unusual, but there was a look of curiosity in the glances which met me that perplexed me. Mr. Hargate joined me, and suggested that we should seek some cooler place, and we went to an alcove where there were open windows. There was something in his manner that was grave and preoccupied. Once or twice he seemed to be actually trying to stand between me and a loud-talking group of fashionable girls who were animatedly discussing some event. I was too indifferent to catch their words, which were surely loud enough to have been heard on the street without.

When one of them made a movement as if to join us, Mr. Hargate deliberately squared himself and suggested that we should again move,—which we did.

A little later I saw Mr. Bouton hovering uncertainly not far away, and at sight of him Mr. Hargate fixed his monocle and gave him the most absolutely freezing, glaring glance I ever saw. What was the matter with everybody? I wondered.

Just then a message was brought to Mr. Hargate which seemed to necessitate his leaving me. He said, reluctantly,—

“Miss Childs, let me take you to the Secretary: I am called away for a moment.”

I turned with him, but we could not see papa anywhere; so I stopped beside mamma, and he disappeared. Almost immediately Mr. Bouton approached me, and, with a low bow, said,—

“I am pained that Miss Childs should have any discomfort from these reports; I did the utmost to prevent them from reaching her; but I hope I am exonerated.”

“I do not know in the least what you are talking about, Mr. Bouton: I am quite in the dark.”

“Pardon me, then; I fear I have permitted myself an indiscretion. I will withdraw.”

He started to leave me, but I felt a most natural curiosity, and I recalled the scrutiny I was undergoing: so I detained him and asked him

to explain what he meant. He offered his arm with another of his hideous little bows. I took it, and we proceeded to the smaller of the rooms at the end of the suite.

I shall never forget that room, and I shall never, never forget the air the band was playing. There was a heavy odor of fading flowers, the window was letting in the warm April breeze, and this hateful man was, with shrugs, with hardly veiled insinuations, and with open words, telling me a story that made the indignant blood come to my face and my heart stop beating suddenly, sending a sick, creeping sensation all through me.

When I could command myself and my voice, I broke in upon his stream of words :

“Mr. Bouton, you shall not tell me another word. I will not hear : it is nothing to me.”

“But, on the contrary, it is everything ; two ladies are given notoriety by it, and if Mademoiselle will allow me I will stop these stories in her behalf.”

“I will hear no more, Mr. Bouton : this story is a gross slander. I care nothing about this dinner nor why it was broken up, but the story behind it is false. I know both the people whom you thus assail, and I know it is false.”

“Ask Mrs. Romney, question Mr. Barradale, or Mr. Hargate, if this story is not what I state it to be. All the town has known it for a long time.”

“I command you to be silent.”

I turned and walked rapidly away. He followed me closely, and said, with a shrug and a curl of the lip,—

“It is, of course, as Miss Childs pleases. I but repeat common report, and I should not have done even so much but that I am *méprisé*, and, as you say in your English—how is it? ‘The worm turns around.’”

I made no reply, but I shot one contemptuous glance at him and gained papa’s side without losing any time, where, happily, this man was obliged to leave me. Just then Mr. Barradale, cool, grave, and immaculate, came towards me. My heart gave one throb, then sank and was still. I was still too. I felt as though I had been hewn out of stone. I don’t know whether I greeted him or not. There was a look of eager confidence in his eyes as he sought mine ; then I saw gradually a look of surprise come into them. I don’t know what I said, but at last I made papa understand that I wanted to go home. I pleaded fatigue, I remember, and speedily I was cloaked and making my way to the carriage, whither Mr. Barradale did not follow, for I had curtly declined his proffered escort.

Papa stood on the curbstone, perplexed whether to follow me or to wait for mamma. I soon cut things short by closing the carriage door and saying to the footman, shortly, “Home.”

When I was in my own room with the door locked, and when I had pulled off my ball finery, I pieced together the fragments, the insinuations, the shrugs and words of Mr. Bouton, and made a tolerably clear story out of them. I did not stop to think how exaggerated they

probably were, how inconsistent, and how long ago it was all supposed to have happened. I was only a young woman who was brought face to face for the first time with what seemed in her eyes base hypocrisy and deceit. This man, this Stephen Barradale, whom I had known so well, with whom we all had been upon such intimate terms, had loved Mrs. Romney, and, knowing, of course, as he must have done, that she had a husband living, had been so infatuated with her that he had defied public opinion and had recklessly imperilled her name, together with his own, until she had been forced to go to Europe to escape the talk of the town, while he had coolly stayed behind and accepted the cut direct from his friends. Notwithstanding this, so complaisant was he that he continued to be her friend, even introducing her into our family; and he himself did not scruple to remain in an intimate position in our household, taking advantage of our ignorance, posing as an example and a hero in Sandy's boyish eyes, and crowning all this by professions of love to me.

I covered my face with my hands. Shame, pride, wounded vanity, and something deeper still, struggled for the mastery. I felt the hot tears drop through my fingers.

I had been posing all the spring. I had been deceiving myself for weeks. I had talked of an ideal, I had thought of a brilliant match, I had been worldly, arrogant, haughty, and selfish in turn; and then I had offset the list by becoming gentle, friendly, and womanly, which had fast changed into coquetry, coyness, consciousness, and fear.

I had boasted to myself that this man was not one I could fancy, that I had nothing to fear for myself. I was not sentimental nor susceptible; his occupation, his want of high aim in life, barred him from me. I had even gone so low as to be afraid that I was cruel to him. I had felt that I must end the thing after mamma's dance. And all the time this was pretence. There was no disguise now: I faced myself that night in my room behind my locked door; my pride, my vanity, trailed in the dust. I loved Stephen Barradale; I had loved him ever since he had stood by Sandy's bureau in the winter with the blood trickling from the open cut upon his hand. All the winter and spring I had heard this Mrs. Romney call him "Stephen;" I had heard her say in her soft voice again and again, "Stephen is such an old friend of mine," or, "You must not grudge me Stephen, I have a prior right;" and I recalled how I had seen this poor, befooled Roger Macon set his teeth and walk away.

What were people thinking of in this benighted town, that they would tolerate such a woman or such a man? And I recalled the tones and shrugs of Mr. Bouton and the glances of curiosity that men levelled at me that night,—I, who was as innocent as any child,—I, who was the victim, though no one knew it.

Mamma came to my room later to know why I had come home so early, and if I were ill. I called back, without unlocking my door, that I was not ill, I was only dead tired and wanted to be let alone. This was not my usual politeness to mamma; but who could be polite with mortification and wounded love battling within one?

After mamma had gone I feverishly went over again Mr. Bouton's

disjointed words and insinuations. I recalled everything I could remember concerning Mrs. Romney's frequent visits. I reviewed every incident of my friendship with Mr. Barradale, until I had to cover my burning face as tones, looks, manner, and words came crowding before me. All had been lavished upon Mrs. Romney too, and I could hear her voice in my ears, her soft, dove-like voice, saying, "Stephen." Bah! It was disgusting!

No one should ever know how nearly I had come to making a fool of myself. I would take my hurt to some dark corner and plaster it up. It was an end-of-the-century heart that was smarting and crying out. It could not, therefore, be seriously or long out of order; it was too strong, too elastic, too practical.

But I made up my mind to see Stephen Barradale. He should hear the truth for once, and from my own lips.

CHAPTER XII.

TOLD BY STEPHEN.

AFTER I had failed to find Bouton that night I went in search of Hargate. I wanted to know how far the rumor concerning the dinner had gone, and just what version Bouton had set in circulation. It took some time to run Hargate to cover, and I was just about to give him up when he turned up at the club. We sat in my room far into the night, talking and smoking. Hargate was positive that Bouton had left town to avoid the consequences of his indiscretion, and he predicted that when the affair should become fully known at his Embassy he would undoubtedly be recalled by his government; for, as Hargate wound up,—

"He's a beastly little cad, anyway, not fit to be in the service. This story will blow over, and will be only a nine days' talk: so don't look so gloomy, man."

But of course Hargate did not know that the whole thing was likely to be my Waterloo; he did not know how seriously my name had been coupled with Mrs. Romney's in the past; and equally of course he did not know how much I had at stake with Constance. When he was about to leave me after long and friendly converse, I said to him,—

"Hargate, if I should call on you in a hurry or unexpectedly in the next day or two to close up affairs here for me and to take charge of Stéphane until I can manage for myself, will you do it?"

He looked surprised, or as much so as his English nature would allow him to do, but said, promptly,—

"Of course I will, old man. But surely you don't contemplate anything rash with Bouton?"

"Oh, no. I'm not even thinking of Bouton, although I could break every bone in his body with a will if I could lay hands on him. I am thinking of myself. I may go away suddenly and hurriedly: there is a half-chance of it. That is what I had in mind."

"You may call upon me in any way," he replied, warmly.

Hargate was a thoroughly good fellow, and I wondered how Constance had failed to see all the advantages he possessed and why she had passed him by. We talked a little while longer, and he went away. I was too restless to turn in, so I threw myself down upon a low couch that ran along one side of the room and slept heavily till daybreak; then I got up, and with a slight change of dress went to the stable where Stéphane was kept, saddled her, and rode out into the open, peaceful country.

The low hills which surround the town upon all sides were shrouded in a soft, purplish-pinkish mist. The first rays of the rising sun slanted across the fields and meadows; myriads of fine cobwebs which sparkled with heavy drops of dew were stretched across the grass and the fence-corners. The hedges and bushes were just beginning to show buds of tender green, and the whole morning rang with the chatter of the fussy little sparrows as they awoke with the day. There was no sign of life or stir anywhere abroad, save that of nature. Everything was stamped upon my brain with keen vividness, and I remembered it long. It was my last ride upon Stéphane. We came back to town just as the milk-wagons were rattling over the pavements, and the newsboys were delivering the morning papers, and the lazy, idle town was sleepily opening its eyes.

Later in the morning I went to the Secretary's, and found him and Sandy having an early breakfast together. Sandy was grumbling audibly about having to go to school, which, as he expressed it, was a "darned hard grind on a fellow." I walked over to the department with the Secretary. Afterwards I sent several telegrams for him, and, though I transcribed them, their purport did not strike me until late that night. I was so absorbed in trying to forecast the interview I meant to have with Constance that everything else was lost on me. I did not know when or where this interview would take place, but I knew it might lurk in any hour of the next twelve; after that, the deluge.

Constance was going out on a coaching-trip that afternoon, the destination being the club-house, where there were to be some hurdle-races and exhibitions of high jumping. The whole affair was rather in her honor. Mrs. Childs was to drive out also, and the Secretary was to accompany her if he could get away from the pressure of public business in time. I had been expected to be one of the men to take part in the races and the jumping, but I was in no humor for it, and therefore did not give it a second thought.

That afternoon the Secretary asked me to look up an authority in a certain matter, the papers of which were at his house, and thither I went for them. As I entered the house I gave a glance at the decorations in the reception- and ball-rooms. Everything seemed in readiness for the dance that night. Then I crossed the hall to the library. I had scarcely stepped over the threshold before I knew that my opportunity had come. I quickly closed the door and stood facing Constance, who had risen from a chair and was regarding me coldly. I made that ever inane remark, couched in the form of a question,—

"You did not go out with the coaching-party?"

To this there was no reply. She said, after a moment,—

“Mr. Barradale, I have something I wish to say.”

She hesitated slightly, then motioned me to sit down; but I vastly preferred the advantage of standing. She dropped into a deep arm-chair. Behind her was an open window, with the soft April air blowing the curtains apart and the sounds of the street coming in distinctly. She fixed upon me a level, straight look that went through and through me. At the same time it roused all the slumbering spirit in me. I prepared silently for combat.

“I have heard about this dinner, and I have also heard of other things.”

“I presumed so,” I replied, quietly.

“Mr. Barradale, I am going to speak plainly, in a way I never expected to speak to a man. It will not be a pleasant task, but the gross advantage you have taken of us in our family leaves me no choice. The breaking up of a dinner is of no moment to me, but the reason assigned for it is of great moment. It is said that you do not think Mrs. Romney a fit woman to chaperon me; at the same time I hear that not so long ago your position towards her was such that it created almost an open scandal, from which she escaped by going to Europe, and you, who remained, were cut by people here. Yet, notwithstanding this, you introduced her into our home, and you yourself have remained in a position of nearness to us. Now, Mr. Barradale, my creed is that if the woman is to be ostracized, so the man must be. How does my point of view strike you?”

“If your premises were correct, I should applaud your sentiments,” I replied, coolly.

“My premises may be incorrect, but what of the main facts?”

“I do not deny them, but the reports you have heard are basely exaggerated, maliciously so. I will tell you the truth if you will kindly hear me.” I forced myself to speak calmly.

“But I will not hear you; this tale can be of no possible interest to me.”

“But you shall hear me, Constance,” I cried, advancing a step towards her. Then I said, more quietly,—

“There is no criminal, however mean, that is condemned unheard.” I paused a moment. She said, curtly,—

“Go on.”

“About three and a half years ago Mrs. Romney came here to Washington. She came alone, and established herself quietly. She was sad-looking and young; she spoke of herself as having had sorrow and being alone in the world, and people naturally took it for granted that she was widowed. The smart set took her up and made much of her, for she seemed to have money. I fell in love with her promptly, and she gave me to understand that she would marry me. Then suddenly rumors spread over town that Romney was living somewhere in a retreat. I taxed her with it; she could not deny it, and I made ineffectual attempts to break away. The town began to talk about us, when suddenly Romney appeared and made a scene. Mrs. Romney went to Europe; I took the brunt of it by staying here and being cut

for a time by my old friends. This was a little over two years ago. I have never crossed her threshold since till last night, when she sent for me. This is all there is to the tale."

"It is quite enough, and I haven't much faith in the theory of a woman victimizing a man," she said, contemptuously.

"I am not posing as a victim; I have taken my full share of the blame in the matter always; the only excuse for me was that I was honest. I was offering the best there was in me, which God knows was little enough, and I did not know in the beginning that Romney was living."

"This Washington of yours, Mr. Barradale, is a singularly obliging and good-natured town. I suppose it knows of the existence of this Mr. Romney by this time, and yet it continues to look with toleration on her and her affairs, and you, who confess to having been her friend, continue her friend, introducing her even into quiet homes."

The tone of her voice, the scorn of her words, goaded me to anger.

"Your words are insulting, and so is your insinuation; you use the privilege of your sex, knowing you can say with impunity what a man cannot resent. Heaven knows I have atoned a thousand times over for my past folly; but a man cannot go on humbling himself forever, so I shall make no further explanations concerning Mrs. Romney. But one word more: I went to the length of breaking up this dinner to prevent your appearing in public under her chaperonage. I would have done as much had any other young woman stood in your place; but it would have been particularly galling to have you go to this dinner, for I have committed the ineffable folly of loving you. I have loved you for months, even when you showed your contempt so openly for those of us less fortunate than yourself. When your worldliness seemed to dominate every action, and when you treated me with less courtesy than you showed the butler or the footman, even then I loved you; but I never meant that you should know it, for there was not much in your manner and bearing at that time to win an avowal even from the most courageous man. But when you gave me your friendship, when you listened to the recital of my aimless, purposeless life, when you seemed sympathetic, nay, at times lately even more than sympathetic, I not only loved you, but I felt that I had a right to love you. And now when I stand before you, shorn of everything in your sight, even of my good name, I still dare to love you and to tell you so."

"You have chosen a singularly inauspicious time to tell me this. I don't know what you can expect of me," she said, in a low tone, but without looking at me. Then she rose from her chair, and, turning towards me with her eyes glowing darkly, said, half scornfully, half sadly,—

"I have had a blow, one that has shocked and disgusted me intensely. The men that I have best known have been men that society could not point to nor fasten scandal upon. But men of the world like you, Mr. Barradale, think they can make any use of their lives they please. They run the gamut of experiences, both bad and indifferent, then they come and coolly offer what is left of their lives and

the remnant of what they call love to a woman who practically does not know what evil really is; and they feel no compunction whatever: they consider the exchange of their own sated, jaded emotions for the fresh love of a girl a perfectly fair thing. I should scorn to give my love and my life to such a man, a man who by his own admissions has dragged himself and his name through an affair which, even in the best light, was questionable, and who has made no better use of his life than you have done, Mr. Barradale."

Her words were so many stabs. This was even worse than I had anticipated. I had indeed received my judgment from her own lips, face to face. It was rough and severe, and was more than even I merited, but there was no use to protest. I said, quietly,—

"I have not asked anything of you, neither your love nor your life. I recognize that they are not for me. You have been severe, and as soon as you can think calmly and dispassionately of me, or as soon as you can think of me without contempt, remember one thing only, that, such as I am, I love you. Your ideal man, of whom you spoke the other day, perhaps will do no more than this. Think kindly, if you can, of the 'other' man; he loved you too."

I turned swiftly and walked out of the room and out of the house. A huckster was shrilly calling "Strawberries" outside, and a street piano was grinding out, maddeningly, "Oh, promise me;" the April sunshine was sparkling everywhere; there was the very triumph of spring in every sight and sound of the late afternoon. I went to my den at the club and looked around. There would not be much to pull up: my belongings were of the simplest; a few family relics, one or two almost invaluable heirlooms, were all that I possessed. They were small and portable. I rang for one of the club servants; there was not a man of them who would not serve me gladly in any way. I gave instructions to pack up everything that belonged to me. I wrote a note to Hargate, ready to be posted later. I sent one to the stable where Stéphane was kept, then I gave a couple of hours' help to the man who was stowing away my possessions. I dressed hastily, dined hastily, and just before eight o'clock went to the Secretary's. I wanted a few minutes' interview with him, and then my distasteful secretaryship would be at an end, and I could turn my back upon the District of Columbia with an easy conscience, though with an uneasy, leaden heart. God only knew where I was going or what I was going to do. My one regret would be in parting with the Secretary. The whole air of festivity at the Childs' was the forerunner of the dance that was soon to begin. I sent word to the Secretary, who came down at once to the library, but, upon finding open doors, bustling servants, and a flood of light everywhere, he took me up-stairs to a retired room that was sacred to his own use. Before I could say a word of what was on my lips, the Secretary turned around upon me and said,—

"What is the matter, Stephen? Has anything happened? You don't look like yourself."

"Mr. Secretary, I am going to leave town to-night or to-morrow morning, and I shall be gone indefinitely; therefore I have come to——" I could get no further. He interrupted me eagerly:

"Then you got a reply to that last telegram you sent for me this morning?"

I looked at him in utter surprise, and said, slowly,—

"No, I have not received any telegram." I tried to recall the telegrams I had sent that day. Suddenly one of them came back to my mind, which had read, "Wire me the position of affairs; shall send man with full instructions and authority to-night or to-morrow." The Secretary spoke again in a perplexed way:

"I cannot understand the delay, Stephen. I mean to send you out to that bank affair of which I spoke to you several days ago. There is a crisis approaching, and they've lost their heads. I've been waiting to hear all day, for I could give no final instructions nor send you until I had their message; but there is no doubt that you must go at latest to-morrow, and I hope you will be prepared, as you said just now, to remain indefinitely. I want you to represent me out there, and when this particular affair is safe I'm going to make you a permanent offer to take charge of my business interests so long as I remain here in office. I can trust you absolutely, and though you have had no experience you will soon learn. You managed admirably for me last fall, and I've found out that you have good, cool judgment; in fact, you have a good head. You are doing nothing worthy of yourself here. I need you. Can you go? You came here to tell me something to-night: what is it? Speak out; let everything be clear before you undertake this mission."

He looked at me kindly and anxiously. I could not reply. I wrung his hand in silence; my own explanation remained on my lips unuttered. Here was deliverance swift and immediate: I could retire from the scene with some remnant of dignity. He talked to me for nearly two hours, stating the position of affairs. I jotted down much that he said. He had already made me fairly acquainted with this affair, and I was beginning to grasp the situation. I finally said,—

"Mr. Secretary, there is something behind this; there is some rascality going on out there. These figures and statements do not fit."

"I'm afraid so, Stephen. You are to find out what it means and act for me."

Just then strains of music floated through the house and the roll of carriages was distinctly heard. The Secretary was sent for by Mrs. Childs, and a message also came to me that I was wanted down-stairs, but I had no intention of appearing or of looking again on Constance. Finally the Secretary had to go below. As he was leaving me he said,—

"Aren't you coming, Stephen?"

"No; I shall go over these figures and statements again."

He eyed me for a moment keenly, then said,—

"There is something the matter."

But a still more urgent message, one that was a demand, came just then, and the Secretary hurried away. I lighted a cigar and proceeded to make myself as comfortable as was possible; but Constance's stinging words and repulse of the afternoon prevented anything but a weary going over of the interview, and I was filled with bitter reflections upon men and women and the perversity of human actions.

I walked up and down with my hands in my pockets, until Sandy came into the room with various items of news from the dance below. I gathered that Constance was "stunning," that she had on something "shiny and white," that Hargate was all devotion, and in Sandy's private opinion it was a "dead mash on both sides." I understood also that Mrs. Romney was not present, and Bouton had not turned up either. I learned that I was being asked for, and Sandy counselled me to go down-stairs, "so the old lady would stop talking about it and let up on the governor."

In a few minutes Sandy had swung himself down-stairs for further items of interest, and I threw myself down upon a lounge, listening to the familiar dance-music that beat with regular rhythm in my ears.

About eleven o'clock the long-expected telegram came, and I sent a footman to whisper to the Secretary to come up-stairs for a few moments. He came hurrying up with as light and springy a step as a boy's. It was found from the telegram that matters were indeed urgent; but it was too late for me to get off that night. We went over the whole state of affairs again. I was instructed minutely upon every point that it seemed possible could arise; I was instructed about the transfer of stocks and bonds; I was given unlimited cheques and unlimited power; I was told to use the wire freely and the long-distance telephone; and when our second conference that night was over we found that the ball was over too. The last carriage had gone, the lights were being put out, the flowers were faded, and the Easter dance was a thing of the past. When nothing seemed left to be discussed, when the details of my trip the next morning were gone over, and I had in my pockets all the necessary papers and cheques, the Secretary said, as he grasped my hand,—

"Stephen, you understand that this is the beginning of years of service; that it is not merely a short trip, but it means giving up everything here, probably forever. You are sure you understand?"

"Mr. Secretary, I understand it perfectly. I am more grateful to you than I can express. I had come here to-night to say to you that my life had grown intolerable in this town, and that I must go and seek some foothold elsewhere. This mission and all that it promises are the beginning of life to me. I cannot thank you enough for opening the way before me. You will make my adieux to Mrs. and Miss Childs. And be assured that I shall not fail in this enterprise."

"I am sure of it, Stephen. Good-by, and God bless you."

With one more grasp of hands we parted, and I went heavily down the silent stairs to the silent hall below. Bits of faded flowers were strewn upon the floor. The yawning rooms gave back a dark, deserted look, but there was a faint streak of light under the library door; some careless servant had left the light burning there. I turned the handle, and as the door swung open it almost struck Constance. She was still in ball-dress, and must have been leaving the room as I entered. Her face bore marks of the utmost fatigue. She was pale and weary; there was something passive in her manner and in the way her bare arms hung at her side. I looked at her intently. I do not know what my own face expressed, but I know that there was a

wild feeling of loss surging in my blood. There was a mingling of expressions in her eyes under the gaze I fixed upon her. I don't know that I read one of them aright; I only knew that she was agitated and uncertain, and that she was beautiful. I was conscious that I was about to part from her. I stepped nearer to her, and, scanning her closely, said,—

“I hope I have not startled you by opening the door so suddenly. I did not know you were here.”

She made no reply, but there was something in her eyes and about her mouth that made me reckless. I quickly went to her side and looked into her face. I bent my head close to hers, murmuring her name. I gathered her in my arms and pressed upon her lips one, two, three swift, passionate kisses, then I released her without a glance or a word and quickly left the room and the house. I did not see her again.

I went completely out of her life,—just as completely as I went away from the town the next day. My note was posted to Hargate: Stéphane was to be kept for me till I could send for her; every tie was severed; my bridges were burned behind me; it was “Exit Stephen Barradale.”

CHAPTER XIII.

TOLD BY CONSTANCE.

“SLEEP, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,” did not visit me the night that Mr. Bouton had paraded his obnoxious words and still more obnoxious insinuations and shrugs before me; and when morning came I was so tired, exhausted, and wretched in mind and body that I made no effort to descend to our mid-day breakfast. Mamma came up-stairs and fumed about for a while, declaring that she did not know what ailed everybody: when she was a girl, she never thought of staying in her room all day, but girls nowadays could not endure any fatigue. I tried to persuade her that nothing really ailed me, unless it was the malady which an old negro aunty, who sat outside the big market with her head tied up in a bandanna, called “spring fever.”

It was evident that the rumors which I had heard the night before had not reached mamma's ears yet, and I would not ask anything about the Embassy reception, for fear I should hear something of the people who were there. I did not even wish to hear the name of any one mentioned.

That afternoon Mr. Hargate's card was brought to me with a message begging that I would grant him an interview; but I would not descend. Sandy came tramping up to my door when his school hours were over, and, putting his head in, said,—

“Hullo, Con, are you knocked out at last?”

I could not even laugh at his slang and nonsense. I did not encourage him to come in, as was my usual habit. I was thankful that mamma's dance did not come off until the next day, for by that time I should be myself again.

When finally I did descend upon the day fixed for our dance, my

first action was to send a note excusing myself from a coaching-trip that afternoon; my second was to see Mr. Hargate. He had come to say something about the rumors that had come to my ears, and to take, if he could, part of the blame that was being heaped upon Mr. Barradale. I of course understood clearly that he had tried to protect me from hearing the remarks that were passing from lip to lip the night at the Embassy. I assured him as lightly as I could that the whole thing was of no moment, of no consequence: I was glad the dinner had been abandoned, and I was sorry anybody had thought it worth while to talk about it. He did not seem satisfied with my remarks, and finally said, bluntly,—

“I only wish to say one thing. I was present when a certain conversation took place at the club, and anything that may have come to your ears has been grossly exaggerated and misrepresented. There is nothing that ought to discredit Mr. Barradale: any old story that has been raked up about him is perfectly stupid, don't you know?”

I could not but like him the better for his loyalty and honesty, but it did not change the situation to me. He went on and talked for some time in a roundabout way of the affair until he took leave of me.

I announced to mamma that I should not go out that afternoon, as I wished to save myself for our dance that night, and she was forced to be content with my decision and to drive out to the club-house, where the coaching-party was to have tea, leaving me at home.

I could settle to nothing. I fidgeted about the rooms down-stairs, idly watching the florists who were bending and twisting the fragile stems of the spring flowers with fingers that made my heart bleed for the tender blossoms. Suddenly a key was fitted into the lock of the outside door in the big hall, which sent me hurriedly into the library and made me close the door behind me softly. I scarcely dared to breathe, so afraid was I of betraying my presence. I was relieved when the footsteps passed to the other rooms, and hoped that there was nothing to bring them to the library; but my eye instantly fell upon a bundle of papers of papa's which lay on the table. Instinct told me that those papers would be wanted and would be sought for in that room, but it was too late for me to escape.

It was scarcely two minutes before Mr. Barradale stood in the room with the door shut, facing me. It was impossible to know from the expression of his face what his purpose was or what was passing in his mind. He has a way of never looking hurried or flurried. His manner and movements and tones are quiet to the point of exasperation. My own on this occasion were anything but quiet. Oh, how I wish I could go back to that April afternoon, with the sun slanting across the floor! how differently I would bear my part in the interview!

It lasted only a few minutes. The result might not have been otherwise, but at least I should not be haunted with the reflection that I was hard and unmerciful.

I don't know exactly how it began. He made some opening remark, and I said I had something to say. I told him that I had heard about the postponement of the dinner, which was of no moment

to me, but the reason for it was of great moment; and that I had heard other things. Then I rushed on. I do not remember all that was said, it was so hurried and brief. I know that I almost closed my ears entirely when he insisted upon telling me the story of his affair with Mrs. Romney. I had already made up my mind about it, and I was determined that nothing should alter my view. It did not at the time make any impression upon me that he had not known in the beginning that Mr. Romney was living in a retreat somewhere: the crime, the real crime, let me state it to myself honestly, was in his having loved her at all.

I remember the stern, hard expression of his face when I replied to his story cuttingly, scornfully, insultingly. I remember that he called me "Constance," not tenderly, either, but in a commanding, authoritative tone, that compelled me to listen to his words. He said he had committed the "ineffable folly" of loving me, even when I had shown my contempt and worldliness and had treated him with less courtesy than I gave to the butler or the footman. He spoke of my friendliness and sympathy later, and even coolly hinted that I had shown something warmer than sympathy in my manner, which had given him the right to love me, and to tell me of it, even though he was shorn of his good name in my eyes.

If I had at that point quietly and in a womanly way told him the uselessness of his confession and given him his congé, I should feel better in looking back on it; but no, I was not one whit moved by his avowal. I rose in my might, and, oh! I don't know what I said. I dare say I told some truths which were wrung from me in bitterness and disgust. I told him that I should scorn to give my love and life to a man who had dragged his name through such an affair with a married woman, and who had made no better use of his life than he had done. I also said something about the jaded, sated emotion he called love. I don't know how much more of it there was. I was not behaving like the cool, poised, worldly girl of the nineteenth century I had prided myself upon being: I was merely a flesh-and-blood, angry, bitter woman.

He did not protest in the least; he did not defend himself; he stood immovably quiet; only a set look about the mouth testified to the fact that my words cut. When I had said all that rushed to my lips, he replied calmly, while he looked me steadily in the eyes, that he had not asked anything of me, neither my love nor my life, and when I could think of him without contempt I must remember that, such as he was, he loved me; that my ideal man perhaps would not be able to do more than that; and then he turned, and, without any haste, picked up the bundle of papers from the desk as he passed it, and left the room and the house. I heard his steps in the stone-flagged hall outside; I heard the front door shut, and all was still again.

I could not feel that our interview was over, it had been so sudden, so bitter. I felt that there must be something more to come; we were not at the end of it yet.

I dressed for the dance with feverish impatience. I was composed and cool outwardly, but a warm tint in my face betrayed the inward

feeling. I had never looked so well or so radiant, and my spirits rose as one after another of the men who came in that night testified, either in words or in open looks, to my appearance.

Mamma became very impatient because papa did not come downstairs early enough; and as the evening wore away and Mr. Barradale did not appear, she became quite openly annoyed, and, catching sight of Sandy darting about outside the reception-room door, she beckoned to him and sent a peremptory message to both of them to come at once. I was wondering how we were to meet again after the afternoon in the library; but the crowd would greatly help the situation.

Mr. Hargate came in with an orchid in his button-hole, and looked eagerly to see if I held in my hands the corresponding flowers. I raised the big, soft bunch I carried to my face an instant, and smiled over the top of them in a way that kept him at my side a firm fixture all the evening, as I intended him to be. I danced nearly the whole night with him. Mamma said afterwards that she supposed that I had some motive in making myself conspicuous with him, and that I had danced a great deal more than was decent in my own house, considering how many girls were present.

I don't believe any one realizes the full significance there is in dancing a whole evening with one of John Bull's sons; for, no matter how many gods and goddesses presided at his birth, or how many noble and good things they bestowed upon him, the Terpsichorean Muse was absent, and according to preconceived American ideas his infant steps were therefore not bent in the way they should go, with disastrous results later in life.

I knew that very likely I should have to face the consequences of my conduct with Mr. Hargate, and I did not care particularly. There was something in his devotion that soothed me and appealed to me. Mrs. Romney did not appear that night, nor did Mr. Bouton; and about midnight papa was called away by a telegram and did not return.

True to my prediction, there was not one of the dainty spring flowers in mamma's decorations that was able to keep its eyes open or hold up its head very long in the glare and heat of the warm April night. A little after midnight I suddenly began to feel like the daffodils and jonquils that were garlanded and twined around the electric lights. I wanted to droop my head, close my eyes, and go away into some quiet, cool spot. The life had gone completely out of me, the color died out of my face, the sparkle and gayety fled from my lips. I do not know what came over me, but it seemed to me that long before the evening was over mamma's Easter dance was a ghastly failure. Mr. Hargate noticed my flagging spirits, and said,—

"It must be a bore to do this sort of thing so often, don't you know?"

I am afraid I was frank enough to agree with him.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning the last guests took their departure, the lights were put out one by one, and the house settled down to the quiet and solitude befitting the sombre night hours. Mamma had gone up-stairs with only two grievances concerning the evening, which were the non-appearance of Mr. Barradale and the

desertion of papa. I, before going, turned into the library. I had a fancy to look a moment about the room where I had so roughly settled my score that afternoon. I was terribly dispirited and fatigued. I threw myself into an arm-chair, with my head upon my hands, and went over the whole interview, the whole scene with Mr. Barradale. How should he and I continue to meet in the future? Upon what sort of a footing could we stand that would not bring embarrassment to both? And then my mind took a sudden leap to Mr. Hargate. I knew that I should have to face an issue with him in the next day or two. I had deliberately left no door through which I could escape. My conduct that night had given him the right to believe that I would turn to him no deaf ear.

From all stand-points but one Mr. Hargate would be a match that would satisfy almost any American girl. He came of an old and honored family, the head of which bore a fine title, which it was within the bounds of possibility might come to him. There was wealth that would some day undoubtedly be his. He would rise in the diplomatic service; many countries and climes would be known to me, all society the world over would be open to me. He was honorable and a gentleman, albeit a trifle dull. What more? Daniel Webster's words came back: "I was born an American, I will live an American, I will die an American."

Well, I should not have to decide it that night, luckily. I rose from my chair and prepared to leave the room, when I heard a step coming slowly down-stairs. I did not know that any one was still up in the house. Just then the door was suddenly opened, and I had to step back to avoid being struck in the face by it.

My heart seemed to stand still as Mr. Barradale walked into the room. What was he seeking at that hour of the night? and why was he here at all? I wondered.

As he came in, I noticed, as if for the first time, the fineness of his face, his straight, clearly-cut features, that must have come down to him from some ancestor. He seemed somehow as startled at seeing me as I was to see him, and we stared at each other dumbly. He was uncertain, and finally made some remark about not knowing that I was in the library. I was too stupid to make any reply; I felt that I had already said all and more than was necessary that afternoon.

He came slowly towards me with a curious, tense look in his eyes, and somehow I was a bit nervous at his approach. I dropped my arms and looked at him wonderingly. I don't know what had become of my anger and indignation; they were, I suppose, merely in abeyance for the time being. He brought his face very close to mine and looked into my eyes. I stood rooted to the spot. My heart beat to suffocation. I don't believe I could have retreated had I wanted to, or if there had been time. I heard my name spoken once or twice in a tone that I had never heard before, and I was suddenly gathered in his arms and—yes, kissed two or three times over. Then he released me, and, without word or look further, swiftly left the room; and for the second time that day I listened to his retreating footsteps.

When I was behind my own lock and key, I looked at my grave,

white face and shining eyes in the mirror. There was a difference in them. I felt a difference in myself. I was not the same woman who had gone out of that room a few short hours before. I was not the same woman who had danced all the evening with Mr. Hargate, who had flippantly led him on, step by step, who had thought it possible only a few moments ago to make an advantageous international marriage.

Those touches upon my lips, swift as they had been, had changed all the world to me. They had been placed there by one whom I had scorned and flouted, by one who had given them at an earlier time to another; but there they were, quivering and triumphant, making it impossible for me to do anything but bow to their sovereignty.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOLD BY CONSTANCE.

THE next morning I was awakened by the sparrows that were chattering their matins in the ivy outside the windows, and suddenly a returning consciousness and memory made me feel that they must know that Stephen Barradale had kissed me the night before in the library. When my maid came in later, I wondered if she could possibly know of it too, and when I dressed and finally descended, I was afraid of my own footfall, I was shy of my own presence. I hurried past the library door, fearing to hear some accusing voice from within. It was a distinct ordeal to encounter the butler at the dining-room door, and when I entered the room upon the stroke of twelve and found not only mamma and Sandy but also papa present, I felt sure that a family caucus was being held, and that I was to be tried and convicted over the breakfast-table.

I was therefore rejoiced when my entrance caused only an ordinary morning greeting. It was rather unusual to find papa in the house at this hour, though Sandy often came from school to take his luncheon when mamma and I breakfasted.

Mamma was unusually perturbed upon this particular morning, and even Sandy looked excited. Papa had evidently just announced some bit of news. My alternately flushing and paling cheek excited no remark whatever, so I slipped into a chair and said,—

“What are you telling mamma and Sandy, papa?”

“Why, I drove over from the department to catch you at breakfast and to tell you that Stephen was sorry not to make his adieux in person to you, and he wished me to do it for him. He went off in such a hurry that I am afraid he left his own affairs at loose ends. I thought suddenly of his mare *Stéphane*, and I want you, Sandy, to go around to the stable and tell them to send her here to us, and tell one of our grooms to look after her and see that she is exercised every day.”

“It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. You never told me anything about this bank worry,” grumbled mamma.

"No, my dear, there are very many of my worries that I do not tell you."

"Papa," I managed to say, looking up at him, "I don't exactly understand. Where has Mr. Barradale gone? When did he go? And when is he coming back?"

"He went this morning. I spoke to him some days ago about this business complication of mine. The telegram came late last night, so there was no time to lose. I despatched Stephen immediately: he will represent me and my interests."

"But, papa, I still don't understand." I stopped. My surprise and secret shock were swallowed up for the moment in the bewilderment of the fact that papa would send a man so untried in business, so unproved in times of grave responsibility, in grave crises, as Mr. Barradale was. The very name of this bank business told me how important it would be to have a strong head and hand there to manage papa's interests. I finally went on with the remark I had begun.

"Have you enough confidence in Mr. Barradale to trust such a mission to him?" I still could not part with my notions concerning the ability of the man who had kissed me the night before.

Papa turned a surprised look upon me, and replied, emphatically,—

"I have every confidence in Stephen. I found out long ago that he has as good a head as any man I know, and, besides that, he has judgment, and a cool tenacity that will fit him exactly for the service I want."

"There, Con, you always did think Stephen a fool; now I hope you're satisfied with the governor's opinion. You didn't even think much of Stephen when he knocked down Tom Budd that time: he——"

But Sandy did not go on; the indiscreet allusion to Tom Budd brought him up roundly. Mamma said, sharply,—

"Tom Budd?"

Even papa said, looking at Sandy intently,—

"I heard nothing about knocking down any Tom Budd. What are you alluding to, my son?"

Sandy suddenly remembered that he must get back to school, and he bolted from the room with the remark that "he'd drop by the stable and have Stéphane sent over." There was quite a pause; then papa said,—

"What was Sandy talking about just now, Constance? Evidently you understand about this Tom Budd. And that reminds me, Stephen seemed greatly disturbed last night, and terribly depressed. He went away not looking like himself. I'm afraid he was in some trouble, but he would not speak of it, and I was so hurried by the urgency of the situation that I did not press him."

Papa looked at us inquiringly, as if asking for some light on the subject. Mamma spoke up at once, and considerably electrified me by saying,—

"Oh, no doubt he was disturbed. I've thought for some time that he was not exactly himself, and last night I heard some rumor that he is in love with Mrs. Romney and is terribly jealous of this Mr. Macon

who is following her about. I don't know anything about it myself, and don't care much, but perhaps that is what has ailed him for two or three days. Mrs. Romney was not present last night, neither was Stephen. And, Constance, was not that little Frenchman telling you something about all this the other night at the Embassy?"

Papa ejaculated, "Stuff!"

Luckily, before I could reply, a note was brought in to mamma which required an answer. She rose impatiently, and said, as she left the room,—

"Dear me! I shall miss Stephen terribly."

As soon as she had gone, I said to papa, hoping to divert him from mamma's extraordinary revelation,—

"Papa, how long will this business take to transact? how long will Mr. Barradale be gone?"

"Stephen is not coming back at all. He will not return to Washington. He has gone as my business representative, and when he has closed up this matter, or rather when it is straightened out, I shall make him a liberal offer to look after my affairs permanently. He is just the man I want, and I shall put him in the way to make his fortune. I have rarely been mistaken in character and capacity."

Papa's words sent the blood suddenly away from my heart. I stooped down to pick up my napkin; I hoped for a moment to hide my face, which I feared was telltale. I raised my head at last with a singing in my ears and a tightening of the muscles of the throat that were suspicious of tears near at hand. His kisses upon my lips were good-by; they were renunciation, and I had not guessed it. I had persistently, blindly, wilfully undervalued this man all the time he had been at my side, even when I had secretly succumbed to his influence. I had half apologized to my inner self for doing so, and promised myself that it was only a brief madness, for which I should atone by sending him adrift when mamma's dance was over. Well, I had done it indeed, only to find that I was caught helplessly in my own trap, that I was held fast by it and could not cry out.

I had learned, when too late, that there had been one pair of clear, discerning eyes that had read and known Stephen Barradale at his true worth. I had let the man's temporary occupation fix my valuation of him, even though I gave him my heart silently. True, there remained the affair with Mrs. Romney; perhaps that too could be made to disappear if it could be viewed with papa's eyes. But nothing mattered now: he was gone, and I should have to wipe from my lips the touch he had given them; I should have to patch up my heart and go on.

While all this flashed through my brain and burned into my heart, papa had been quietly watching me. His keen, quick eyes were taking in some new impressions, and I was off guard for a moment.

He had been so absorbed in the last weeks in watching anxiously the Houses of Congress and the fast disappearing gold reserve that he failed to take in the signs in his own household; but now he was reading them all too fast, as I learned speedily. He did not speak: so I said, hesitatingly,—

"Papa, I think I have been doing this Mr. Barradale some injustice."

"I have no doubt of it. But, Constance, I'm rather inclined to believe that you know something of what disturbed him; perhaps even you were the——"

He stopped a moment, and eyed me with new attention. Some sudden suspicion had crossed his brain. I dropped my eyes and restlessly played with a knife and fork. I wished I dared make a clean breast of it all to him. I had no one else to tell anything to. I knew that it was a myth for girls to tell their affairs to their parents, but papa was different. He had been my friend all my life. I remembered when he used to hunt up my dolls for me as a little bit of a girl, when I used to slip my hand into his and tell him all my childish woes. I had never had any mother to cherish me. My motherless, bereft condition rushed suddenly over me. I brushed away the tears that came to my eyes and smiled up at papa tremulously.

"Constance, my little girl, what is the matter? Speak up and tell me. I have been reading more in your face in the last ten minutes than you knew you were showing. Come into the library."

"No, not the library, papa: I'll go to your den."

I was afraid of the accusing library. I felt as if every chair and sofa would shriek out to his ears what they had witnessed. When we were safely in the shelter of this den of his and the door was shut, I found out suddenly that I could not speak, that I had nothing to tell after all. I said, nervously,—

"Papa, I see the carriage is still waiting to take you back to the department: you'd better not keep it waiting any longer."

"I shall always have time to hear anything you will tell me, Constance."

He paused, and I was still dumb. Then he sat down on the big leather sofa and made a coaxing gesture so like what he used to do when I was a little girl and obdurate, that I quickly sat down within his encircling arm and leaned against him. We were both silent; then he began, slowly:

"My little girl is afraid to tell me what I am trying to piece together for myself. Last night I saw Stephen's miserable eyes and restless manner; he was anxious to leave town, to leave upon any conditions; he would not tell me why. This morning I have seen, stupid and blind as I am, your evident consternation and panic when you heard that he had gone. Your face was telltale, though you tried bravely to hide it. I think I see how it is: Stephen has been thrown intimately into companionship with you; he naturally learned to love you; he has perhaps even told you so. You have not known what to do exactly. Of course you are not to blame for his loving you, for I feel sure that my daughter has not led on a man just to please her own vanity; and Stephen has gone away sore and wounded."

I did not speak. Two men's faces arose accusingly in my mind. Papa had guessed a good deal, but not all. I was appalled by his acuteness. I could not speak. He waited a moment, then said,—

"Have you lost confidence in me, Constance? Can you not trust

me as you used to do in your childish days? I am more ready now than ever to help you."

I sprang up, and said, hurriedly, "Papa, I will tell you everything. May I go back and give you an account of this whole matter from the time I came from Europe? Have you time to listen?" He nodded a quick assent, and I went on.

"I will tell you everything, and you may scold me as you used to do, but you must help me."

I went back to my early acquaintance with Mr. Barradale. I told papa how he had appeared to me in the menial position he held, and how arrogant and rude I had been, especially when I learned that we were living in his grandfather's house, into which he had precipitated us. Papa had not known this, and remarked, thoughtfully,—

"I wonder I did not guess this long ago. It was a strange idea, his suggesting this house."

Then I went on and told of Sandy's unfortunate escapade and of Mr. Barradale bringing him home intoxicated the night of the theatre-party, while we were at supper, and of my going to Sandy's room and finding it all out, and of the cut on Mr. Barradale's hand which I had dressed and bound up. Papa interrupted again: he was deeply concerned about this part of the story, and thought that he should have been told of it long ago.

I then told him how Mr. Barradale and I had become good friends, and how I had soon found out that he loved me, but I was so sure that it was a thing I could never return, or encourage, that I felt entirely safe.

So things had gone on until the night of the reception at the Embassy, when I had heard for the first time rumors of the hateful story concerning Mr. Barradale and Mrs. Romney. I stopped at this point and hesitated. Papa said,—

"I begin to understand. That was only the other night, when you insisted on coming home early and snubbed Stephen. What is this story?"

I told him the story in plain words. I told him the worst I had heard, and waited for him to make some comment. He said, merely,—

"Go on."

I passed over without mention my own wretched feelings of anger and misery, and went on to my interview with Mr. Barradale in the library the day before, when I had taxed him with this story, which he had not denied. I told of his confession of love to me, and I repeated all the harsh and unmerciful words of scorn I had uttered. I noticed that papa bit his lip and winced. I said,—

"Papa, you don't approve of me; I know you don't."

"You could have been more gentle, Constance: those were harsh expressions to fall from your lips."

"I knew, papa, that of course you would think so; you men always regard another man's peccadilloes with great leniency. Would you have had me fall into Mr. Barradale's arms after hearing such a tale?" I was trying to strengthen my position.

Papa did not answer; he seemed to be thinking; then he said,—

"Well, Constance, this is not all. Finish your tale. Did he defend himself?"

"No, papa, he did not defend himself: he seemed to grow cold and self-contained. He said I was hard and severe, that I must remember that such as he was he loved me, and that perhaps when I came across my ideal man I would find that even he could do no more for me, and then he walked out of the room, and——"

"And——? Go on."

"Well, there's no more; that is, nothing that would interest you," I said, lamely, not holding up my head.

"And you have not seen him since?" persisted papa, relentlessly.

"Yes; after the dance last night, when everybody had gone to bed, he came down-stairs and walked in upon me in the library. I was just about to go up-stairs, and he said a few words, and——" I hesitated; then I looked up into papa's eyes, and said, simply,—

"He kissed me."

"Oh, he kissed you, did he?"

There was the swiftest possible smile around papa's lips as he echoed my words.

His smile nettled me. He noticed it, and said,—

"I am smiling because you have been so careful to throw a strong light upon one side of this tale, while you have kept the other side in shadow; but I can see through a millstone for all that, Constance. Stephen kissed you, you say. And then?"

"Simply nothing more, papa: he walked out of the room and out of the house."

There was a pause, while I watched papa anxiously. He got up from the sofa and walked up and down once or twice with his hands behind him. Finally I said, uneasily,—

"Have you nothing to say?"

He stopped before me and lifted my face a moment and looked at me sadly.

"My little girl is my little girl no longer. What can I do to help her?"

"Nothing, papa: you see he is simply gone, and I——"

"My daughter wants him back. Yes, I see perfectly."

We regarded each other for a moment; then papa said, seriously,—

"Constance, your conduct in this whole matter, from your own showing, has been a curious mixture of impulse and motive. You have been both romantic and heartless, both humble and arrogant. You have not seen things with your usual clear eyes; you have not shown the judgment I should have expected from you. I am afraid my daughter has not been entirely honest in her treatment of this man."

"Perhaps not in the beginning, papa; but do you attach no importance to this story about Mrs. Romney?" I asked, anxiously.

"Well, such things are always a serious detriment to a man; but I cannot but think from your account of the story that Stephen came out of it well. From a man's stand-point he behaved honestly, even honorably. I do not impeach him. Still, at the same time, it is as well that he is not here to see these eyes of yours, child."

Papa paused, and I, with a swift memory of the harsh words I had spoken the day before, and of the kisses which had meant renunciation, felt a quiver which made me drop my head into my hands and sent the tears trickling through my fingers.

Papa stroked my hair, and said,—

“How like a woman you are, Constance! Don’t grieve so, child. It is well for Stephen to go and prove himself to us, and then, perhaps——” He broke off, and said, with a sigh,—

“How much you are growing to look like your mother!”

CHAPTER XV.

TOLD BY CONSTANCE.

DURING the next few days that succeeded Stephen Barradale’s departure I could not prevent a feverish expectation that something would happen which would change the situation for me. Telegrams came every day to papa from him, and long business letters too; but day after day went by, and I began to realize, with dull surprise, that everything was actually over, that nothing would ever come to me voluntarily from him again. Papa eyed me in a kindly way, and would pass over to me these business letters, the contents and drift of which I understood; for papa had gone into the whole complication, and I was able to understand what Mr. Barradale was accomplishing, and I followed as eagerly as papa did the slow and sure unravelling of the tangle. Little did Stephen know what pair of eyes was reading the statements and figures which to the uninitiated would have been unmeaningly dull and technical, but which to my eyes furnished reading of the most intense sort.

As time went on I became dispirited and languid, and papa began slyly to tease me in his efforts to rally me. If he saw me poring over a book, which was a continual occupation with me, for I was much given to philosophical reading just then, he would ask, “Is it ‘Mariana in the Moated Grange’ to-day, Constance?” and I would smile dismally at the insinuation.

Once, after several days of unusual lassitude upon my part, papa came into the house and startled the blood into my face by announcing, quietly,—

“I have sent for Stephen, Constance.”

“Oh, papa, no!” I cried, in consternation.

“Well,” he returned, coolly, “I cannot see my daughter wearing herself out in fretting. She is losing her freshness and her amiability, and I suppose the only cure will be Stephen’s presence.”

“Now, papa,” I cried, with returning spirit, “you have done nothing of the kind; you have not sent for Stephen. I don’t want him, and I am not fretting for him, and I mean to prove it to you.”

Papa laughed. He had effectually frightened and roused me. I determined that I would be myself again, and that not even his eyes should detect anything of my inner feelings. Ever after that no one,

not even papa, saw me when I was not apparently in the very best of spirits. It made no difference what I was, or how great the let-down, when I was behind the lock and key of my own door. But I allowed myself no indulgences, no repinings, in public. I eagerly went everywhere and did everything that this aftermath of a season brought in its train.

It was during these days that I had to face a serious interview with Mr. Hargate; and if ever a young woman was punished for her vanity and folly, I was that young woman. I felt myself utterly dishonest and criminal as I listened to his straightforward avowal and knew that I had nothing to reply, that I could not even feign ignorance as an excuse. I needed no worse punishment than the look on his face when it dawned upon him that I was saying no; and I needed no greater rebuke when he did not utter one word of reproach. But there was an expression in his eyes as he looked at me steadily that told me I had forfeited some part of the respect of one manly man. I went about for days possessed with a most horrible, hangdog feeling, and I was almost tempted to call him back and accept him just to regain my self-respect.

Mamma got hold of it somehow, and I thought that I was never going to hear the last of it. She recalled to me the conspicuous figure I had made of myself all during the spring, particularly the night of our dance, when I had scarcely spoken to any other man. She seemed to have the most wonderful memory in enumerating the quantities of flowers I had accepted; she knew all about every branch of his family, and all about their estates; she counted every advantage he possessed, and when she had failed to move me or to impress me she asked, disgustedly,—

“What more do you want, in all conscience?”

“Mamma, I am more humble. I want much less than Mr. Hargate can give me.”

“Well, I expect you’ll get it,” she remarked, dryly.

It was now the first of June, and people were beginning to take flight in all directions, and mamma was already talking of summer plans; but Congress seemed to have no idea of adjourning, and papa said that if he got away at all it would be late in the season. I therefore decided that I should remain with him, no matter how long and tedious the time might be.

It was at the close of a long, warm day that papa came home from the department bringing letters from Mr. Barradale announcing that the complication in the Northwest had been at last satisfactorily straightened out. A final meeting of the bank directors had voted for papa’s measure; the president of the bank had resigned, together with those of the directors who had supported him, and the whole thing was practically at an end. Papa was evidently relieved, and said to me,—

“What do you think now of my estimate of Stephen?”

I did not reply, and he went on,—

“Stephen writes me that he has been offered a position, and asks my advice about accepting it. But I want his services still further.

I am utterly unable to handle my private affairs while I am here in office, and Stephen must do it for me."

"You will need to consult him in person, will you not?" I asked, carelessly.

"No; it can be done by letter, I think," replied papa, with a faint smile around the corners of his mouth.

The days that followed were deadly dull; the only thing that rippled their monotony was the announcement of three bits of news, which were the last gossip shot at the departing, dispersing smart set. The first was that Roger Macon had left town with all his fire-eating Virginia blood up, and it was thought that the ever-convenient and much-mentioned Mr. Romney was in danger of his life. Another bit of the news was that Mrs. Romney had just leased her house advantageously for a term of years and was going abroad, to be gone indefinitely. The third was to the effect that Mr. Bouton had been recalled by his government and had sailed for home. These three events were the direct sequels to Mr. Barradale's little conversation at the club when he broke up the dinner that was to have been given me.

It is astonishing how I viewed the whole occurrence now,—how absolutely into the background the affair of Mrs. Romney had retreated, and how different a man Mr. Barradale appeared to me. I wished that I might be emancipated enough from custom and tradition to send him one word, a word of apology for my rough speeches,—no more than that. I remembered the letter that the Disagreeable Man had written which he never sent, and I was tempted to imitate it.

One morning I was in papa's den waiting for an announcement of breakfast. I was sitting at his desk. It was scattered over with papers, and among them there was a business letter to Mr. Barradale, the loose sheets of which lay directly under my eye, together with a memorandum I had made for papa which was to go into this very letter. Papa had left it open upon the desk, intending perhaps to add something to it later. Evidently he had not meant to take it over to the department. I was thinking of it, and also I was still possessed with the idea of imitating the letter of the Disagreeable Man. I idly pulled a sheet of paper towards me and began to write as my wandering fancy took me. I entitled it

"The Ideal Man, The Other Man, and the Foolish Virgin. A New Arrangement of the Old Parable."

I wrote on and on. I quite warmed to my work. I was much pleased with my Foolish Virgin; but at last, before I finished it, an interruption came in the shape of the footman, who said that mamma was waiting breakfast, and would I please come down-stairs. I hastily slipped my Parable between the loose sheets of papa's letter; it would be safe there until I should come back, and if any eye met it, it would be an unmeaning jumble.

We dawdled unusually over breakfast that day. Sandy came as usual for his luncheon and went back to school. Afterwards I ran up to papa's den to slip my scribbled sheet into my gown preparatory to taking it to my own rooms. When my eyes swept over papa's table, consternation seized me: not a scrap nor a vestige of any papers,

bundles, or letters was to be seen anywhere. I looked around the room hastily. Everything was in strict order. I pressed the bell-button with sudden energy. When a maid appeared I asked her if she had removed any of the papers from the desk. She said that she had not, but that while we were at breakfast the messenger had come from the department with an order from the Secretary to send him all the papers and letters that were on the desk in his private room. They had all been gathered up, with a rubber band around them, and delivered to the messenger.

I ran down-stairs and summoned a servant. I despatched him to the stable with instructions to have my cart sent around and a groom to accompany me. Mamma said,—

“Why, Constance, it is not two o’clock, and the sun is terribly hot : where are you going at this hour?”

I don’t know what I replied. I had but one idea, to get possession of my idiotic scribble which had gone to the department and would come under papa’s eye, or perhaps be seen by his private secretary. It was not long before I was driving my spirited young horse over the warm, soft pavements. When we reached the department I hesitated. I disliked to enter the building and encounter curious eyes, but I must do it, and lose no time. I was soon standing at the entrance of papa’s anteroom, and in another minute I was asking for him. I was met with the reply that papa was attending a meeting of the Cabinet. I had forgotten that it was Cabinet day. I asked for his private secretary, and was told that he had just gone out with some important papers. I then asked to be allowed to go into papa’s private room and wait for him ; but there was a decided demur to this : no one was allowed in that room unless invited by the Secretary himself, except, of course, his private secretary. I thereupon had to disclose my identity, and was reluctantly allowed to enter at last. I sat down at the desk and began to scan all the papers that were within range of my eye. I finally became nervous as I nowhere saw the least sign of what I was seeking. I rapidly turned over everything that lay on the desk, but nothing rewarded me. I opened various drawers. It was in vain. I waited impatiently till three o’clock ; then a messenger came in to say that the Secretary had sent word that he should not be back again that day : he had gone to the Capitol, whither his private secretary had gone also. Upon this there was nothing to do but to return home.

The wildest feeling of dread had taken possession of me. My idiotic Parable might now be between the sheets of papa’s business letter to Mr. Barradale, which perhaps was lying in the post-office or already on its way West to him. This was too unspeakably dreadful for me to dwell upon. I tried to turn my thoughts elsewhere and to find a thousand ways out of the situation. I thought the day would never end. I made a copy from memory of my Foolish Virgin. I wanted to recall the full extent of my idiocy.

I drove out in the late afternoon with mamma, just to help pass the time until I could see papa. I thought dinner would never be over and the servants never be gone. Papa looked awfully tired, but at last he rose to go to the library. I lighted his cigar for

him and followed him. I shut the library door, and asked, breathlessly,—

“Papa, you sent a messenger to-day for the papers that were on your desk up-stairs: what did you do with the papers and the letter when you got them?”

Papa looked at me in surprise, and said,—

“Why, let me see; I sent for them because there was an important paper in one of the bundles, and there was a letter to Stephen I forgot to mail this morning. My secretary brought them to me at the Capitol after the Cabinet meeting; the paper I sent in to the committee, and the letter I mailed. I don’t think that there was anything else. Why do you ask?”

“Did you read over this letter to Mr. Barradale?”

“Why, I don’t remember. I have been bothered to death to-day, and I don’t know whether I read the letter or not; I’m under the impression that I did not.”

“But, papa, try to think: was there anything among the sheets in my handwriting?”

“Yes, there was something in your scribble, but it was a memorandum, I think, that you made for me.”

“Oh, papa, do try to be more certain; think as hard as you can. Was there no loose sheet with a long rigmarole on it in my handwriting among any of those papers to-day?”

“I did not see any. I took the sheets of my letter to Stephen and folded them just as they were, with your memorandum on top. I sealed the letter on the floor of the Senate at Jessop’s desk. I called a page and sent it to the Senate post-office. The other papers I ran my eye over and gave back to my secretary, and he afterwards took them to the department. But why all this anxiety, Constance? What has happened?”

I stared blankly at papa. I was entirely undone. What should I do? My folly was inconceivable. The queer chance that had caught my folly in its toils was also inconceivable.

Gradually I told papa, lamely, shamefacedly, of my Parable of the Foolish Virgin, of having left it between the sheets of his letter to Stephen while I went to breakfast, and of my finding the whole contents of the desk gone on my return. I told of going to the department and ransacking his desk there, and I wound up with,—

“I suppose it has gone steaming out West by this time. I shall never hold up my head again.”

As I unfolded my tale, papa’s tired look vanished, his face lightened, and finally, when I wound up my recital, he was actually smiling with quiet and intense amusement.

“Papa,” I exclaimed, “I believe that you have that wretched thing in your pocket this minute and you are teasing me.”

“No, Constance, I have not even seen it. If I had, though, I am not sure that I should have foiled its very evident mission. So my little girl thought she would be literary,—thought she would improve on the old Bible version of the Ten Virgins? I wonder that you don’t see the exquisite humor of the situation.”

"You are utterly heartless to laugh at me. I've made a fool of myself, and I don't think it is funny at all."

"But, Constance, are you sure that Stephen will apply it?—that he will understand it?"

"Oh, yes, there's no chance of his not understanding it; and he knows my handwriting. He will think it a scheme on my part. What shall I do?"

"Why, stand by it, Constance; show your courage; whatever comes, meet it and bear it as my daughter should. There is no shame in loving a man; there is no shame in atoning for a mistake. He will write to you, or I am much mistaken, and then you must be honest with him."

"And, papa, you don't mind? You don't object?"

"Yes, I shall mind very much," he said, putting his hand on my head.

"But, papa, suppose that he doesn't understand or write?"

"But he will. Suppose, Constance, that you show me this remarkable production of yours, and let me judge. You say you copied it from memory."

I went hurriedly and brought the obnoxious writing, and handed it anxiously to papa. He put on his glasses and read:

"The Ideal Man, The Other Man, and the Foolish Virgin. A New Arrangement of the Old Parable.

"A foolish Virgin, with lamp unlighted and eyes blinded by darkness, went forth to meet the bridegroom. In the recesses of her mind a glorious vision lay, which was like the kingdom of heaven. This vision was a figure, radiant and godlike. In his outstretched hands he held all the gifts that were blest and goodly in her sight. Under his feet were obstacles that had been trodden down to earth; they were poverty, lack of purpose, untoward circumstances, and failure. Upon his brow were written, in letters of gold, success, power, riches. This radiant vision led her on and on, through all the turnings of her groping way, and when she came to the narrow opening where he would stand with welcoming arms in the broad light of day, lo! he was not there. She rubbed her eyes to see the better, and held her unlighted lamp close to her breast; but her half-blinded vision saw no godlike form. Instead there stood before her a suppliant, almost empty-handed, but with shining eyes. Partly crushed under his feet were success, ambition, and purpose. Upon his brow, in plain letters of ivory, there was but one single word, in his outstretched hands there was but one single gift, and in his eyes there was one steady light. It was Love. The Virgin turned. She heeded not the one gift he offered; she heeded not the outstretched arms. She did not know this stranger. She fled back by the dark and winding way she had come: then she heard a voice sternly rebuking. It said to her, 'Thou art blind: light thy lamp; go forth again: thou hast met an angel unawares.' The golden vision was suddenly swept from her mind. She saw instead, with awakening heart, the shining eyes, the outstretched arms, the one word in ivory. She trimmed her lamp, and with quick and eager steps hurried once more through the winding way, which was

no longer dark. When the narrow opening was reached, lo ! the door was shut. The Virgin knocked, and cried, 'Open unto me,' but a voice came back and said, 'Verily, I say unto you, I know you not.' She tremblingly said again, with imploring accents,—

" 'The Angel of love awaits me. I pray you open unto me.' "

"But the same voice uttered again the words, 'Verily, I say unto you, I know you not.' Still she called,—

"Deny me not; I have awakened to love, I have atoned.' "

Papa took off his glasses, and said,—

"If Stephen finds this between the leaves of my letter to him, he will be dense indeed if he does not understand. If I were in his shoes it would bring me from the ends of the earth."

I covered my face in shame, and said,—

"I did not know how horribly it betrays me until now."

* * * * *

The next few days were feverishly lived through. I made papa search every paper that had been sent from his desk to the department; I made him question both the messenger and his private secretary; but it was in vain. I was afraid of every letter that was delivered at the house; I was secretly more afraid when none were delivered at all.

At the end of three days it came. It was no letter, no long-looked-for, secretly-coveted letter. It was short, it was terse; it was one sentence enclosed in a yellow envelope and stamped "Western Union." It read,—

"TO MISS CONSTANCE CHILDS, Washington, D.C.

"I leave for Washington immediately, to claim fulfilment of the Parable.

"STEPHEN BARRADALE."

THE END.

*MEDICAL EDUCATION,**AND THE EDUCATION OF MEDICAL MEN.*

A VERY gratifying tendency has marked the development of the medical profession in the last generation. The slough of mannerisms, the formal dress, the owl-like solemnity, have been thrown off, and the physician, by his own choice, is being judged more by his actual attainments than by external appearances. Thirty years ago, a bald head, a white beard, and a long frock-coat were as much a part of the physician's equipment as his diploma. Now, on the other hand, it is no infrequent occurrence for an elderly man of real ability, and modern in his methods of practice, to lose a patient through the fear that he may not be fully abreast of the times. What can be further from the old traditions than a leading surgeon lounging about in an outing shirt and blue belt, or a distinguished physician playing polo? Yet these amusements are simply a relaxation from the tension of professional study. One of the best indications that the people are learning to judge their medical advisers by their merits is the fact that the advertising physicians are being driven to the wall, despite the most specious extrinsic evidences of success that the shrewdest business methods can produce.

Thus the education of medical students is becoming a more and more important question, not only to those who might suffer at the hands of incompetent physicians, but to prospective practitioners. The domain of medicine has attracted many drones who have thought that "doctoring" was a lucrative and easy business, and who have apparently argued that, since the man who buys a house at the lowest price will receive the highest interest on his investment, so the student who enters a medical college with the least preparation and who obtains his diploma in the shortest time has shown the greatest acumen. Let me digress so far as to remark that the use of the verb "to doctor" is the shibboleth of the profession, and that the man who "doctors" people is apt to be known as "Doc." While every honorable career ought to be open to the humblest, the man who attempts to evade the moral requirements for admission to the profession by beginning his medical studies without proper qualification is guilty of the same kind of dishonesty as the one who seeks to be naturalized and to usurp the privileges of citizenship without conforming to the laws of naturalization. The writer met, as a student, a young man who had decided that it was more desirable to wield the surgeon's knife than the razor and shears, and to dispense medicines than bay rum and cosmetics. But this youth had not the slightest idea of wasting time on the spelling-book and grammar, or even in acquiring the rudimentary culture which depends on mere personal cleanliness. Fortunately, this medical career was cut short by the intervention of the faculty. On the other hand, some of the best and most respected physicians have worked their way up

from humble occupations by meeting honestly the preliminary requirements of their profession.

In no vocation has there been a more rapid advance than in medicine during the last half-century, and it is significant that the major part of this advance has been due, not to the observation and experience of the routine practitioner, but to the researches of scientific men who have been sneered at as theorists and who have brought to bear on their professional work the results of scholastic training entirely foreign to the scope of instruction in medical schools a generation ago. What, for example, could seem farther removed from the domain of practical surgery than the investigation of little moving plants that are found in decomposing animal and vegetable matter? Yet the study of the habits of growth of these microscopic weeds, of the soils on which they thrive, and of the poisons which prevent their development, has revolutionized surgery, and has almost banished from the operating-room the fear of suppuration, of gangrene, of erysipelas, and of other forms of blood-poisoning. The recognition of the rôle of vegetable germs in the production of these untoward results of surgical interference, and the development of antiseptic methods of surgery, have rendered it possible to operate on the brain, spinal cord, stomach, intestine, and other abdominal and pelvic viscera, and even the heart. Fourteen years ago the best medical and surgical skill of the country could not save the lamented Garfield from death by blood-poisoning. To-day the most unpretending surgeon, treating the poorest laborer, would be severely condemned, if not actually accounted guilty of malpractice, if he used the same methods. Thousands of women who would have been doomed to chronic invalidism a generation ago are now restored to health by operations attended by an average mortality of about two per cent.; whereas the same operations undertaken without antiseptic precautions would result in the death of nine-tenths of the victims. Thanks to the enforcement of rules of health, based on the same study of bacteriology, we no longer witness the devastation of such epidemics as were common even ten years ago, while for the first time in medical history cholera has been checked in its onward march to the west. In internal medicine, the careful use of the microscope, of methods of chemical analysis in the examination of the processes of digestion, assimilation, and waste, and the employment of various mechanical aids,—suggested not by medical studies, but by those of purely educational institutions,—have more than doubled the resources of the physician, though there are not the same brilliant results to be seen as in the departments of surgery and of public sanitation.

Until comparatively recent times it has been possible for any man or woman not absolutely illiterate to graduate after two years' attendance at a medical college in good standing, if not in the highest rank. Twelve years ago there was no medical school in the country that required more than three years' study; only a quarter of the total number made any educational demands on the incoming student, and more than half graduated after an attendance on two sessions of twenty weeks each. In 1893 the country possessed one hundred and thirty-six medical colleges of all schools. Twelve—or nine per cent.—required

four years' attendance on lecture courses averaging two months longer than corresponding sessions twelve years ago, while only four schools—or less than three per cent.—continued to graduate after two years' attendance.

The student of medicine spends one or two years and several hundred dollars in excess of the average law student. In dissecting, in his work in the chemical and bacteriological laboratories, by his contact with patients, and by the inevitable fatigue of study, he incurs a decided risk that the former does not. The law student usually combines his theoretical study with practical experience in an office where he receives a moderate compensation, sometimes enough for his entire support. The medical student, on the other hand, has not more than one chance in ten of serving a desirable apprenticeship either in a hospital or with a private practitioner. If he is so fortunate as to secure a hospital appointment, it involves the expenditure of an additional year of hard work, for which the compensation is board and washing besides the experience obtained. The graduate who secures a position as assistant to some senior practitioner sometimes pays for the privilege, sometimes works gratuitously, sometimes secures a few crumbs of practice or receives a salary about equivalent to that of the undergraduate law student.

A theological student spends about the same amount of time as a medical student, but his work is devoid of the actual hardships which the latter encounters, life is made pleasant for him in numerous little ways, and, if need be, his course is free of expense and he is practically insured against want for the remainder of his life. The requirements for teachers and members of other professions vary so much according to the grade of work undertaken that no general comparison is possible.

Although it must be apparent that the technical training of the medical student is relatively more arduous than that leading to most other professions, there are both general and special reasons why a broad preliminary education should be insisted upon. A greater weight of individual responsibility rests on the physician than on any other professional man. The minister and teacher are, so to speak, undergoing constant examination. There may be a discrepancy between their emoluments and their actual value to the community, but their influence in private is usually on a par with their merit, so that lack of ability can rarely result in harm to others. The lawyer may make mistakes, but legal provision is made for their rectification. The physician must necessarily work in private, even in secret. A mistake on his part can rarely be discovered, and almost never rectified, though it may be punished. Moreover, the physician who is really guilty of malpractice and who does the most harm in the long run is not the man who occasionally blunders at an operation or in setting a broken limb, but he who fails to discover a kidney trouble, who treats with medicines, according to some time-honored method, a condition requiring surgical interference, who gives a medicine which is allowable when another would be preferable, who obeys the letter of the laws of health boards, but disregards the spirit of nature's laws concerning the transmission of disease. It is right to demand that the man who is to be the confi-

dential adviser of families, who is to be admitted to homes at all times and on widely different occasions, should be something more than an artisan. The physician should be a man of refinement and liberal culture. He must be able not only to write a healing prescription, but to write it correctly. He will meet in his professional capacity persons of all grades of intelligence; it will be a mortification to himself and a source of dissatisfaction to his patients if he cannot meet the best of these on their own level.

The various branches of natural philosophy have a practical bearing on medicine. The vital processes depend upon mechanical and chemical laws, and cannot be thoroughly understood unless the underlying principles are comprehended. In wounds of the chest, we must bear in mind the application of pneumostatics and pneumodynamics, or our treatment will be a failure. In the use of the stomach-tube, in the evacuation of fluid from the chest, and in various other practical problems, the principles of hydrostatics and hydrodynamics must be kept clearly in view. A familiarity with mechanics is necessary, first of all for the understanding of the action of muscles or bones and joints, and later in order to have a clear conception of the muscular pull upon fragments of bone and of the forces to be applied in the reduction and retention of fractured and dislocated limbs. The use of the weight and pulley in fractures of the thigh, the correction of club-foot, spinal deformity, etc., call for such an understanding of purely mechanical principles as is included in the curriculum of no medical school. Optics and acoustics can be applied in almost every detail to the anatomy, physiology, and treatment of the eye, ear, and throat.

The diagnosis of diseases of the kidney depends almost entirely on chemical and microscopical proficiency, while our rapidly increasing ability to deal with the stomach and liver is due to the researches of competent chemists who have been able to act upon hints which would not attract the attention of one who relied solely on a medical education. In the proper choice of new drugs, and in dealing with cases of poisoning, other chemical knowledge is demanded.

Electricity is no longer considered a very important adjunct to the healing art. Yet a thorough knowledge of its principles would have spared the chagrin of the acknowledgment that the electrical therapeutics of the medical profession for the last thirty years has been almost worthless. In the galvano-cautery, the incandescent light for illuminating various cavities of the body, and the electro-magnet for extracting foreign bodies from the eye, we have electrical instruments of decided value, and competent medical electricians are now extending the legitimate use of this great natural force.

Biology, except in its branches of physiology and bacteriology, is taught in few medical schools. Even botany, which would seem to be necessary on account of the large number of medicinal plants, is almost entirely neglected, so that a drug, even to a well-qualified physician, is simply a collection of activities, not a material thing. A full understanding of some of the general principles of biology would prevent some of the present misconception as to the action of blood serum, anti-toxines, etc., which are now engrossing so much attention. In a paper

in the *Popular Science Monthly* the writer has pointed out the fallacy of attempting to inoculate against such a disease as consumption, whose poison does not exhaust the soil of the body against the growth of other crops of bacteria, as is the case with the once-occurring diseases with skin eruptions. Another example is found in the thyroid body of the neck, which has something to do with the elaboration of organic substances carried in the circulation. Thus it is reasonable to suppose that when the thyroid is diseased—notably in certain forms of goitre—its function may be partially met by administering the extracts of thyroids taken from healthy animals. But medical men have argued that if we can thus supply the active principle of the thyroid we may find similar uses for extracts from the spinal cord, brain, heart, etc. These sophists overlook the fact that, while the extract of an organ may truly represent its chemical output, nothing can be squeezed from dead tissue to take the place of its nervous energy or vital activity.

A moderate acquaintance with languages is of great value to the physician, though not in the way which would suggest itself to the casual observer. It is a good rule that it is not worth while to have dealings with a person who will not learn the language of the country where he has taken up a permanent abode. Foreigners undoubtedly have a preference for physicians of their own nationality, but the preference is not a very strong one, and it is based on an instinctive patriotism rather than on the mere convenience of communication. The real value of modern languages to the physician is that he may be able to follow the progress of medical science in other countries.

A knowledge of Latin and Greek roots is essential to every physician. True, this knowledge is usually acquired by memorizing technical terms in their Anglicized forms, but it would probably prove to be an ultimate gain if the medical student spent six months or a year in studying the classical languages in their original form. Prescriptions are written in Latin; the names of almost all drugs and parts of the body are either genuine Latin words or are Latinized from modern sources. Diseases and modern operative methods are for the most part designated by Greek terms. Dr. John A. Wyeth has estimated that the medical student is confronted with a technical vocabulary of about eighteen thousand Latin derivatives and about twenty-one thousand from the Greek. The task of learning these words, formidable as it may seem at first thought, is not a difficult matter for one with a fair classical education, for the same root occurs over and over, with various prefixes and endings, and combined now with one and now with another companion root.

Although it is an easy matter to demonstrate the need of preliminary training for medical students, it is more difficult to determine the exact amount to be required. At one extreme is the view of the so-called practical men, who would reduce the medical course to the level of an apprenticeship to a trade, requiring nothing of matriculates. Most medical schools now demand the equivalent of a common-school education; some few go so far as to require a high-school education. Johns Hopkins requires a scientific collegiate training, and it is probable that in the near future one or two medical schools which

make no pretensions to being post-graduate institutions, as does Johns Hopkins, will also require a collegiate degree of their matriculates. A compromise must be made between the minimum, which is a disgrace to the profession, and the maximum, which, without some scheme for combining the collegiate and medical courses, would compel the student to pass the best years of his life in mere preliminaries. In discussing the subject of general education we must not be misled by mere names. Most first-class city high schools offer courses in modern languages, sciences, and advanced geometry, which are duplicated in colleges. Considering the increase in educational standards, the young man of the present, on completing a four years' academic course, is as well schooled as his father who holds an A.B. from some celebrated Eastern college. When we take into consideration the advantages of public libraries, museums, art galleries, botanical gardens, etc., and the combination of study and social pleasure afforded by so many literary, scientific, and technical societies, and even the influence of Chautauqua circles and University Extension courses, we can assert that the person whose scholastic education ceases with the academy can keep pretty well in touch with the one who spends an additional four years at college.

Thus it would seem that for the present the medical colleges of the country should unite in demanding a high-school education of their matriculates. Such an education can be had in almost every village of the land, and in many cities corresponding instruction is given in the evening for the benefit of those engaged during the day. In the case of applicants claiming an equivalent education, but without certificate, it would be extremely easy to form an impartial board of examiners from the local high-school faculties. While recommending this standard for admission to medical schools, the writer would certainly not object to the establishment of a still more stringent requirement. On account of the overcrowded condition of the medical profession at present, even a prohibitive standard would be desirable from one point of view, while, with the supply of graduates in medicine far in excess of any possible demand, the right of any individual school to increase its requirements cannot be questioned.

A. L. Benedict, M.D.

HELIOPOLIS.

TEMPLES and palaces and schools made fair
 The City of the Sun;
 Plato had studied here, and conned with care
 The lore her priests had won.

The self-same sun looks down from the clear sky
 Upon the vacant plain:
 One lonely obelisk still rises high
 Above the waving grain.

Frederick Peterson.

THE STRIKE AT COLCHESTER.

THE United Sisterhood of Colchester was holding its weekly session. The room in which it met was large and lofty, its coloring a harmony of rich, subdued tones. There was a blazing back-log on the wrought andirons of the great chimney-place, that added a charm to the crispness of the autumn air. Afternoon sunshine transferred the colors of the stained glass in the windows to the polished floor, and threw marvellous tints over the whole assemblage. One yellow gleam transformed the fair hair of the president into a saint's aureole. She was young to be the presiding officer of so large a body, but a certain serious enthusiasm on her delicate face lent it the dignity her years would have denied.

The Sisterhood arrived by twos and threes. Matrons and maidens, grandmothers and young wives, school-teachers and their pupils, the prosperous and those pinched by a narrow income, women who earned their living and women who had no more pressing work in life than to convert cobweb linen into superlative finger-bowl doilies,—all the town of Colchester was represented. That was why they had chosen the name of "Sisterhood" rather than the more commonplace "Woman's Club." They represented so thoroughly all ages, all degrees of education, all shades of religious belief, there were such various elements so harmoniously united, that no less intimate a name would serve to express their relation.

On this autumn day, as the aureole fell upon the head of Angelica Starr, the president, it was noted by many that her face wore a look of peculiar exaltation. Its cause was not left long to conjecture. Passing as rapidly as possible over the preliminary business of the meeting, she came quickly to her point.

"I am about, dear sisters," she began, "to overstep my office and the usual formalities and speak to you as a woman to women, as a sister to sisters, heart to heart." The tender thrill in her voice touched every soul to sympathy.

"You all know that our Sisterhood is interested in everything that makes for the elevation and freedom of womanhood, that we are banded indissolubly together to this noble end. We are a unit in this cause. There should be no individuality. What hurts one hurts all. Shall one of the members suffer and the whole body not be affected?"

"This is why I come to you to-day, with the tears of reluctant duty in my eyes, and say to you that as sisters it is now our duty to act. We have never before come into conflict with Man as opposed to Woman. We have never sought to join an issue between them. If he is content to stand aside, remove his brute strength from the path of our progress, and see us march gloriously to the goal of our anticipations, it suffices us. We have nothing to do with him. But if he stand in our way, let him beware!"

A faint flush rose in her cheeks. Her eyes radiated a dark magic from under her saint's aureole.

"I have never been able to understand why Mrs. Starr is so severe toward man in general," whispered a maid to a matron in the audience: "a young and charming widow recently married again scarcely seems to be so in particular. A woman who has married twice really doesn't appear to be a man-hater."

"That's exactly why she is one," returned the matron, with a mysterious vindictiveness that silenced the maid.

The president continued:

"There has recently come to my knowledge a tale of wrong and outrage that has wrung the very fibres of my soul, and awakened in me a desire to aid the unfortunate victim, which I trust will be shared by all the Sisterhood.

"In this very town, one of our very own Sisterhood, who would have been with us this afternoon had not these unrighteous circumstances prevented, lies crushed under the heel of household tyranny. Claiming the prerogatives of man, her husband has declared that the present hard times demand retrenchment in his family, and has insisted that she dismiss her servant. His pretence is that he has been thrown out of his situation, that all his reserve fund has been used except what is necessary to pay butchers' and grocers' bills, that he cannot pay a servant's wages. When she protests, the monster offers to show her his bank-book. He adds hypocrisy to injury by doing this with an appearance of kindness. When, following the spirit of the age, she has offered to leave the dispute to neighbors to settle, he responds that there is nothing to arbitrate, and dismisses the servant.

"Women of Colchester, shall such things be? Shall we see our sister thus maltreated, and sit tamely by and make no protest? Or shall we rise in the might of our womanhood and declare war against the greed of husbands, the Monopoly of Man?"

The audience was much stirred. Faces were flushed, eyes were brilliant with scorn, eager whispers passed to and fro. Several members at once rose to attract the attention of the chair. But the chair's attention was distracted by her own eloquence, and she went on with her appeal. When at last she paused there was a simultaneous cry of, "We do! We will! What shall we do?"

The president's face changed. From its glowing enthusiasm it settled into an expression of cold resolve. The sweet mouth was firmly set, the delicate brows were knit, and under them the ardent eyes contracted to steely points of light.

"*Strike!*" she hissed, between her clinched teeth. "*Boycott all men!*"

A shudder ran through the assembly.

"Strike?" "What for?" "What use will it be?" "How?" "When?" The questions pattered down like a hailstorm.

"What for? To express our sympathy with our injured sister. What use will it be? It will put our husbands and brothers and fathers in such a position that they will force this wretched man to yield in order to free themselves from discomfort. How and when? *At nine o'clock to-morrow morning we will go out.*"

A buzz arose again in the assembly. At last a stout matron of benevolent countenance arose.

"Mrs. President——"

"Mrs. Green, ladies."

Mrs. Green was not used to public speaking.

"I rise," she said, hesitatingly, "at the desire of many of the ladies about me, to express their opinion. Granted the turpitude of one man, it seems to us hard that all in town, husbands, fathers, and brothers, should suffer for his sin. They are not all raging criminals. It may be a confession of weakness, but—we are attached to those who belong to us, some of us. They are very good to us."

The president's brow grew a shade darker.

"It is the opinion of the president," she replied, coldly, "that the guilt of one is the guilt of all. Are they not all men? Are we not all women? In my mind that should settle the matter."

The little maid who had interrogated the matron as to the logic of the president's attitude regarding man, jumped to her feet.

"Mrs. President," she said, without waiting to be recognized, "I would suggest that before we take action on this matter we retire to some place where we can do so without infringing the laws of hospitality. We are here by the courtesy of the Colchester Club: we accept the use of this hall from man, whom we are about to boycott." Then she dropped into her seat as suddenly as she had popped up. It was the longest speech she had ever made in public, and her voice frightened her.

The president calmly ruled her out of order, and went on.

"She is a great deal more out of order herself," murmured the little maid. "The times are out of joint, too;" and there was something quizzical in her smile as she rose and slipped from the hall. No one noted her exit in the excitement consequent upon a speech made by the matron who had answered her with such vindictive mystery a few moments before.

She desired, she said, to call the attention of the Sisterhood to the possibility that a general strike might work as much discomfort to themselves as to the men they wished to influence by this means. What would become of their houses if they ceased to oversee the work in them? "Our Royal Worcester vases will be broken, our after-dinner coffees will be nicked, and our children's finger-nails will not be kept clean. Ladies, I ask you, is the play worth the candle?"

At the mention of the after-dinner coffees a universal sigh arose; but the president rapped the Sisterhood promptly to order.

"Private considerations," she averred, "should be lost in concern for the general welfare. Shall we let our individual ease, the prosperity of our individual families, stand between us and our duty? A principle is at stake, my sisters. Shall any of our husbands be allowed to discharge any of our servants at will? Shall we thus be ground under the iron heel of man's monopoly?"

The president had noted that "iron heel" was a phrase certain to kill at many hundred yards' distance. It produced its effect now. One sister, indeed, murmured that she understood the dismissal was

quite warranted in this case ; but her voice was drowned in the enthusiastic cry raised in favor of the strike. It was carried by acclamation ; and once more the president's brow was serene as she changed her position, that the ever-moving sun might continue to make an aureole of her hair. There was a mirror opposite her.

The great sympathetic strike was thus definitely ordered.

Absolute secrecy was expressly enjoined upon the strikers, to "increase the moral effect, to make it more tremendous when the moment of revelation came," said the president. If she had further a politic idea of preventing soft hearts from being worked upon by pleadings or threats, who shall deny her the right of a little strategy ?

"But," said one of the sisters, "when we go out at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, where shall we go out to?"

"To the hotel," promptly replied the president. "Surely we have all some money in our possession, enough to support ourselves there until the moral effect has had time to work."

"But I am in the strike too," protested the landlady of the hotel, "and the hotel will have to close unless my husband takes charge of it himself. And that will scarcely be boycotting him."

"I make it my rule," said the president, with dignity, "never to cross any bridges till I come to them. Let to-morrow take care of itself."

Meanwhile, the little maid who had slipped out of the meeting was walking away, she scarcely knew whither. The smile still lingered on her lips, but it was not a happy one, and her cheeks were as pink as wild roses in June. She was quite unconscious that her indignation was boiling over in little spurts of *sotto voce* sentences.

"The insult!" she said, under her breath. "In their own hall, too! I'd like to know what my father has ever shown me but kindness, that they should think I could be willing to treat him so!"

The little maid was housekeeper for a widowed father, who worshipped her as the particular jewel of his soul and would have been glad to keep any other man from similar sentiments. But another one had found her out, and also he was young. He was a fine fellow, too, in every way worthy of her ; but the little maid was self-reliant and independent, and so happy in the love of her father that she did not like to think of any other love yet, and so she had been rather cruel to him.

It was a coincidence that, walking straight before her in bubbling wrath, looking at the ground and not seeing where she went, she should have walked squarely into him.

He looked down very kindly at her from his six feet of vantage. "I don't think you can run me down," he said, smiling.

In her excited state, she took his words literally.

"Oh, I don't want to," she exclaimed, with quite unnecessary benevolence. Six feet two looked down at five feet three and laughed outright. But she never noticed it. "Why should I want to be so cruel, so treacherous, to those who have been so good to me? It's an outrage and a shame. I suppose there are men who are not good to their wives and daughters ; but that is no reason why I should maltreat

the kind ones about me. Papa and you—all my friends—why, I wouldn't treat you so for anything!"

The young man was at a loss to understand the occasion of this outburst, but thought it was a happy one for him.

"Tell me all about it," he said; and, as the twilight was falling fast, he tucked her hand under his arm and she let him take her home. That was a privilege he had not been allowed for a long time, and he was very happy.

At nine o'clock the next morning the United Sisterhood of Colchester went out in a body.

The matron who was baking bread left it in the oven, she who was ordering dinner left it without dessert, she who was darning her husband's socks left the needle sticking in the half-mended hole, she who was washing her little boy's face left one-half of it unwashed.

One young mother was looked at askance because she stopped to finish washing and dressing her baby, and left a tear on its tiny face, all rosy and sweet from the bath. Two or three of the more forehanded had scarcely taken any sleep that night, that they might leave things in comfortable order for their boycotted husbands and the families involved in the general disaster. They regarded this as a sign of weakness, and would not have had the president know it for the world. "We do our duty," they said, sighing, "if we go out. She must not pry too closely into the matter."

The president shone like a star of the first magnitude to-day. She was radiant, she gleamed and scintillated, as one after another of the ladies who had gone out came into the hotel.

The hostess met them with some concern. "I'm sure I don't know what ever we are to do," she said. "When the servants heard about the boycott, they said they would willingly do all they could to help us, they had no great opinion of the men anyway; and so they have all boycotted my husband and gone off to the city."

"We will divide the work among us," said the president, "and I will take for my share, if you like, the systematizing of the labor. This will save a great deal of time. Can any one lend me paper and pencil?"

"We shall have to buy supplies, and the provision-dealer is a man," suggested one of the Sisterhood.

How this point of ethics of the boycott would have been got over never appeared, for into the midst of their deliberations rushed a breathless maid-servant.

"Is Mrs. Merrill here? Oh, won't you please come home and look at little Philip, ma'am? He's all broken out red and spotted, and he says his throat's sore."

Mrs. Merrill was out of the house before the sentence was finished, leaving behind her a trail of disjointed words—"He didn't seem well this morning—How could I—boycott"—that found an echo in the hearts of other young mothers.

"If it is measles," said one.

"Or scarlet fever," said another.

"Philip is in school with all of our children."

And forthwith all the young mothers stood not upon the order of their going. Now, Colchester is a favorite resort for young married couples, and this defection thinned the boycotting ranks by at least one-third.

A fine scorn curled the red lip of the president. "It is sad," she said, "to see how the most ordinary promptings of nature will conquer the claims of duty."

"Is Mrs. Green here?" Another maid-servant appeared, wearing her Sunday hat and gloves. "I thought you might be glad to know, ma'am," she went on, "that a lot of us girls has heard about the boycott and how the girls at the hotel is going to help the ladies along by all going out too; and so we're going to join the strike and go out likewise. We think we'll go out to the city, ma'am; and will you please lend me your ticket-book?"

This unexpected reinforcement did not seem to strengthen the strike.

"I can't have my house left alone," said one lady, and "There must be some lunch for my daughters when they come home from school. I didn't agree to boycott my daughters," said another.

"We wish the strike well, Mrs. Starr," said a third, making herself spokeswoman for the crowd, "but really——" And she melted away, followed by another large contingent.

Example is as contagious among human beings as among sheep. As small a thing as will start them in one direction will bring them back pell-mell in the other. By eleven o'clock all the ladies of the Colchester Sisterhood who had gone out at nine had gone in again, and the sympathetic strike was over.

As it had been conducted from the beginning with such secrecy, and as the Sisters saw no particular moral effect to be gained by telling the history of the broken boycott, the men of Colchester never knew anything about it. They came home at night to find their good wives busy about their sick children, or supplying the place of the servants who were "having a day out in town."

"Don't read me about the labor troubles," said one of them, when the head of the house proposed reading the newspaper aloud that evening. "I have no sympathy with strikes."

One of the men of Colchester must be excepted. He knew all about the great boycott, how it was begun and how it was ended. But the little maid made him promise that he would never tell. "Because, after all," she said, "we are more reasonable than we seem sometimes. The women of Colchester have just proved it."

And the young man said he thought so too, and that he would be glad to promise.

Now, this was not pure magnanimity on his part. The little maid had practically proved her reasonableness to his mind half an hour before by listening very kindly to something he had had to say to her. And this was the only permanent result of the strike at Colchester.

T. B. Exeter.

A DEAD CITY OF CEYLON.

HALF an hour before the first gray light of dawn had begun to steal round the distant crests of the Kandyan mountains we had started, in order to reach the edge of the forest before sunrise. Our guide had timed us well. The cold gray light of morning was still round us when we reached the river, rushing and gurgling with a liquid music over the sandy shallows and between the scattered masses of rock that strewed its bed. The eastern sky was flushing from a silvery pink to violet as we neared the first outlying satinwood trees, that rose, vast pinnacles of shining green, strangely tinted by the colored light. And just as we reached the forest itself we halted involuntarily to see the sun rise slowly from the eastern ocean, the flood of gold above and around him flashing back in a thousand coruscations from the glittering plain below.

As we plunged into the jungle path, the last belated bats were flapping their way homeward, and giving place to the first birds of day, the crows, whose joyous cries already made the dim recesses of the forest start into life. The flood of morning sunshine which lighted up the path, though it could hardly be said to do as much for the depths of the surrounding jungle, was the signal for the awakening of the teeming life of the forest. From every branch on either side our path was poured a sudden gush of music. The rich song of the dial-bird was mingled with the more distant flute-like notes of the oriole; and from the far recesses of the forest the deep mellow call of the jungle-cock filled the air with a luxury of sound. Then the insect life awoke. Huge dragon-flies, startling in their bright metallic coloring, flashed past us; bright moths and gaudy butterflies floated and danced in the streams of sunlight that here and there penetrated the overarching canopy of leaves, like huge painted motes dancing in the golden tide. Our little party moved silently along the forest path, even the horses treading softly, as if unwilling to disturb the universal jubilee. No remarks were made as we followed one another in single file along the moss-grown track. Our guide's white turban, a little way in advance, served as an index of the windings of the path, as it alternately appeared and was lost to sight, gleaming in a setting of dark-green leaves. Then came the doctor, his eyes looking neither to right nor left, following right onward as though possessed by a single idea, from which not all the thousand marvels of that teeming forest life could divert him for a moment. I came next, closely followed by Hector, mounted on the largest horse we could procure, which yet looked absurdly disproportioned to his size. Our two native attendants, each leading a baggage-pony, brought up the rear.

In this way we travelled till noon: still the same beautiful dim path; still the same endless wealth of color and of life. But gradually, as the sun had risen higher and higher overhead, the coolness of the forest shades, so refreshing in the morning, had more and more given

place to a dull and stifling heat. Not a breath of air now stirred a leaf of all the myriads that hemmed us in. The slender bars of golden light that crossed our path seemed now to scorch and burn; and one by one the voices of the forest had sunk into silence. The songs that had lately thrilled each leafy arcade were hushed, and the clear flute- or bell-like notes that had echoed through the vistas of the jungle had grown rarer and more rare, till now at last they had altogether ceased. Even the insects had settled, too much oppressed to continue their mazy dance or any longer fill the air with their drowsy murmurings. Dead silence fell upon the forest. The soft footfalls of our horses on the mossy path grew loud. The ticking of a watch, even the beating of a heart, made a sound distinctly audible in that hushed silence. It reminded me of old stories of an enchanted palace in which life had been suddenly suspended, and I seemed to myself like the daring prince who ventured to break in upon that charmed repose.

At last we halted beside a brook that crossed the path, and for three hours or so abandoned ourselves to the lassitude that oppressed us. For my own part, I fell asleep, lulled by the soft, gurgling song of the little stream, and soothed by the narcotic of the air. When I awoke, our attendants were preparing for a start, and we quickly resumed our journey. It was now late afternoon, and gradually the oppression of the heated atmosphere was diminishing. There was a rustle and a shiver among the leaves overhead, and, although the breeze did not penetrate the forest depths below, it served to stir the air and freshen the atmosphere once more.

Again nature awoke. The birds bestirred themselves, and gave forth a few notes of song. The paroquets chattered and called among the leaves. The butterflies floated and danced in the sunny vistas, and the little moth-eating birds darted, bright splashes of color, through sunshine and shadow in the chase. All was life once more, but hardly the life of the morning hours. There was somehow a new air of business now. Birds and lizards were abroad and were busy, but now it seemed to be in the search for food, and not, as before, in the simple expression of happiness, the mere joy of existence.

And so the day drew towards evening. The sunny gleams withdrew from the forest paths, though they still glittered and sparkled among the quivering leaves overhead. Gradually a gray shade fell over the green depths around us. The vistas were closing in. The endless variety of shades around were melting into a uniform purplish hue, and something like a misty haze crept gradually up the hollows and obscured the view. The sun was going down. All nature seemed to know. The songs of the birds had ceased for some time, and now even the calls were hushed. There was a rustling and a twittering on every bough, as the life of the forest composed itself to rest. Far off in the dim depths of the jungle there sounded a cry, harsh, impatient, fierce, the cry of a beast of prey, the herald of nature's dark night's work of blood. A bat whirred swiftly across the track. It was time to encamp.

Once more our guide had timed us well, and we reached our camp-

ing-place just as our path was growing so dim as to be no longer safe to travel. Here we encamped with the usual precautions against the attacks of wild beasts, and here we spent the night without even an alarm of danger.

It was on the evening of the second day's journey that at last we emerged from the narrow forest path just as the daylight was dying into a soft green glow in the sky over the dark western ranges. The forest had been growing thinner for some time, and now it had suddenly ceased, and we found ourselves on open ground, where here and there a solitary tree stood in sombre majesty, casting its long dark shadow on the grass, the lonely sentinel of the wood behind.

Hills now rose on all sides, crowned and dotted over with trees, standing either in clumps or singly, and, reflecting back the tender glimmering of the earliest stars, a great still sheet of water lay before us, which stretched away silent and unruffled, fringed with the shadows of the hills, and flecked with the images of the few tinted clouds which still hung motionless in the sky overhead, into the dim mysterious recesses of the mountains.

"Minihiri Rama!" exclaimed our guide, raising his arm and indicating the lake before him with a free sweep of his hand as he reined in his horse and gazed round him with an air of reverential awe. The view was indeed a strange and solemn one, as seen in the slowly fading light of the tropical day. The perfect stillness of the scene, the great lake sleeping under the solemn shadows of the hills, bearing, as we knew, upon its shore the ruins of a dead city of the past, had on my mind, at least, a strange, impressive effect. This was increased, I think, by the knowledge that the great sheet of water before us was itself the work of man,—of the same men, indeed, who in the dim, long-forgotten past had built the city whose remains strewed the margin of the work which had survived them by so many generations.

It was too late to attempt any exploration of the ruins that evening, and it would have been unsafe to spend a night among its mouldering remains, the harborage of wild animals and venomous reptiles: so once more we encamped for the night.

The tent was pitched, and after a time my companions retired to rest, wearied with a long day's journey. For my own part, I seemed to have lost the power to sleep. It was in vain that I tried to compose myself to rest; the excitement in my blood forbade success. At last I gave up the attempt, and quietly, without disturbing my companions, I stepped out into the night.

The moon was rising behind the dark mass of the forest we had so lately passed. The violet blue of the tropical sky was fading to a silver gray, and the stars were receding into faint points of twinkling light before her coming. The broad breast of the mountain before me already slept in her soft white radiance, each clump of scattered trees upon its slope glittering like a pyramid of shifting light.

At the foot of the mountain lay the great lake. Not a ripple moved its placid surface, in which, as in some vast mirror, there slept the images of the dark mountain, the shimmering trees, and the paling stars, in faint opalescent tints of light. It was a scene of enchantment,

such as no painter had ever dared to throw upon canvas, no poet ever tried to perpetuate in verse.

As I gazed, the moon rose slowly in the sky, a burnished shield of liquid light. Her long white rays glittered upon the solemn forest and penetrated the far recesses of the hills, trailing a broad pathway of silver over the water till it was lost in the distant shadows of the mountain.

As if drawn by some spell, I walked slowly towards the lake till I stood at last on a rising ground that overlooked the broad still sheet of water. There, to the right, between the mountain and the shore, lay the ruins of the city of the long dead past. Flooded by the moonlight, it swam in a haze of glory, each mound of decaying stone crowned with trees, each crumbling wall clothed with a garment of nature's own providing. It was the very apotheosis of decay.

It had been no puny city. Far up the mountain's lower slope, far back to where the hills drew down to the shore, the long succession of its ruins extended,—here in great shapeless mounds that stood alone, a few broken shafts and shattered pediments still standing out, clear, sharp-cut, and angular, in the silver light, there in long ranges of crumbling walls, through which vast fig-trees shot up their wealth of leaves, that marked the course of some broad avenue which went on and on till it lost itself in the white distance.

As my eyes dwelt upon the scene, it seemed to change. As I gazed upon its ruins, the dead city woke from its sleep of ages, and became once more a city of the living. The long, moonlit avenues were filled again with thronging multitudes, and the hum of myriads of voices seemed to reach my ears. Long colonnades grew up, as if by magic, along each side of the broad street, overshadowed by huge branching trees: the white pillars, the stately porticos, the high roofs, broken into a thousand fantastic shapes and angles, glittered whitely in the moonlight.

There was life everywhere. Hurrying multitudes thronged each road; groups of turbaned servants carried palanquins; long processions wound down the avenues and approached the temples; riders in gorgeous costumes passed by; soldiers marched through the streets in picturesque and serried ranks. The city of the long past age lived again before my eyes. Its temples were restored; its palaces shone fresh as from the hand of the builder; its teeming thousands poured through every avenue and woke again the long silent echoes of each street. By the lake, too, there was life. Temples, gorgeous with marble and glittering with gold, lined the shore. White-robed Brahmins flitted up and down the long staircases that descended to the lake; worshippers crouched on the lowest steps, or crept painfully upward on hands and knees towards the pillared porticos above. Yes, and there upon the shore was a funeral pyre, on which lay a still, white-robed figure, while a group of other figures stood, pale and silent, round. A priest approached the pile, bearing a lighted torch: he applied it to the heap. A long, pale column of smoke arose. It mingled with the moonlight. It grew dim and dimmer as I looked, and then it vanished.

In its place once more was the pale shine of the moonlight on the silent lake, and its soft clear radiance on the dim dead shore. The city, even as I looked, had sunk again into silence and decay. Its temples were once more heaps of ruin; its palaces had crumbled into shapeless masses, crowned again with nature's kindly vestment of green. Its teeming multitudes had disappeared, and the hum of its myriads had sunk into the soft murmur of the night breeze through the trees.

Only the lake remained, the silent, glassy, unruffled lake, bearing on its bosom still the dark reflection of the mountain, the soft gleam of the stars, and the broad pathway of the soaring moon. As I looked, a head and then a body rose slowly from the water and moved stealthily up the shore. The white rays glittered on his wet, scaly armor; he disappeared among the ruins. It was a crocodile. My vision was at an end. I had seen the sole surviving representative of life steal into the city of the dead.

Owen Hall.

A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

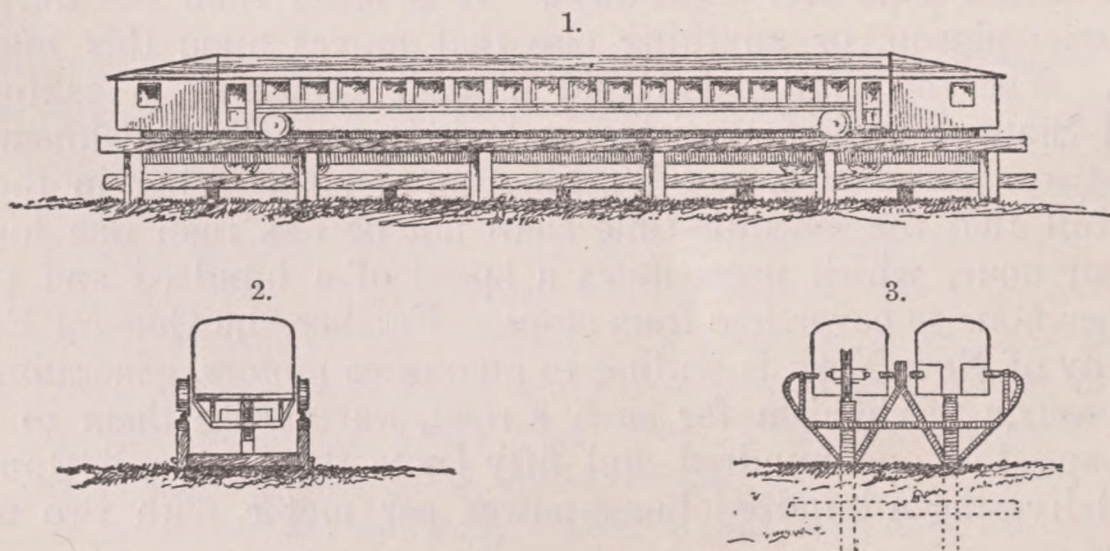
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WONDERS OF MODERN MECHANISM."

IT is generally conceded that sixty miles an hour is the practical limit of speed on steam railways, as at present constructed. It is rather startling, therefore, to be told that a company has been formed and that capital has been obtained for the purpose of erecting a railway which will bear trains at double this speed. A hundred and twenty miles an hour is a speed that, if maintained, would carry one around the world in a trifle over eight days. It is faster than the hurricane, the carrier-pigeon, or anything else that moves upon this mundane sphere. Yet the National Rapid Transit Company is asking the United States Senate for privileges looking to the establishment of a line between New York and Washington, and specifying in the proposed bill that the schedule-time shall not be less than one hundred miles an hour, which necessitates a speed of a hundred and twenty miles per hour to cover loss from stops. Further, the General Electric Company of New York is willing to guarantee motors, generators, and other electric mechanism for such a road, warranting them to maintain a speed of one hundred and fifty [note the fifty] miles an hour when delivering a hundred horse-power per motor, with two motors per car.

All this is possible through what is known as the Brott rapid transit system. This system makes use of what is miscalled a bicycle railway. It is not a bicycle construction in any proper usage of the word, which means two wheels; but the likeness to the bicycle is found in the fact that the supporting wheels are in line and run on a single rail, instead of on a parallel track, as in the ordinary railway. It is an elevated road, as no chances can be taken with grade crossings.

The supporting wheels—or traction wheels, as they are called—have very wide flanges, to keep them on the track, and balance is assured by side wheels which may occasionally touch the side stringers if the cars oscillate a little. It is well known that a body running on wheels arranged in a line tends to remain upright, so that these side wheels will have little to do except when a train is starting or stopping. These side wheels are to have pneumatic tires, to prevent jar to the passengers when they impinge against the stringers. The cars are to be made of steel and vulcanized timber. The electric motors will be of the gearless type, operating directly on the axle, one on each side. The electric current will be taken from a conductor on the trolley principle, and power-stations will be erected about fifty miles apart to supply the current by feeder-wires to intervening points. The conductor, which will be almost too large to be termed a wire, will probably be carried under the cars instead of overhead. It will deliver the current to the car-motors at a pressure of one thousand volts, double that used on street-railways. The generators at the power-stations will develop it at ten thousand volts, and transformers will be used to reduce it as it reaches the conductors. The three-phase alternating current system will be used.

The elevated double-track construction is such as to mutually brace the tracks. An even grade will be maintained by simply altering the length of the poles, which will be cheaper than the building of embankments and cuttings necessary in the construction of surface-roads. An almost absolutely straight line will be preserved, as curves interfere with speed. The supporting poles will be about twenty-five feet apart, and will be set into underground sills and braced below the frost-line. Light trains, preferably of two cars, will be run, and, as the system is entirely express, a higher rate of fare may be expected than is charged on existing lines.



The Brott Electric Bicycle Railway.—1. Car of Washington and Chesapeake Bay Line.
2. End view of same. 3. Double-track construction.

An experimental single-track line of thirty miles is to be built between Washington, D.C., and Chesapeake Bay, on the design shown in the illustration. The construction is most economical, requiring no iron or steel except for the track-rails. It will be observed that the cross-sill or tie rests on the ground, and to it are secured the posts that

support the stringers and side rails. The centre stringer has supports midway of each span, and being so near the surface the roadway will have all the strength and stability required. The centre rail will have normally an elevation of about two feet, except at road-crossings, where it will be elevated to afford passage underneath. The cross-ties may lie on the ground or be elevated, as the nature of the ground renders desirable. A steel-truss construction will be used in crossing rivers or deep gullies. The wood used in construction is to be subjected to a preserving process. The peculiar story-and-a-half design of the car should be noted, the half-story being below, and constituting a room forty feet long, six feet wide, and four feet high, suitable for carrying baggage, the mails, etc. It is reached by outside doors. Above is the compartment for passengers.

Another line is projected in the vicinity of Minneapolis. The simple construction would seem to be well suited for pleasure railways and light passenger traffic, and the success of these lines would undoubtedly lead to the construction of express lines between the great business centres of the world.

It is interesting to consider the reasons for believing that it is practical to maintain the high speeds possible with this system. The principal resistance to speed is, of course, frictional, and in the case of a railway is of three sorts,—flange friction, journal friction, and rolling friction. As a bicycle rail-car will tend to stand upright without mechanical assistance, the side friction of the flanges will be reduced to a minimum. A reduction in the curves of the track will also effect a saving, and between the two the saving of flange friction ought to be at least seventy-five per cent. Journal friction can be reduced in about the same proportion by using modern steel ball-bearings. Rolling friction can be reduced by the use of lighter cars. It does not amount to much, anyway. Locomotives have a reciprocating motion of the pistons that cannot approach in speed the rotary motion of an electric motor. With every stroke the piston and connections have to come to a dead halt and be reversed. A rotary motion is continuous, and in practice admits of certainly twelve times the speed obtainable with an equivalent reciprocating mechanism. Improved tracks, having no severe grades or curves, will do the rest.

How about the resistance of the air? some one will query, at this point. It is scarcely worth figuring on. If air-resistance increased with the square of the velocity, as many have maintained, how would it be possible to fire a projectile twelve miles with a single impulse? It is now claimed that it does not increase in that ratio. Mr. F. O. Crosby has demonstrated that air-pressure increases with the velocity, so that at one hundred and sixty miles an hour there would be twice the resistance at sixty miles an hour. It remains to be seen whether his conclusions will be accepted by physicists; but, whatever this resistance may amount to, it is in practice reducible about two-thirds by making the forward end of the train in the form of a pointed cone, so that the air simply glances off.

Engineer F. L. Averill, of Washington, who has figured on this problem, says that nine hundred and forty-seven horse-power would be

sufficient to drive a train of the character described one hundred miles an hour, on a two-per-cent. up-grade, against a head-wind blowing thirty miles an hour. He adds,—

“The tractive force necessary to move the train in this last example requires a total weight on driving-wheels of eleven thousand eight hundred pounds, far within the necessary weight of motors and cars.

“The power shown above to be necessary would require only from eighty to one hundred and eighteen horse-power motors to be applied to each of eight driving-axles. With six-foot drivers, to make one hundred and fifty miles per hour would require seven hundred revolutions per minute. That the power and velocity of motors would be well within present possibilities goes without saying.

“The electricians say that there is no difficulty likely in conducting the electric current from a trolley-wire to motors at this speed.

“Lubrication seems without difficulty, provided that all wheels are made somewhat larger than in the present railway cars and that the journals are ample in size to reduce the pressure on bearings.

“It would seem as if the promoters of high-speed projects had only to provide first-class machinery, cars, and roadway, taken with a good system, in order to fulfil their expectations with perfect safety. The benefits from such a high-speed service are incalculable. The influence upon commerce and all business would be marked. The great economy of time in travel and transportation would greatly stimulate both, and ought to bring a golden return to the successful project.”

The whole plan is so entirely practical that it is only a matter of time when such roads will be established between all important points. The substitution of the electric motor and special devices for fast travel may be delayed by the managers of steam-railways, whose business will be injured thereby, but the change has got to come. Present methods are not in keeping with the progressive science of the age. The steam-roads carry a ton of car-weight for every passenger they transport, where only four hundred pounds are required with the new system. The slaughter of people by crossing roads built at grade on the surface must be stopped, and this is one way to avoid it. Why should the mails occupy twenty-four hours in transit between New York and Chicago, when the distance can be covered in eight hours? Why should passengers be bothered with sleeping-car accommodations to make a journey that can be accomplished within the short hours that now constitute a legal working-day?

In the Brott system locomotives are dispensed with. The motors are on the axles, under the cars. Hence it is possible to dispense with the mighty locomotive, that has to be made nearly as heavy as the whole train in order to secure a proper hold upon the track. Now that ocean steamers have so closely approached railroad speed, it is high time that the land roads forged ahead before designers of water craft catch up.

Charles H. Cochrane.

A ROMANCE IN LATE FALL.

"THE thirty-first day of October. So it is. Hallowe'en! Queer how I seem to remember that date." The magazine fell from Miss Lucinda Damon's knee, and she drew her thin hand slowly across her eyes. "Well, I don't know that it is so strange, either," she added, reflectively, "for it was the last good time that I ever had. Only sixteen then, and I've been an old woman ever since."

The north wind whistled about the small cottage and seemed to emphasize its mistress's lonely mood; the half-burnt log in the fireplace fell with a dull thud, and Miss Lucinda rose to her feet with a sudden determination.

"I suppose I'm an old fool," she muttered, with a little deprecating laugh, "but I'm going to do it anyway. Luckily, there is no one here to see."

She took up the lamp and hastened into an adjoining bedroom. Her hands were trembling as she bent over an old cedar chest and lifted the lid, and a dull flush rose to her cheeks as she took from its depths a mass of crumpled muslin.

"It is wrinkled and yellowed," she said, with a faint smile, as she slipped off her dark alpaca and drew the dainty ruffled skirt over her head, "but it goes better with its owner than if it had kept its freshness all these years."

In a few moments she raised the lamp and held it up beside the mirror. She scarcely knew what she had expected to see. Perhaps she had unconsciously hoped that the old-time gown would bring back some of her lost girlishness. At all events, she seemed unprepared for the reflection which confronted her. Possibly it was the cut of the round baby waist finished in frills of soft lace about the shoulders which made the bones in her thin neck so startlingly prominent. Or perhaps the delicate gown once worn by the girl of sixteen made the now old and faded face above it look still older and more faded by its very incongruity.

Miss Lucinda shuddered slightly and turned away. Then a sudden gleam of hope came to her. "Ah, I forgot," she said, opening a drawer. "I always wore the amethyst necklace with this gown. Maybe it is the want of that which makes my neck look so—queer."

By this time she had in her hand a little jewel-box, and in another moment a quaint old-fashioned necklace of exquisite pearls and amethysts was clasped about the withered throat. She looked at the image seriously for a minute, and then gave a tremulous laugh. "It seems hard to believe, but I *was* pretty once. The night of my Hallowe'en party,—just before father lost his money and we left Dorset forever,—folks said that I was going to be a real beauty. Rather a waste to bring a beauty to Faxton to live. Here I have grown to be an ugly old woman,—an ugly old woman with not a single romance to look back upon; and yet they say that every woman has at least one in her life."

She took off her necklace and put it carefully back in the drawer where it had lain untouched for a score of years. She unfastened the broad belt ribbon of the pretty gown, hesitated, and then with a quick determination re-hooked it, while a shamefaced smile crept over her face at her own foolishness.

"May as well be consistent," she soliloquized. "If an old maid of fifty-three is weak-minded enough to try Hallowe'en charms, she ought to wear the trappings that go with such silly doings."

The wind penetrated keenly through the gauzy muslin as she stepped cautiously out of the side door, protecting her skirts with one hand and holding a tiny cracked mirror high in the other.

Then she began a slow passage backward around the house, once, twice. "My fate has one more chance," she laughed, softly, stopping to take breath before starting on her last pilgrimage.

The moon struggled out from behind a bank of dark clouds as she reached the shrubbery by the east corner, and it sent a little shaft of light straight onto the mirror. There was a startled cry, a swift rustle of muslin skirts, and Miss Lucinda was once more in the sitting-room, with both hands clasped above her beating heart; for in that brief flash of light the little spinster was sure she had seen a man's dark face reflected on the glass.

"My gracious me!" she panted, "I never had such a fright in my life. But it must have been imagination. No one could possibly be outside." She glanced fearfully at the shadeless windows, half expecting to see the face peering in at her. "What nonsense! It was dark, and my nerves were all in a flutter. It was most likely only a branch; and yet—I can see those strange eyes so distinctly. There, I won't be such a goose."

She gave her thin shoulders a resolute shake, and, going into the pantry, brought out a pan of apples, which she placed on the table before her. Selecting the largest and most perfect one, she cut the skin from it carefully, and then passed the long red paring about her head, giving it a quick throw over her left shoulder the fatal third time. It fell in a little twisted curl under the clock and made no intelligible form: so, after trying in vain to reconcile its shape with some one letter in the alphabet, Miss Lucinda turned her back on it disappointedly and knelt down by the hearth with a handful of chestnuts.

"The little one is for me," she said, placing two side by side on the coals. "And the big one—well, I don't want to name it for the grocer or the butcher or old Dr. Thornhill, so it will have to be just any one."

She watched the two chestnuts intently, holding her breath in suspense as the one she had named for herself slowly smouldered and became a little charred heap on the hearth. "I don't care, as long as the other one stays by it," she began. "And it is really—— Merciful heavens! what is that?"

A deafening crash came from the fields behind the cottage. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive mingled with shouts and terrified cries. Miss Lucinda sprang to her feet and flung open the outer door. A

flood of light from the little hall-way shone out across the adjoining meadow. By its aid she discerned a group of dim figures coming towards her from the direction of the railroad track which had been recently laid across the corner of her south meadow. In a moment she recognized old Dr. Thornhill, the foremost of the group. Behind him came two men bearing a motionless figure on a stretcher.

"Get some old linen, Lucinda," shouted the doctor as soon as he was within speaking-distance. "We will have to take him into the spare room on the ground-floor. He is too much hurt to be moved up-stairs."

"How did it happen?" quavered the little spinster, as she tore an old sheet into long strips.

"Accident to the eight-forty Springfield train, marm," returned one of the men. "Connectin'-rod to the injine broke an' ripped up all the sleepers. Two cars went off the track, but nobody was much hurt exceptin' him." And he pointed with his thumb towards the bed.

"Bandages," said the doctor, brusquely, and Miss Lucinda approached with the linen strips.

At the same moment the patient half opened a pair of dark eyes and fixed them blankly on her face.

"Why, here! what's this?" exclaimed the doctor, catching Miss Lucinda's swaying figure and dropping her without ceremony onto the wood-box. "Lucinda, woman, what's the matter with you? You are too old to turn pale at the sight of a little blood. One reason why I ordered this man to be brought here was because I knew you were such an excellent nurse."

By a strong effort Miss Lucinda controlled herself and rose steadily to her feet.

"It was just a passing weakness, doctor," she apologized, meekly. "I am perfectly calm now. It was because I thought I recognized—the face. But it couldn't be," she added, under her breath. "It couldn't be. This man was on the train five miles away at the time. *Could* it have been a presentiment?"

After the doctor had made his patient comfortable, he turned to the light with some papers in his hands which he had taken from the injured man's pockets, and began a vain search for an address.

There were several time-tables, a paper covered with rough figures, and a hastily drawn plan of the interior of a house, but there was no clue to the stranger's identity. The man watched him listlessly until, in further search in the pockets of the rough gray coat, the doctor drew forth a small pasteboard box. Then a quick gleam of intelligence brightened the dull eyes, and he made a faint clutch at it. Miss Lucinda was at his side in an instant.

"Don't open that, doctor," she said, laying her hand on his arm entreatingly. "See how it distresses him to have it touched. Give it to me, and let me take care of it for the present until he is better." And she gave the patient a protecting little glance as she carried the unopened box triumphantly away with her.

Half an hour later Dr. Thornhill went into the sitting-room to give Miss Lucinda parting instructions for the night.

"And I'll be up early in the morning," he concluded, buttoning his coat closely around him. "He will sleep quietly enough to-night with the narcotics I have given him. I won't answer for him to-morrow, though; so you had better get some rest yourself while you can. You won't feel in the mood for trying any more Hallowe'en charms to-night, I guess."

He glanced quizzically at the chestnuts on the hearth, and at the apple-paring in the corner of the room; then his gaze rested on the queer little figure of Miss Lucinda herself, and he smiled broadly.

Miss Lucinda became suddenly conscious of her ball-room attire. She made a weak effort to pull the lace higher about her throat, and for the first time in years an embarrassed blush burned in her cheeks. "To think I should be caught making such a simpleton of myself!" she murmured, as the door closed on the doctor. "I do hope *he* didn't notice!"

The few days that followed the accident were filled with keen interest for Miss Lucinda. As she sat by the bedside of the injured man, her thoughts strayed away from the practical, homely details of her real life, and she allowed her imagination free play, with at last something tangible to work upon. It was a quaint little romance that she finally fashioned out of the strange happenings that Hallowe'en. The image she had caught sight of in the glass while backing around the cottage the little spinster came to regard with a sacred sort of awe, termed it her "vision" in her dreams, and with a deep feeling of sentiment which had lain dormant all the long years previous she would glance at the dark face on the pillow and timidly note the resemblance it bore to the mirrored reflection.

The man never spoke, but now and then he would slowly open his eyes and reward his kind nurse with a glance which she readily interpreted as thanks for her untiring care. The only thing of which he seemed to be conscious was the small box which had caused him such excitement when he had seen it in the doctor's hands the night he had been brought to the cottage. To reassure him of its safety, Miss Lucinda had at length placed it under his pillow, and in his wakeful moments his hand would always steal into the hiding-place and clutch his treasure.

Whenever he slipped his hand under the pillow in this way, Miss Lucinda had a sudden sinking in her heart. It was quite possible that it contained some remembrance of a dead love,—"*or a gift to a living one,*" thought the little woman, with a shudder.

The business-like visits of the doctor broke rudely in upon these fanciful moments: his brusqueness brought the dreamer out of the clouds with an unpleasant shock.

"Lucinda," he said, one day, drawing her into the little kitchen, "I must confess that this case puzzles me. This man should have his wits about him by this time, if he is ever going to. And yet I can't get an intelligible word out of him."

Miss Lucinda looked grave. "The wound on his head——" she faltered.

"The wound on his head is nearly healed. No, I am beginning

to doubt—— I wish I could find out the fellow's address. It is queer there should be no name anywhere about him. Of course I have advertised in the papers, but no one comes to look him up. I thought when he began to improve he would be able to tell us something about himself, but whenever I try to question him he merely looks at me in a vague, wandering way, and does not seem to understand. If the man has escaped from a retreat——”

Miss Lucinda bridled as angrily as if Dr. Thornhill had questioned her own sanity.

“He is perfectly rational,” she protested. “You do not know how to approach him, that is all. He always knows—*me*.” And she looked down with a conscious smile.

“Hm! Well, then, if he does, do for heaven's sake find out his name,” growled the doctor, stamping out of the door.

That afternoon Miss Lucinda made her first attempt to obey his commands. She had been sitting by the bedside with her knitting-work, glancing occasionally at the invalid, who was sleeping quietly.

The last time that she raised her eyes, she found that he had awakened and was looking at her with a keen, bright gaze. Miss Lucinda blushed. She had found herself blushing many times in the last few days, and she rose with a little flurried movement.

“Dear! dear!” she said, nervously, “it is time for your medicine.”

After she had given it to him, she continued to stand beside the bed, turning the spoon absently between her thumb and forefinger.

“Don't you think,” she began, gently, “that you could perhaps tell me your name now?”

The stranger moved his head uneasily on the pillow.

“Or—where you came from?” she supplemented, timidly.

The man knitted his handsome brows in a quick frown and darted a strange look at her, but he did not answer. A swift thought came to the little spinster. “How stupid of us! He is a foreigner, of course, and has not understood one word that we have said. I will soon fix that.”

She hurried across the room to an old bookcase filled with the school-books which had not been opened for thirty-odd years. Hastily selecting one, she went back to the bedside and turned over the dusty leaves with eager fingers. Her patient watched her curiously.

“He is Frenchier-looking than he is German, so I guess I will try that first,” she decided, aloud, running her forefinger down the yellowed margin of the book. Then, in a loud, staccato voice, she demanded,—

“*Parlez—vous—Français?*”

The words had a singular effect upon the patient. He bit his lips violently, then turned his face away from her and broke into a smothered laugh. Miss Lucinda drew back in alarm. This apparently uncalled-for mirth confirmed only too sadly the doctor's theory. Two loving tears rolled down the little woman's cheeks, and she laid her frail hand with a protecting movement on the brown head.

“My poor love,” she murmured, solemnly, “I will take care of you always. They shall not shut you up again.”

The man gave a quick gasp and raised himself on his elbow. "My God!" he cried, wildly. "How did you find out?"

Miss Lucinda backed away from him in terror.

"Oh—oh—lie down again," she quavered. "I—would not have said that—if I had thought you—would understand. Oh, do lie down again, and don't for mercy's sake move till I come back."

The next instant she was running across the fields towards Dr. Thornhill's house, two miles away.

When the doctor's buggy rattled up to the little cottage an hour later, Miss Lucinda was the first to alight, and she rushed into the house at once.

The doctor, following, found her standing in the middle of the deserted chamber, staring blankly at the small pasteboard box which lay on the empty pillow, and holding a piece of inky brown paper in her hand. Together they breathlessly read the words scrawled upon it:

"Dont lay it up against me for litein out like this. But I found I had pressin bizness in the city when I found you was on to me. You are a sharp one. How did you ever guess I was a jail-bird?" (Miss Lucinda clutched the doctor's arm.) "But I aint bad all threw as you will find by lookin in that box on the piller." (Here the doctor seized the box, cut the cord which bound it, and shook out the contents on the bed. Miss Lucinda stared in a dazed way at her own necklace of amethyst and pearls which lay in a little heap before her.) "I warnt on that train that got busted at all. I was goin threw Faxon and I seen the light in yer winder and you afore the glass a riggin yerself up ter kill." (The spinster's very ears grew pink.) "I watched you put away your jewels and I got in the winder while you was goin round the house, and took em. Then I cut acrost the fields and as I was stoppin to let the train go by that blasted injine broke and somethin hit me on the head. I didnt know nothin more till I found that old fool of a doctor had got me tucked up here in bed. Then I couldnt seem to git away. You and him was always watchin me. But you can take yer oath I shant never forgit how good you was to me. You have been a reel mother and I shall always think of yer like that——"

"A mother!" breathed the spinster, faintly. "A mother!" And when the doctor had gone, Miss Lucinda knelt down by the hearth and watched her only love-letter crumble away to a heap of feathery ashes.

Marjorie Richardson.

NOVEMBER.

THE year wanes not in sadness or dejection,
But with the thoughtfulness of retrospection.

Grace F. Pennypacker.

WITH THE OYSTER POLICE.

IN spite of the fact that it is sometimes possible to step onto the high street of Crisfield at twelve o'clock noon and fail to discover indications of animate existence, this little Maryland town, located on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, possesses claims to distinction which every epicure will regard with profound respect. It is the geographical centre of the habitat of the diamond-back terrapin, and boasts the largest annual capture and shipment of this aristocratic reptile. It was here that an ingenious process was discovered for causing crabs to shed their shells on short notice, thus creating the possibility of unlimited soft crabs on demand. Crisfield has tried the experiment of frog-farming, with problematical success. Boats come to its wharves laden with freshly caught cargoes of shad, sea-trout, bay-mackerel, and fat-backs,—the last a little, round, unsung fish, a taste for which should never be acquired, as it will thereafter be an inextinguishable hunger and fever in the blood. The small number of fat-backs taken, combined with the characteristic disinclination of the Marylander to sell anything that can be eaten at home, may render this warning superfluous, for it is probable that the fat-back, laid open and browned to the exact color of an oak-leaf after it has been touched by three black frosts, will forever remain a delicacy peculiar to the Eastern Shore.

From the windows of Crisfield homes it is possible to observe the short aquatic flights of wild ducks and Canada geese; and the finest oyster-ground in the world lies just off the town. The men of the village are in turn fishermen, crabbers, terrapin-catchers, duck-gunners, and oyster-tongers, according to the season and the exigencies of the weather; and they literally scoop, tong, seine, dredge, and drag their living from the waters of the great bay, which washes in miniature waves against their moss-grown wharves.

Hastening down to the water-front of Crisfield, one afternoon in the winter of 1891, I noticed that the habitual quietude of the town was strangely disturbed. Knots of weather-beaten men occupied the corners, stragglers with guns on their shoulders were moving in the direction of the bay, women were hurrying from door to door, and the whole street was pervaded by an air of preparation, possibly not unfamiliar to those whose memories embrace the year 1861. The fragments of conversations which came to my ears were not unmarked by profanity, and the words "oysters," "pirates," "line," "Virginia," and "Maryland" seemed to predominate. Circumstances did not permit me to pause for the purpose of inquiring into the cause of this excitement; at which, in truth, I could make a tolerably correct guess, for the conflict known in local annals as "the Pocomoke oyster war" was then waging, and Crisfield was the basis of naval operations from the Maryland side. My reason for haste lay in the fact that I carried a letter from an influential State official, requesting the captain of the

oyster police sloop *Daisy Archer* to take me aboard as a passenger for the space of the twenty-four hours following the receipt of the note, or as much longer as circumstances might determine; and I feared that any delay would reduce the chances of finding the boat at her day-anchorage in Crisfield harbor.

Arriving at the wharf, my fears were dispelled by seeing the sloop lying a quarter of a mile out and making no visible preparations for immediate departure. The offer of a gratuity procured the services of a boatman, who fulfilled his promise of putting me aboard in less than ten minutes.

"Air yo' one o' the oyster p'lice?" he inquired, as he reached forward for a stroke.

"No. I am simply going to take passage for a few hours on the sloop."

"Better think twice't about it, 'less yo' has partic'lar business down the Sound. That boat's goin' ter see trouble 'fore mornin'."

As the skiff a couple of minutes later touched the low, black side of the sloop, I had no opportunity of inquiring particularly into the basis of the man's apprehensions. Climbing over the gunwale and asking for the captain, one of the crew conducted me into the small but comfortably furnished cabin, and introduced me to Captain Hudson, a spare but kindly-smiling man, who welcomed me with a courtesy that deepened into cordiality when he had examined the credentials which I presented.

"So you want to take passage on the *Archer*? Well, you come at a good time,—that is, if you are fond of excitement. We have our hands full of this oyster war. I received a telegram from below, this afternoon, saying that the Virginia boatmen were gathering in force to make a raid into what we consider Maryland waters. If this information proves correct, there will probably be a battle on the Pocomoke Sound to-night. What was the feeling in Crisfield when you left?"

"The town seemed to be unusually alive."

"It's the same all along the shore. Every oysterman who goes out is armed to the teeth, and there have been not less than a hundred shots exchanged on the Sound during the past week."

"Captain," I said, "I should like some preliminary information regarding the merits of the interstate controversy which has assumed such a warlike aspect."

"I shall be glad to give you the benefit of such knowledge as I possess, if you will first excuse me for a few minutes while I go on deck and give orders for getting under way. The police steamer, *Governor McLane*, broke her propeller last night, and is now on the way to Baltimore, in tow of a tug. The sloop ordered from Annapolis to take her place cannot possibly arrive in less than thirty-six hours; in the mean time the *Daisy Archer* will have to fight this battle single-handed. Better come on deck and take a look at my boat."

It was evident at a glance that the *Archer* was built for speed rather than stability or capacity. Allowing for a little extra breadth of beam, her build was precisely that of a shallow-draught, forty-five-foot racing yacht; and, as the mainsail slowly rose on the mast, I

roughly estimated its area as well up toward a thousand square feet. A small brass gun on the forward deck was the only indication that the sloop was designed for offensive purposes; though the rifles and revolvers which I had noticed in the cabin were sufficient to remove any impression that the *Archer* was merely a pleasure-boat.

"This whole trouble," said the captain, "originated in a piece of negligent surveying. You are aware that the lower end of the great peninsula which separates the Chesapeake from the ocean belongs to Virginia. The boundary-line between that State and Maryland begins at the Atlantic, runs due west until it strikes the Pocomoke River, at or near its mouth, turns sharply to the southwest, and then, somewhere out in the bay, is again deflected toward the mouth of the Potomac. In other words, the line zigzags across the Chesapeake, and to-day, the record of the original survey being lost, it is impossible to locate the points of these angles or authoritatively to declare the number of degrees they contain. In spite of numerous attempts at arbitration, the line between Maryland and Virginia, so far as this marine territory is concerned, is still undetermined. Maryland contends that beginning at the mouth of the Pocomoke the line runs southwest at an angle of about forty-five degrees, exactly bisecting Pocomoke Sound, and so continues to the middle of the bay. Virginia, on the principle that the portion of the Chesapeake which lies directly between her eastern and western shores belongs to her, holds that, beginning at the same point, the line makes an angle of not more than five degrees to the southwest, thus just escaping the most southerly point of Maryland territory. This leaves a triangular section of the bay disputed property. The base of this triangle is twelve and its sides sixteen miles long, and the angle of the apex, in the mouth of the Pocomoke, is nearly forty degrees.

"For more than a century this fact was considered of no importance, the authorities of the two States never dreaming that it would ever become the subject of dispute. But the discovery of the possibility of growing oysters in artificial beds threw a new light on the situation, for those interested soon ascertained that this territory was, for its size, one of the most valuable oyster-grounds in the world. This is peculiarly true of the Sound upon whose waters we are now sailing. It is almost completely landlocked, that chain of islands in the west forming a natural breakwater which shields it from the rough waves outside. It is of uniform and favorable depth, and certainly not in the Chesapeake, perhaps not in the United States, would it be possible to find a bit of ground so well adapted to the laying down of oysters. Warrants covering it have been issued both by Maryland and Virginia, each assuming an undisputed ownership; and, as the neighboring citizens of the two States who hold these conflicting guarantees have made frequent complaints of territorial invasion, the contending commonwealths, pending further arbitration, have determined to support their rights by force. This explains the presence of armed police sloops in these waters."

"You are empowered, then——?"

"My orders are to repel any invasion, by citizens of Virginia, of

territory to which Maryland lays claim, and to support the people of my State in the enjoyment of the rights defined by the warrants in their possession."

"What number of warrants have been issued?"

"They are held by hundreds of oystermen in each State. Only a limited section, comprising about six acres, is assigned to each individual, and these waters are amply broad enough to accommodate all who may apply. It is impossible to exaggerate the bitterness which has thus been aroused. It is as though two parties laid claim to the same piece of valuable farming or mining land and each side had assembled its retainers for the purpose of resisting aggression by the other."

During the progress of this conversation the Archer was running rapidly down the Sound, under the influence of a fresh easterly breeze, which, however, seemed to be moderating with the sinking of the sun toward the horizon. I called the captain's attention to the remarkably large number of sloops and little fore-and-aft-rigged bateaux that were putting out from the coves and creeks along shore.

"Yes," he replied, "and every man in those boats has a musket lying at his feet. Entertaining a well-founded distrust of our ability to repel the pirates, for so oyster thieves are called, they are going down to protect their individual beds; though it is quite possible that some of them are actuated by curiosity, or even by the mere love of fighting. Many of these people have their entire worldly capital invested in the waters of this Sound; and to the fact that they are, as a consequence of their exposed life, rough and desperate men, you must add the consideration that they are literally contending for their only reliable means of subsistence, their fishing and crabbing being merely side-issues to the great business of oystering."

"Bring up the guns and ammunition," ordered the commander, addressing two of the crew, who were leaning against the great boom which obliquely traversed the deck.

The men lifted a hatchway located just abaft the mast, and, from a miniature magazine, handed up a number of small bags containing cannon-powder, and some solid shot, apparently about an inch in diameter. Having deposited these in an iron chest in the rear of the gun, they proceeded to bring up from the cabin a dozen Winchester rifles, which they placed in racks arranged for the purpose at convenient points about the deck.

"In case we get into a skirmish," said Captain Hudson, "and you do not fancy being shot at without returning the fire, you are at perfect liberty to use any of these weapons. The magazines are full, and each of them is good for thirteen shots."

"An inauspicious number, captain."

"Yes," he replied, "but more unlucky for the man at the muzzle than for the man at the breech."

There could be no doubt that, so far as preparations aboard the Daisy Archer counted, the situation was rapidly assuming a decidedly warlike appearance. The jib was hauled down and snugly lashed, lest it should interfere with shots over the bow. Four of the crew, well

accustomed to their duties, settled themselves at convenient points behind the forward bulwarks; and two others, removing the cover from the breech of the brass gun, busied themselves in a minute examination of the heavier portion of our armament.

"Do you really mean to tell me, captain," I said, impressed by the grim air that was beginning to pervade the deck, "that the Virginia oystermen will venture into a territory protected by a boat so well armed as this sloop?"

"You must remember that they have the whole width of this Sound in which to manœuvre, and that it is impossible for us to cover a watery surface of at least seventy-five square miles. While we, as at present, are skirting the eastward shore, a dozen boats may slip past us, under cover of those islands, load with stolen oysters, and get back within the jurisdiction of Virginia, before we are even aware of their presence on this side of the line."

During all this time, possibly two hours, the sloop had been gradually eating her way into the wind, and approaching the mouth of the Pocomoke River. Now the helm was put to starboard, the sheet squared, and, at accelerated speed, we dashed off to the southwest.

"We are going down the line now," said the captain. "The Maryland oystermen are instructed that they must not approach within two miles of the boundary, that there may be no danger of the police mistaking them for invaders. Any sail appearing in the west or south is likely to be that of a pirate."

For the next hundred minutes silence and darkness reigned on the deck. The freshening breeze urged the little sloop through the water at a tremendous rate, sometimes dashing her bow beneath the crest of one of the short waves ahead and covering the men forward with semi-saline spray. Occasionally a moving congeries of lights appeared in the west, indicating the presence of a steamer in the main channel up and down the bay, and once or twice the fierce beam of an electric search-light swept across our sail.

"If the pirates are out to-night they are keeping very quiet," remarked the commander, as he ordered the steersman to put the sloop about. "We can run no further in this direction without bumping into an island. We must work to eastward again, and come back over the same course."

On this new tack we showed a light ahead, for it carried us through the fleet of Maryland boats, some of which we were dimly able to distinguish, lying at anchor, but with all sails set. An occasional hail floated over the water to our ears, and sometimes an oath seemed to form itself out of the darkness and come hurtling across the deck, generally originating in the vicinity of some boat whose berth was too closely threatened by our rushing prow. A series of short tacks carried us back into the broad mouth of the river, and at twelve forty-five the boom was again squared for the run down the line.

"All eyes open now!" was the order.

The darkness was lifting a little, auspicious of moonrise, and, as a light that grew almost into a dawn was gradually diffused over the surface of the water, our vision, made acute by long peering through

the darkness, caught the glint of many sails, directly ahead and sweeping in a great half-circle toward the southeast.

"Great Cæsar!" ejaculated the captain. "The pirates are really coming in force. The whole Virginia fleet seems to be bearing down upon us. Is that gun all right?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Stand by, ready for a shot. Are you in your places forward there?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" came in chorus from the four men who were assigned to duty along the gunwale.

"Don't fire till I give the word; then aim midway of their sails."

The notes of preparation were still sounding as we dashed into the advance guard of the piratical fleet, this skirmish line consisting of five small sloops, the largest of which was not more than twenty-five or twenty-eight feet long.

"Boats ahoy!" shouted the commander of the Archer, addressing those within hailing distance. "You must leave these waters. About, there, and hurry!"

It was evident that the Virginians were making a concerted movement upon the oyster grounds, for the sloops calmly disregarded the order; nor did they deign a reply to the repeated hails which the captain flung right and left at the boats which were within range of his long-distance voice. This indifference had no salutary effect upon the temper of the commander, and his accents rapidly changed from the mildly persuasive to the roughly imperative.

"Get back there!" he roared. "Put about, or I'll fire on you!"

It was, perhaps, fear of the police sloop's gun which prevented the oystermen from replying in the terms characteristic of their profession; but terror of the brass one-pounder did not rise to the degree which induces precipitate flight, for the northward movement of the boats was not interrupted.

"This is one of the difficulties with which we have to contend," said the captain. "It would be easy for us to capture a few of these boats, but that would have no effect upon the others, which, as you observe, are scattered in a line five or six miles long. The only thing possible is to get the advance guard on the run, and thus strike a panic into the fleet."

"Starboard your helm," he called to the man at the wheel.

"Starboard 'tis."

"Haul the sheet in flat."

"Flat 'tis."

"Hold her on that upper sloop."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

By this time the boat which led the fleet was some distance away, but we rapidly overhauled her, and in ten minutes we were close on her quarter.

"Aim for her mast," was the order. "Are you ready? Fire!"

There was a flash, a roar, and a great cloud of white powder-smoke floating to leeward. The piratical sloop had a gaping hole in her canvas, and that was all. Not quite all, either; for, like miniature

echoes from the bends of the surrounding sails, four rifle-shots rang out in quick succession, and as many bullets whistled across the deck of the *Archer*, one traversing the cabin in its flight.

"They're showing their teeth!" cried the captain. "Try another shot, and see if you can't chip a mast this time. You boys along the gunwale there, fire at every flash you see, and aim low: we must show 'em that we mean business."

For the next twenty minutes the *Daisy Archer* was transformed into a veritable sloop of war. The little cannon barked almost as fast as it could be loaded and aimed, and the intervals were punctuated by the sharp reports of the rifles along the sides. Crouching on the deck, by advice of the captain, lest I should chance to interpose a physical obstruction to one of the bullets, which passed with a peculiar and unpleasant, tearing sound through our mainsail, I could not well observe the destructive effects of the successive discharges; but I was soon convinced that our gunners were not so practised in their art as some of whom we read in the history of naval warfare. No cheer proclaimed that one of the enemy's masts had gone by the board, and no "Ha, ha! we hulled her that time!" was wafted to my ears from the forward deck. Indeed, I imagine that, in spite of our heavier armament, the *Archer*, overborne by superior numbers, would have come off second-best in the conflict had we not received unexpected reinforcements. The Maryland oystermen, whose boats were lying at a distance not exceeding a mile and a half from the battle-ground, attracted by the firing, raised their anchors and came sailing down, only too eager to witness and participate in the fight.

With their arrival the conflict became general. The moonlit surface of the Sound was transformed into a scene of indescribable confusion. I roughly estimated that at least forty sloops, each manned by two or three riflemen, were engaged. To the eastward, as far as the eye could see, the semi-darkness was pierced by quick flashes; and as the police boat darted hither and thither, wherever the combat was thickest, our arrival was hailed by about equal proportions of cheers and hoots; and more than one Virginia pirate that night, after consigning the *Archer* and her crew to Hadean regions, did his best to accomplish the fulfilment of his maledictions in behalf of those of our number who were unprepared for such a rapid transition.

The presence of the police sloop, however, served to turn the scale in favor of the Maryland fleet. Half an hour after the firing of the first gun the captain called my attention to the fact that some of the Virginia boats were in retreat, and with this evidence of defeat the thought of flight seemed to pervade the hostile squadron. Sloop after sloop put about and, with quartering sheet, fled to the south, firing a few parting shots over the stern.

Our gunners, in vindication of their prowess, pointed triumphantly to the fact that one of the enemy's boats was disabled by a shot which parted her halyards, thus rendering her an easy capture. Four others were taken by our allies the oystermen, and their crews delivered to the police sloop for safe-keeping. Rough fellows they were, and unsubdued in spirit, even under the stress of captivity in the cabin and

with the prospect of six months in the workhouse stretching away before them.

With five confiscated boats, in charge of improvised Maryland crews, following in our wake, we worked slowly back to Crisfield harbor, where we cast anchor an hour after sunrise. After expressing my gratitude for the cordial but dangerous hospitality of Captain Hudson, and commending the courage of the crew, I escaped to the shore and a hotel, where an accommodating landlord won my undying regard by furnishing me with an extra supply of blankets, wherewith to thaw the water-chill out of my bones.

I believe that, with the possible exception of similar incidents attending the disputed seal-fisheries in Behring Sea, this is the only occasion since the close of the civil war upon which a cannon has been fired, with hostile intent, in territory belonging to the United States.

David Bruce Fitzgerald.

A POET.

THE angels had fashioned a human soul; and they brought it before the Lord of Life, that he might lay his hand upon it and bid it live. And as the Lord of Life laid his hand upon the soul, he spake unto the angels, saying, "Ye have done well. This soul shall be a Poet. He shall dwell upon the high places; he shall know Truth, and his love shall be universal."

Now, the Soul heard what the Lord of Life said, and as the angels bore him down to the earth he remembered the saying, and treasured it in his heart. Yet while he dwelt upon the earth as a little child he marvelled over the words of the Lord of Life, and could not comprehend them; but when he had grown to manhood he began to understand. And when their meaning grew clear to him, he confided to his bosom friend what he had heard the Lord of Life say. But his friend answered him with a laugh,—

"What nonsense! You have been dreaming. Why, you are but such another as myself, who must work for your living here in the valley. You have no time to go up to the high places to sing."

Then the Poet sighed, and resolved to speak no more of the matter; yet he knew that it was not a dream, that he had really heard those great words, and that they had been spoken of his own soul.

But one day the Poet fell in love with a maid who dwelt near him; and when he had told her of his love, because he would not hide anything from her, he told her also what the Lord of Life had said.

Then tears came into the eyes of the maiden, and she spoke sadly: "What the Lord of Life hath uttered must be true. Leave me. Go up into the high places; learn to know Truth, and let thy love be universal. Though it break my heart, I must bid thee go."

"Nay," he answered, "I will not leave thee. If it had been for me to walk in the high places, I should not have been born in the valley. Truth hath not been revealed unto me, nor is my love universal, but for thee alone. The Lord of Life hath lied."

Then the maiden shuddered, and said, "Blaspheme not the Lord of Life. Go up, I say, go up into the high places, and there inquire of him what he would have thee do. Go up into the high places. Though it break my heart, I must bid thee go."

Then the Poet answered her lightly, "Since you wish it, beloved, I will go. But when I inquire of the Lord of Life if I am to be a Poet, he will mock me, saying, 'Hast thou known Truth at all? Or is thy love universal?' I shall return to thee ere the night falleth."

Then the Poet went up into the high places and cried aloud, saying, "O Lord of Life, what wouldst thou have me do? Is it thy will that I should be a poet?"

And the Lord of Life answered, "Even so."

Then the Poet marvelled, and would not yet believe but that the Lord of Life mocked him. And he sought to reason even against the Lord of Life, saying,—

"It cannot be that I shall sing upon the heights, for I was born but in a valley, and it is hard for me to climb."

The Lord of Life answered, "Yea, it is hard; but it is possible."

"But I know not what Truth is like at all."

"Long shalt thou seek for Truth, and shalt find it after many years."

"But my love is not universal. I love only the maid who dwells in the valley below. I pray thee, O Lord of Life, let me return unto her. It is not for me to be a poet."

Then the Lord of Life spake sternly:

"Thou shalt return to the valley no more. Thy life-work awaits thee."

Now, when the Poet heard that he should see his beloved no more, he was sorely grieved; and he reproached the Lord of Life, saying, "If it was written from the beginning that I should be a Poet, why hast thou thus dealt with me? Why was I born in the valley, and not upon the heights? And why do I love the maiden so? Through this has great anguish come upon me, and a longing that will not cease."

Then the Lord of Life laid his hand gently upon the Poet, and comforted him. And when he had comforted him, he said,—

"Through the pain and the longing that are in thy heart, thou shalt learn the pain and the longing of all humanity. And when thou hast learned that, thy lips will be opened, and thou shalt sing a marvellous song. And they who dwell in the valley below shall hear thy song, and bless thee for it. For because thou wast born in the valley, and lovest the maiden thereof, thy song shall be even such a song as all men desire to hear."

And it came to pass even as the Lord of Life had said.

Geraldine Meyrick.

THE PET MEANNESS.

IT is a very curious thing that everybody, nearly, has a rooted aversion to giving away some one thing. No matter how generous the man or the woman may be, in this one thing he or she is a miser.

Baron James Rothschild did not in the least mind giving thousands of dollars to a hospital, tens of thousands in dozens of directions; but when it came to stamps, the great financier, it is said, could not bear to pay the postage on his private letters, but would send them at the expense of the firm. With "*Madame Chère Mère*," in one of Frederika Bremer's charming stories, it was lace. She could give her children houses and lands, and to yield them fields and farms did not cause her a pang; but when it became a question of duchess "point" she confessed that nothing could be more painful than to part from the least bit of it.

One of the richest women in this country hoards matches as if they were so many wands studded with diamonds. She will give one or two, under protest, to a relative in need of them, but she buys them by the gross, and lights and relights them until the last charred bit falls off, leaving her often with burnt fingers and a regretful wish that "she could have used that one once more." When her children come of age, she gives each of them two hundred thousand dollars with the greatest possible cheerfulness, but if they were to ask her for a whole box of matches she would feel that she was being impoverished, and if they took six, that she was being robbed.

Then there is the well-known case of the millionaire who supports a newsboys' home, but will never buy a paper unless he can beat down the boy who is selling it and get it at half-price,—after which he not infrequently presents him with a quarter. If one could lay bare the secret motives and springs of action exposed in such cases, it would be curious to see how far habit, prejudice, and mania affect each case. One woman, with a davenport stuffed full of writing-materials, can't bear to lend an envelope; another draws the line at needles, though she has more packets of them than she will ever open, and a bank-account that insures her thousands more if she should need them. One man will give his friend a horse that costs fifteen hundred dollars, and begrudge him a single ivory shirt-stud. Another will give a handsome dinner to twenty people, that will cost him hundreds, and feel it an affliction to pay a car-fare. Still another has been known to buy a yacht, provision it, sail around the world with it, entertain successive sets of people on it in the handsomest style, and pay all his bills for these expenses with the most praiseworthy regularity, except those for black pepper. Bands to play on board, bunting to decorate the yards, expensive suppers for any number of people, wines by the dozen hampers, flowers enough to fill the hugest conservatory, additional servants, tons of coal, an extra launch, will all pass unnoticed, un-

challenged ; but when it comes to pepper he makes notes, consults cook-books, summons cooks, makes his steward's life a burden to him, —so much so that he has been known to have nine of these indispensable functionaries in his employment in the course of five seasons. Unlike the Chevalier Xavier de St.-Foix, "*sans six sous, et sans souci*," he makes himself miserable over the minnow, and swallows the whales without making a single face. He will have pepper, but it must be got below the market price all over the world, and must be used as he uses it ; that is, as if it were gold-dust instead.

Shoes were the pet meanness of a distinguished English nobleman whose ground-rents in London alone would have shod all its inhabitants for centuries to come. It is related of him that he once took his favorite pair in person to a cobbler, and that after carefully examining them the man said to him, "I never saw the like since I've been at the business. You are either the greatest pauper in England, or the Marquis of —."

"I am the marquis, not the pauper," said his lordship, and, far from being offended, seemed greatly amused. To mount a new pair of shoe-strings, even, is pain and grief to him, and a new pair of shoes always brings on a violent fit of gout, so vehemently is he opposed to the sad necessity of donning them at all.

Lord Eldon was a peer of this pattern, only he proceeded to the other extremity, and would never allow his wife and daughters but one bonnet between them. One wonders what pretty Betty Surtees saw in him to induce her to elope with him, cost what it might.

There is a Frenchman whose eccentricity in respect of a pet meanness is very often commented upon in Paris ; for, though he has a model establishment and positively rolls in money, he cannot bear to use towels freely,—his own or his neighbors'. It is said that upon staying at one of the old castles of Brittany for a week he took his hostess aside privately and showed her over three dozen towels that he had been gloating over for days. "All these, madame, I have saved," he remarked, with great delight. "Your servants put them in my room, it is true, but I and my wife have only used one between us. Servants are careless, wasteful creatures : I return the rest."

A thoroughly consistent "crank," this, for most people's economies become extravagances when the property of other people is in question. Indeed, with a great number of persons the pet meanness assumes that very form. Who has not known them—the people who save their own books and dog's-ear yours ; the lady who locks up her own hair-pins and pockets three packages in the room where she is billeted as a guest ; the man who saves all his own cigars and helps himself to a most disgusting extent to those of his host ; the neighbor who will not risk her velvet coat in a snow-storm, but borrows her cousin's without the least anxiety ? It is but "doing unto others as you would they should do unto you" wrong side out ; but there are sensitive souls that resent this form of selfishness more than any other.

There have been some truly sublime examples of that kind of thing. The most harrowing that I can recall is that of, let us say, Mrs. A., who sent a note to Mrs. B. asking for the loan of a lace

founce. It was accorded, with the understanding that it was to appear at a certain fancy-ball and then to be promptly returned. The ball came off in due season, and, as it happened, a death occurred in Mrs. B.'s family that week, so that her thoughts were not of flounces for some time. When she did remember the matter, she wrote a note to Mrs. A., and received in return a small parcel of lace done up in a very soiled sheet of paper. She opened it, and found a number of strips of black lace, cut into short lengths,—no note, apology, or explanation. She recognized the pattern of her white lace founce, valued at five thousand dollars. The only thing Mrs. A. ever said about the affair was naïve in the extreme. "Why, what did she expect? My dress was a red satin Spanish one. It would have ruined the costume to put white lace on it. I couldn't think of such a thing. I wouldn't make a fright of myself for anybody, and I couldn't cut mine." There was a very pretty quarrel, you may be sure, a scandal, a suit; but Mrs. A. remained unconvicted of a pet meanness, though she had a valuable collection of laces of many kinds, black and white.

All these are but cases of arrested development in mania, and that miserliness which has been called the safe form of madness. Old Elwes blowing out his rushlight when his friend came to see him (also a miser), because he could "talk just as well in the dark," is but the rounded and perfect exponent of the same principle of action pushed to its utmost extreme. And curious it is to think that every one of us is a potential miser when he cries, "Oh, don't touch *that*. See here! Come away! I'll give you anything else, but don't ask me for ——" (some trivial, absurd thing). There are people who can't bear to part with a pin. There are people who can't stand the idea of separating from a cake of soap. There are people who pine miserably at the thought of giving away a pill. None of them, however, would mind giving advice to anybody who could be induced to receive—I will not say act on—it; and it is about the only thing of little or no importance (as a rule) that people are willing to part with freely, though economy in this direction would be appreciated by large numbers of youths and maidens, servants and children, bankrupts and invalids.

As a rule, too, it is only among the prosperous that one finds the pet meanness. The poor haven't time to develop fads of any kind; they never have much of anything, but they give of their little in a way that puts their richer neighbors to the blush.

The most amusing instance I can recall of the effect of a suddenly acquired fortune upon a pet meanness is that told by an English author about an old woman in an almshouse who came into a million by a Chancery decision that had been pending a hundred years. She bought everything that money could buy,—silks, velvets, laces, furs, estates, carriages, horses, *soi-disant* friends even. She threw away her bank-notes upon everything imaginable, in a kind of frenzy of possession. But when it came to tea, she suffered: she debated, she chaffered, but she never could make up her mind to buy and pay for, at any one time, more than a "quarter of a pound of good black Bohea." She would have felt beggared by a pound of any tea at any price; it

had always been so precious to her that she had lost all sense of its intrinsic value. Perhaps it represented to some extent the bright unattainable, without which life has no zest.

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

A BRUSH WITH KIWAS.

WHILE on a prospecting tour through the Indian Territory in the fall of 1856, we stopped one day, for the usual "nooning," on the bank of the Arkansas River, a dozen miles or so below Bent's Fort, at which we had, the day before, attended a grand powwow of traders and Kiowa Indians. Some members of this tribe, despite the sturdy denials of those present at the palaver, were known to have lately massacred small parties of white immigrants.

My companions were Colonel Henry King, still living, and his younger brother Dan; while, to take care of our big supply-wagon, four mules, and three saddle-horses, we had two servants,—one an Irishman named Mike Grogan, the other a Georgia negro called Sam. Though fairly good men in their way, these two were perhaps the most comical and blundering pair that ever furnished amusement for and tried the patience of any company of travellers. Neither could use a gun to any purpose,—they carried none, in fact,—and hence there were but three of us to withstand any attack of wandering savages.

At that time breech-loading repeating guns had not been introduced; but, besides our revolvers, Dan King and I were armed with single muzzle-loaders, while the colonel rejoiced in the possession of a fearfully heavy double rifle, expressly made for him out of two Springfield barrels, forming a rather clumsy but most effective weapon.

After dining and enjoying a two hours' rest, we were about to hitch up the wagon mules again and resaddle our horses for the road, when, suddenly emerging from an adjacent belt of timber, there rode up to us a band of fourteen war-painted Kiowas, all armed with flint-lock smooth-bore guns. Among them we instantly recognized a chief who had been especially emphatic in protestations of friendship during the powwow at the fort.

The mere presence of these warriors conclusively proved that they had purposely followed our trail, and, versed in Indian ways as we were, it hardly needed their surly, lowering looks and guileful manner to convince us that mischief was brewing and that our lives were in imminent danger. Dismounting in ominous silence, the fellows attempted to mingle with us; but our leader, Colonel King, sternly ordered them off, in the same breath telling Mike and Sam to huddle the animals up in a bunch by the wagon and keep guard over them. Meantime, we three stood, with poised rifles, awaiting the first overt act on the part of the savages, who, somewhat taken aback by our coolness, now handled their antiquated guns in an irresolute though still threatening manner.

Just at this moment a lone pelican, slowly floating on outstretched, fixed wings, came sailing down the river, at a distance of about one hundred yards from us, and, apparently, seventy yards high.

Moved by an impulse for which, as he has often since said, he could never account, the colonel threw up his rifle and fired at the bird, which, greatly to our surprise, though we well knew our comrade's skill, whirled over and over, came toppling down, and fell into the water with a splash.

"Be jabbers, kurnel, that was a grand shot intoirely! Shure it's yersilf has the ilegant eye in yer head!" exclaimed Mike, while Sam's delighted grin well-nigh made an islet of his wool-crowned skull.

The utter unexpectedness of the shot and the still more unexpected sight of the falling pelican seemed to temporarily paralyze the Kiowas. Then the chief broke out into a fit of half-silly laughter and clapped his hand to his mouth with a long, guttural grunt, the other braves dutifully following suit, as the whole crowd gazed at the lucky marksman with mingled respect and astonishment, casting their eyes from him to the pelican, from the latter to him again, and once more covering their mouths while emitting another series of those peculiar grunts by which wild Indians express unbounded amazement.

Seeing the effect on their minds, I told Mike to ride into the river, here quite shallow, and bring the bird ashore. But never for the fraction of a second did young King and I, presently reinforced by the colonel (it was wonderful how quickly we could in those days recharge our muzzle-loaders), cease to cover the gaping savages, not one of whom dared to point his weapon in our direction; for all fully realized that, whatever its final outcome, a present attack would inevitably result in instant death to at least four of them.

When Mike returned with the pelican, we saw that the shot had chanced to be a centre one, the half-ounce ball having entered under one wing and come out above the other. This fact intensified the surprise and awe of the redskins, who probably reasoned that men who could shoot like that were customers too dangerous to meddle with.

After silently examining the bullet-hole, there was a renewed round of grunting and a deal of jabbering in Kiowa among themselves, the result being that, without having spoken one word to us, the whole squad remounted and rode away. Undoubtedly the fortunate killing of the hapless pelican had postponed, if not entirely averted, the purposed attack upon us.

But now blundering Mike's native valor overcame his acquired discretion. He still bestrode one of our fastest horses, and as the Indians scampered off he rode after them, tauntingly yelling, "Scoot! ye bloody haythins, scoot! Shure it's yersilves darsent tackle four white jintlemen an' one naygur!"

There came precious near being only three "white jintlemen" left, however; for, in spite of our recalling shouts, Mike kept on after the Kiowas, until, at a distance of six hundred yards from us and about fifty ahead of their mocking pursuer, four of the rearward warriors suddenly whirled around and dashed straight at him. Two of their hastily fired bullets passed harmlessly through his clothing, and, before

he could check and turn his horse, four viciously thrown tomahawks flashed perilously near his head.

This was too much for the redoubtable Grogan. Screeching like a scared coyote, he threw himself flat on the thoroughbred's neck, dug his unspurred heels into the animal's flanks, and came tearing back to us a most demoralized Irishman. Luckily, his fine-limbed Kentucky horse had proved too fleet for the ponies of the Indians, who, before coming within sure range of our rifles, wheeled off in sullen retreat.

"Goramighty, Mike, you purty near done lose dat red hair ob yourn!" chuckled Sam, as the frightened teamster scrambled to the ground.

"Bedad, thin, Sambo, the likes 'll niver happen to *your* wool, for, it's gospel truth, thim rampajus vagabones doesn't condesind to scalp naygurs," retorted Mike, with entire truth.

"Quit your fooling, men, and hitch up at once," ordered Colonel King. "We've not seen the last of those redskins. There's good camping-ground on the West Branch, about fifteen miles from here, and we must reach it before dark."

Putting both pairs of mules to the wagon, and driving steadily on, we accomplished this distance easily enough, and by sundown had forded the branch: all experienced plainsmen made it an invariable rule to cross any encountered stream before camping for the night.

"There's one comfort," observed the younger King, as we sat at supper: "if the reds try a raid on us they'll have to make some noise in splashing through the water; so we can't well be taken by surprise."

"Don't flatter yourself with that idea, Dan," replied his brother. "Indians on the war-path are not usually polite enough to give warning. These rascals will cross the river higher up and sneak down on us quiet as death. Kiowas, however, seldom attack by night. Just before daybreak is their favorite hour for scalp-lifting. But we won't take any chances. After it becomes quite dark, we'll leave a big fire burning here and steal off to some distance. If not taken by surprise, we've little to fear from a band of that size, for those miserable old smooth-bores won't carry accurately one-half so far as will our revolvers, not to mention the rifles."

"Lord 'a' massy, kurnel," interposed our irrepressible darky, "won't you gib me an' Mike some shootin'-irons? We mought hit a Injun if any ob de varmints comes clos't 'nuff."

"Why, yes, Sam, you may get a couple of those double-barrelled fowling-pieces out of the wagon. They're all loaded with duck-shot. But you mustn't shoot each other," laughingly answered the colonel.

"Dis chile, nor nobody else, won't eber shoot Mike, 'kase he's bound ter be hung," gleefully rejoined Sam.

"An' bad cess till me if I'd washte good lead on a naygur," protested Mike. "Arrah, the loikes av him's no game for a jintleman's divarshun: so the two av us is purty safe."

The September night closed down oppressively warm, and by nine o'clock had grown as black as a wolf's throat. At that time, after heaping two or three old logs on the fire, we moved, with the whole

outfit, silently away for about one-third of a mile and recamped close to a "sink-hole" containing water, which, though now quite low, had, during its periodical overflows, scooped out, in the course of ages, a narrow, crooked, deep gully down to the river,—furnishing a capital shelter for us in case of necessity.

As we were here enshrouded in intense darkness, not venturing to light even a pipe, much less another fire, none of us, except Colonel King, were, until hours afterwards, aware of the existence of this trench; but he, knowing every inch of the country, had purposely led us to its vicinity.

After securing the horses and mules to and around the wagon, Mike and Sam curled themselves up under it and were soon asleep, while we took sentry duty by turns, one of us being always on the alert and two resting beneath the canvas cover. Though ourselves quite invisible from a distance of ten yards, we could plainly see the fire we had left, but nothing more formidable than a prowling wolf or two came within its circle of light during the night.

I happened to be on guard at four o'clock in the morning, and, as previously agreed upon, quietly awaked the King brothers at that hour. The first lava-like streaks of coming dawn were then appearing in the east, but we could still see the now smouldering fire at our late camping-place.

"We'd better put fresh caps on our rifles and revolvers," said Colonel King. (No copper cartridges were in use at that time.) "We'll know directly whether the redskins are yet on the war-path, and—— By George, they are!" For at this moment the tethered mules pricked up their long ears and moved uneasily, a sure sign that the sagacious brutes scented Indians.

Though trembling shafts of light were now beginning to pierce the upper air, the gray-green grassy plain below was still in deep gloom. Snatching a night-glass, our leader gazed earnestly for a few seconds in the direction of our abandoned camp. Then, as we, too, levelled our glasses, he smilingly whispered, "Those mules know more than any of us, boys."

So it seemed; for this is what we dimly saw: a line of fourteen shadowy forms creeping on hands and knees towards the dying embers, beyond whose dull gleam the murderous crew expected to find five sleeping enemies and a rich booty, the former to be speedily butchered and the latter easily taken.

"Oh, this is fun!" softly exclaimed the colonel. "But you'll see more of it so soon as those red devils find that wagon, live-stock, and men are all gone."

On and on, like writhing serpents, slowly crawled the dusky assassins, until, on reaching the nearly extinct fire, they saw that between it and the horizon was naught but empty space. Then, with yells of astonished rage, they sprang to their feet, but only to stoop low again and grope on the ground for our trail, as it was still too dark for them to see even the great white-topped wagon, less than six hundred yards away. We, however, by the aid of our glasses, could see all that took place.

Almost in an instant the savages hit upon the trail, followed it for a few rods, then bunched up together and seemed to be consulting, the result of which was that the whole fourteen started off up-stream.

"They've no idea how close we are, boys, and are making for that clump of alders by the river, to fetch their ponies; but daylight's coming fast, and they'll see us before they get there. You may as well rouse up Mike and Sam. We're pretty sure to have a scrimmage, and they'll be wanted to watch the cattle," coolly observed the colonel.

Passing through the encircling line of horses and mules, Dan King crept under the wagon to awake the men. Next moment he called out in a tone of surprise, "Mike's here all right, but the darky and his gun are gone!"

"Why, Mike, what on earth has become of Sam?" asked Colonel King, as the Irishman crawled into view, rubbing his eyes.

"Sorra the bit av me knows, sor. Shure the blissed naygur—bar-rin' the snorin' av him—rooshted aisy as a pig forninst me all night, an' I niver missed him. Mebbe the craythur's shneaked out wid his gun to shcare a jack-rabbit, for divil a bit av him cud hit the bashte," ingeniously replied Mike.

Meantime, in the broadening light, we could see, without the aid of glasses, that the Indians had reached and were about to cross the mouth of the gully before referred to; when, just as they stood on the brink, there flashed from its bottom, about thirty yards higher up, a sheet of flame, accompanied by the full, round report of a double smooth-bore gun. On this five or six of the savages began to caper about like half-crazed turkeys,—as, indeed, more civilized warriors might well have done on finding their legs plentifully peppered by bird-shot.

"Sure as you live," exclaimed Dan, "that fool nigger has sneaked down the ditch and fired both barrels of his pop-gun into the crowd of Indians. They'll see our camp now. The fellow must have gone clean mad, or else he's trying to take the shine out of Mike."

For perhaps ten seconds the redskins seemed panic-stricken; then, evidently catching sight of their single foolhardy enemy, they plunged, with furious cries, into the gully and gave chase, even the wounded braves limping along at a good gait.

But this slight delay had enabled Sam, who could, on occasion, shuffle his flat feet with wondrous celerity, to increase his thirty-yard lead to more than a hundred, and he turned the shoulder of the nearest bend in time to escape a shower of bullets.

"Come on, boys! We must save that idiot, I suppose," grumbled the colonel, "though he really ought to be shot."

Picking up our rifles, we jumped into the ravine, followed by Mike, and, after running three hundred yards or so, saw Sam, hatless and gunless, tearing frantically along, while, now less than eighty yards behind him, came the howling Kiowas, knife and tomahawk in hand, none of them having stopped to reload.

The negro, so scared that his black face had turned to a grayish-ashen hue, was directly in a line between us and his bloodthirsty pursuers: so one of us shouted, "Throw yourself flat down, Sam!"

The fellow instinctively obeyed ; and then the savages, seeing us standing with levelled rifles, turned about as if to fly. Too late ! Our guns cracked on the instant, and three of the foremost warriors fell, while a fourth was brought down by Colonel King's second barrel. "That will do, boys. Let them go," he said. "They're quite defenceless at present, and have got a wholesome lesson. No useless slaughter."

The ten survivors—those tickled by Sam's small shot and all—scurried affrightedly down and out of the gully, soon gaining the alder grove, whence we saw them bring their hidden ponies, mount, and ride away, leading the four animals whose late owners would never again go on the war-path.

Then our leader turned angrily on Sam. "What ever induced you to make such a confounded ass of yourself?" he asked.

"Why—why, massa kurnel, Mike he done said dat Injuns doesn't eber scalp colored folks. I waked up mighty airly, an' when I seen dem red villuns a-turnin' back from de ole camp I jest slipped inter de ditch ter get a shot at dem,—an', by golly ! I hit 'em, too !"

"No ; these Plains Indians don't care for woolly scalps, I believe," laughed the mollified colonel ; "but, you ridiculous donkey, they would have skinned you alive all the same."

"Dat's purciselv what I 'spicioned, sah, when dey cum at me in sich er obstropelous mannah. But, praise de Lawd, dey couldn't cotch dis chile !"

"An' it's moighty glad I am that they didn't," generously put in Mike. "Be the same token, Sam, there must be a dhrop av the Oirish in yer swate carkiss, ye're so keen for foightin'. But if that ould gun hadn't shcattered like a hail-shtorm, ye'd niver have hit a sowl of thim."

Returning leisurely to camp, we tethered our hungry animals out to graze, got breakfast, and in due time resumed our journey. We were never again, during that expedition, annoyed by hostile Indians ; but I have always believed that to the chance coming of that lone pelican and Colonel King's consequent lucky shot we owed our escape from a probably fatal encounter when the Kiowas first overtook us. Indeed, we afterwards learned that the band had come out expressly to take our scalps and capture the valuable outfit.

William Thomson.

COME NOT AT NIGHT.

O DEATH, come not for me at dead of night !
 Call not my soul to take its lonely flight
 Through dark and storm unto the world unknown.
 But when the golden sun from out the sea
 Shall lift his face to light a path for me,
 O Death, come then, and claim me for thine own.

Carrie Blake Morgan.

"OUR FULLEST THROAT OF SONG."

THE poet Lowell possessed in full measure the artistic nature. The furious rush of inspiration, with its wilful eddies and back-currents of indolence and procrastination; the impatience and tender affection at once, wreaked upon all the petty, confining details of life; the alternations of self-worship and deadly doubt,—all these he knew full well. They are revealed over and over, even in the discreet selection from his friendly correspondence only—not from his love-letters—which Mr. Norton has published. But the rare flower of genius was planted in a vase, to borrow Goethe's phrase, of sturdy Puritanic manhood. His nerves were steadied and his blood purified for him by centuries of virtuous, peaceful ancestors. And the man never surrendered to the genius; nay, rather, the man's sense of duty encroached upon the higher rights of the dreamer. Whenever the note of repining is struck in these frank, healthful letters, the regret is over the neglect of that supremest and rarest among all his rich gifts,—poetic inspiration.

To a little circle of beloved friends, Lowell fully revealed himself; it was indeed a necessity for him. Toward the world he was suave, mannerly, but, after all, with a barrier of reserve that could not be passed. Doubtless a man like Longfellow, conscious that the inner gates are safely barred against all humanity, can more safely assume the manner of open hospitality to all. In these letters we can all see, at least far better than before, just how Lowell's work was accomplished. To be sure, the most precious part of the process remains no less a mystery; it is probably always a mystery, even to the artist himself. The noble "Commemoration Ode," like the "Vision of Sir Launfal," came to the poet almost as an instant inspiration, and took nearly final shape as fast as he could write it down; yet he had really been collecting the material and preparing himself to give it artistic shape throughout his whole life. It was only a process like crystallization that was at last so suddenly completed.

Until the memorable year 1847, when "Hosea Biglow" leaped into world-wide fame, Lowell had won his way but slowly, like Hawthorne, toward the great heart of the people. This is not altogether strange. His poems were heavily, often too heavily, freighted with the results both of study and of thought. They are, to be sure, the sincere utterance of his soul, but they have not, as a rule, the simple, singing melody of Longfellow or even of Whittier. The taste for the best things in Lowell's earlier work, especially, is usually an acquired taste,—acquired by loving study and long familiarity with him in mature life. Longfellow is oftener the companion of boyhood, Whittier the trumpet voice that startles our dreaming youth.

Love is a constant element in Lowell's earlier utterances, at least. Sound morality, perfect trust in God's wisdom and man's future, are never lacking. There is also, however, a vein of mysticism, which

often darkens, though it does not perturb, the clear current of his thoughts. In this respect he is more literally than elsewhere Emerson's pupil. Thus, Emerson, gazing at Concord River, thinks at the same time of another stream,—truth's current, or time, or human life, it may be (for it is by no means clear), and he sings, in "Two Rivers,"—

Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

This fancy is repeated by Lowell, more elaborately, in "Beaver Brook," and still again, as he muses on his beloved Charles, in the "Indian Summer Reverie:"

Flow on, dear river; not alone you flow
To outward sight, and through your marshes wind;
Fed from the mystic springs of long ago,
Your twin flows silent through my world of mind.

To be sure, this perception of an analogy between an outward vision and a spiritual reality is not only the very essence of mysticism, but also, as Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell all tell us, of poetry itself as well.

In the same way, Emerson's "Forerunners" expresses a feeling common to all poets,—perhaps to all men,—that our rarest and loftiest thoughts still elude our grasp:

No speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.

But Lowell could hardly have failed to remember his master's very words, when composing his "Envoi to the Muse:—"

I seem to fold thy luring shape,
And vague air to my bosom clasp,
Thou lithe, perpetual Escape.

Indeed, here, and in Whittier's "Vanishers," the similarity in words, and even in metre, appears to be a loyal confession of indebtedness; for among this generous-hearted band there are no mean jealousies or concealments.

Lowell's poetry always continued to be enriched by echoes and allusions from earlier singers. Often, indeed, this is frankly avowed, as when, beginning "Sir Launfal" with the words

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie,

he alludes plainly to Wordsworth's greatest ode, on Immortality. But Lowell is in no sense a plagiarist, nor even really indebted, as Longfellow so constantly is, to other literatures. All he says comes warm from his own throbbing heart. He may borrow a word or a phrase to

utter himself, just because his scholar's memory has held and loved it, but he could have struck out his own expression at least as well. Occasionally, in moments of deepest feeling, he crashes forth a rugged, vigorous phrase such as Longfellow's more silvery chime never strikes. This is especially well seen by comparing Longfellow's "Two Angels," written on the day Lowell's wife died,—

And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued where but one went in,—

and the stricken poet's own "After the Burial :"

It is pagan ; but wait till you feel it,—
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

It may be said that Lowell was the sufferer, and naturally spoke from the heart. But that only points more sharply the difference in the artists. Longfellow after a similarly bitter bereavement waited in silence eighteen years, then wrote a tender and graceful sonnet—for his own eyes only. In fact, Longfellow uttered in tasteful verse almost every human impulse except his own elemental feelings. There is but one slight love-note in all his poetry.

Of all Lowell's close personal attachments, this intimacy with Longfellow is perhaps the most important. A century hence, this generous friendship may have become as prominent in the story of New England literature as is to-day, in our oldest home, the tie that bound together the poet-pair of Weimar.

Indeed, these two loyal friends, Longfellow the gentle and the impetuous Lowell, seem to me beyond question our two most important poets. Every mature American should have read all their works repeatedly. But while the tender sentiment, the broad human sympathy, even the sunny, genial scholarship, of Longfellow might make a child think (most untruly) that he has mastered the full meaning, there is much in Lowell's verse which will utterly baffle us until our own deeper joys and sorrows furnish the key. Indeed, there will always be acute educated men (perhaps women too) who will declare half his verses unintelligible to them. His own father was one such critic. Lowell is often essentially untranslatable, nor can his meaning be expressed at all in prose,—a test Longfellow rarely resists so stubbornly.

As an artist in the technique of verse, in the combination of organ-like harmonies of sound, Lowell, when at his best, is unrivalled in America, and sometimes near to imperial Tennyson. Let him who thinks these words extravagant read, for instance, aloud, the twenty opening lines of "Sir Launfal :"

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay.

A loftier music still is often heard in the "Harvard Ode;" *e.g.*,

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
 Into the silent hollow of the Past;
 What is there that abides
 To make the next age better than the last?

And precisely these two poems were essentially improvisations, struck off at a white heat, and almost at a sitting. Lowell does not always choose words so smooth-gliding as those just quoted. The tones of the whirlwind, the surf, and the thunder are not those of the brook or the rain; but all are nature's voices. The severest test of this harmonic power is blank verse. Here Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy" often breaks down altogether into rugged prose, while "The Cathedral" need not fear comparison, at least in part, with the

God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages.

Indeed, there are not a few passages of "The Cathedral" which ring a clear and unmistakable challenge upon the Miltonic shield itself. We may choose, almost at a venture:

His holy places may not be of stone,
 Nor made with hands, yet fairer far than aught
 By artist feigned or pious ardor reared,
 Fit altars for who guards inviolate
 God's chosen seat, the sacred form of man.

One almost remembers these lines upon a page of "Paradise Lost." It is interesting to note that Lowell, the most fastidious of critics, prone enough to self-dissatisfaction in all else, defends with unfailing confidence the metrical skill, the ear for harmonies, of Lowell the poet.

Lowell's best poetic utterance is generally felt to mark our highest achievement in verse hitherto; but his poems are uneven, in the artistic sense, often unfinished. Some of them, indeed, were prematurely printed, before the vein of thought had worked itself out. Longfellow has produced a far greater mass of faultless verses, though they are all in less lofty keys than "The Cathedral" and the "Memorial Odes." It is not incredible, then, that the call of patriotism has indeed deprived us of our rarest poet's unuttered master-song.

Certainly of Lowell the writer, far more than of any contemporary, it is constantly said, and said by those who knew him best, The man was far greater than all the memorials he has left of himself. They do not adequately reveal his genius. If there was indeed such a sacrifice of his highest literary attainment, the more precious and memorable for us all should be the costly lesson of his life.

Weak-winged is song,
 Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
 Whither the brave deed climbs for light.

William Cranston Lawton.

Books of the Month.

For Christmas and All the Year Round.



Literary Shrines.
A Literary Pilgrimage. Two Volumes. By Theodore F. Wolfe, M.D., Ph.D. Illustrated.

There will be two classes of readers who will seek these altogether charming books with eager curiosity. They are both large, both intelligent and receptive. The one consists of those who have made the pilgrimages themselves, the other of those who have not, but would like to do so. Next to reading a delightful *résumé* of what one has himself seen and done comes the pleasure, only a degree less in intensity, of anticipating it. The reviewer has had the good fortune, in some of those idle weeks that last longest in the memory, to follow Dr. Wolfe through many of the literary pathways of both his English and American Pilgrimages, and is therefore a competent witness to their surprising correctness, to their sympathetic expression of the charm which clings about a place hallowed by some great or romantic name, to their feeling for proportion and perspective, and to their consistent unity of tone. The wanderings cover so wide a range that it would seem impossible to condense them into the shapely, pocketable volumes to which they are devoted, were it not that this has been done with a deftness characteristic of Dr. Wolfe's publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company. The covers are of a deep red buckram, bearing a rich design, and the typography is in the elegant style which has brought printing into new repute as a fine art. The illustrations consist of four photogravures in each volume, giving authentic views of the rarer spots visited by the tireless author.

Literary Shrines is a treasury of gossip, facts, directions, quotations, way-side remarks, and critical comment upon the haunts made famous by American authors. It is conceived in quite a new vein, and fills a place which has long remained empty on the shelf given up to books about American men of letters and their homes. The author has had especial facilities for seeing just the objects most pleasing to lovers of books, and he reports them in the captivating manner of one who is himself a lover of everything associated with good literature past and present. The shrines which we visit in his company are the most hallowed altars of literature in the land,—Concord, Boston, Belmont, Salem, Brook Farm, the Berkshire Hills of Hawthorne, and the Camden of Walt Whitman. In all, there are ninety-nine authors mentioned in the index, showing the minute knowledge and wide reading of Dr. Wolfe, who both as guide and as daylong comrade will be found unimpeachable.

In *A Literary Pilgrimage*, the companion volume to *Literary Shrines*, and in all mechanical effects its twin, the author leads us over the ground made sacred by the feet of famous English writers,—not, let it be said, to the hackneyed places grown shabby by much contact with the tourist, but to fresh fields and pastures new, which his instinct for what is characteristic and real has led him to linger over in his successive journeys. We are taken first to Hampstead and Highgate, which are not half known—and therefore all the more interesting—to the guide-book traveller, and meet anew Dickens, Steele, Pope, Keats, Joanna

Baillie, Dr. Johnson, Hunt, Akenside, Shelley, Hogarth, Addison, Richardson, Gay, Besant, Du Maurier, Coleridge, George Eliot. This noble group will suffice to show how exhaustive is Dr. Wolfe, omitting neither the earliest nor the latest of the lions who have been denizens where he rambles. The next stroll is in Southwark and up Thames-side to Chelsea, a quarter rich in literary associations past and present. Then we go to Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray's *Elegy*, and to Dickensland,—Gad's Hill, Rochester, and thereabout. We are conducted to the haunts of Byron near London, to the Loamshire of George Eliot, to Dotheboys Hall and Rokeby, to Sutton, Sterne's place of retirement, to the Haworth of the Brontës, to the haunts of Eugene Aram, to the home of Sydney Smith at Heslington, to Nithsdale, the region of Scott, Hogg, and Carlyle, to Burnsland, to the Brontë scenes in Brussels, to the places touched into fame by the English authors at Lake Lemane, and lastly to the châteaux of Ferney and Coppet, around which linger memories of Voltaire, De Staël, Schlegel, Shelley, Constant, Byron, and Davy.

It is rarely that one is admitted to travel in such good company as is provided at every turn by Dr. Wolfe. He has pondered well and fully achieved Emerson's injunction, to "learn the art of taking a walk."

From Manassas to
Appomattox. Being
the Memoirs of
James Longstreet,
Lieutenant-General
C.S.A. Illustrated.

Each new personal record of the War of the Rebellion adds to history some valuable facts. In this view the book before us, by Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, of the Confederate Army, is a priceless contribution to contemporary knowledge and will be a boon to future makers of history. It is the narrative of events the most tragic and momentous in American annals, acted in and pointedly observed by one of the leaders of the Secession war. General Longstreet was born in 1821, and is consequently passing into a green old age. It is therefore very fortunate that he has now put into enduring form his recollections and criticisms of a period about which will centre the interest of generations of loyal Americans. But, aside from this historic value, the memoirs form a fund of shrewd personal views mingled with pleasantries which show the author to be possessed of a remarkable memory and of an uncommonly genial spirit. He tells some droll anecdotes of General Grant before and during the Mexican war, when he was thrown with him as a subaltern. The pictures of Grant playing the daughter of Brabantio in "The Moor of Venice" and as the "small lieutenant with the large epaulettes" are thoroughly diverting. But the graver portions of the book are naturally those upon which its reputation will rest, and these are plainly and picturesquely told in a manner which indicates accurate research reinforced by vivid recollections. We are carried from the far West, where General Longstreet was stationed, to the Confederate front, and taken with him, as the title indicates, *From Manassas to Appomattox*, encountering the leaders Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Pickett, Huger, Stuart, Lee, and G. W. Smith. The comment upon the latter will indicate the independent tone which characterizes the book: "He resigned his commission in the Confederate service, went to Georgia, and joined Joe Brown's militia, where he found congenial service, better suited to his ideas of vigorous warfare." General Longstreet took part in many of the most important battles of the war, and his text deals with Manassas, Bull Run, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, the Maryland campaign, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and Appomattox.

This is the record of a comprehensive career, and it gives the Confederate point of view with an uncommon impartiality, both because of the sterling qualities of the author and because of his loyalty to reconstructed America. He was the first of the Southerners of eminence to render allegiance to the Union, and he has been justly held as a noble influence toward the cemented brotherhood between the North and the South. The book is handsomely produced by the J. B. Lippincott Company, its publishers, and is sold by subscription only. The illustrations are by Mr. Charles H. Stephens, and are particularly pertinent to the text.

*The Wonders of
Modern Mechan-
ism.* By Charles
H. Cochrane.

So rapidly have the vanguards of science advanced upon us that before our wonder ceases at one marvel we encounter another and another. This has made it impossible for a people immersed in business and in domestic cares to learn the origin of even such utilities of life as modern science has brought into every man's reach. But if we are ignorant of these, we are in a much greater degree ignorant of the more complex and greater discoveries.

Hence it is that a work like this by Mr. Charles Henry Cochrane, entitled *The Wonders of Modern Mechanism*, has come into being. Its usefulness is not open to question; it is simply a necessity born of the desire of every thoughtful mind to grasp the reasons and causes for the commonest mechanical practices of our marvellous day.

The author has had a large experience in the preparation of popular scientific works, and he has thoroughly learned the essential truth that there are words enough in the mother tongue to explain any human device with ample lucidity, provided the writer knows how to use them. And this Mr. Cochrane does to perfection. With a deliberate, easy, clear, forcible flow of language, never tiresome and always understandable, he explains what have been rendered hidden processes and scientific secrets by the clouded style of those who have hitherto reported them.

In this way we learn how the huge buildings of our cities are made possible through the steel frames that have recently come into vogue; how electricity is generated and what it is; how the kineto-phonograph has been evolved and what its ultimate uses may be; of the uses and genesis of the electric-storage battery and of electric pleasure-boats; the secrets of the ocean greyhounds and their wonderful achievements; of recent progress in guns and armor; of submarine boats; of flying machines; of extraordinary bridges and great tunnels; of canals, old and new; of horseless vehicles, such as the bicycle, and especially of bicycle manufacture in all its phases; of compressed-air mechanisms; of the chaining of Niagara Falls for the power it will yield to electricity; of improvements in telegraphy, as the practical printing telegraph; of the problem of producing electricity direct from coal; of Nikola Tesla and his wonderful oscillator which will supersede steam; of the electric locomotive; how the light traffic railway systems—trolley, compressed air, coal-gas—work; of conduit electric railways; of the probability of travel at a hundred and twenty miles an hour by the Brott system; of the intricacies of steel manufacture; of tools for building the machines which turn out the wonder-working engines; of mining and its machinery; of the mechanisms for removing the less valuable portions of ore; of the Pelton water-wheel; of illuminating gas,

including the new product called acetylene gas, which may be either solid, liquid, or gaseous; of oil wells and their products; of coal-handling machinery; of ice-making and refrigerating; of aluminum, the metal of the future; of wire netting in glass; of machine-made watches; of progress in printing by the web perfecting machines and machine type-setting and line-casting; of the development of the art of ornamental illustration through the photograph, culminating in three-color half-tone pictures; of stereotyping and electrotyping; of sugar-making machinery; of Emery testing-machines; of the spectroscope, the theatrophone, the big pleasure-wheels, rain-making appliances, and a score of other minor inventions.

The scope of this work is thus seen to be as wide as the horizon of modern thought in science and invention. There seems to be nothing omitted that a curious mind would care to be informed about in the vast catalogue of appliances and processes that are making anew the life of humanity and endowing the individual with powers which the ancient world scarcely accredited to its gods. Mr. Cochrane has rendered a service only less important than the inventors themselves in translating into the vernacular these arcana of the machine-shop and the laboratory. His book is one which each household should possess a copy of and every library several. Many cuts are scattered through the pages in further illustration of the various subjects.

**The Metallurgy of
Iron and Steel. By
Thomas Turner.**

Designed as a compendium of the existing knowledge on iron and steel, this substantial volume by Thomas Turner, Associate of the Royal School of Mines, Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry, Director of Technical Instruction to the Staffordshire County Council, will be an invaluable adjunct to the foundry, the laboratory, or the study. It opens with a comprehensive history of iron from the earliest times in which it was used by primitive peoples, and this in itself is a most desirable possession, even for the lay reader; but to the inventor it will give impulse and direction. The special merit of the work, however, lies in its comprehensive treatment of the subject of foundry practice and the reactions of the puddling furnace, in which Mr. Turner's special knowledge has been made most effective. The references to other works are very exhaustive, and will be found helpful to learners as well as to experienced workers in iron. Many cuts are introduced which supplement the excellent text. *The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel* comes from the Lippincotts, and will take a high place among their well-known publications on science.

**The Complete
Works of Edgar
Allan Poe. In
Eight Volumes.
Illustrated with
Twenty-Four Pho-
togravures.**

There may be doubt of the advisability of issuing this or that unknown and untried book, but of the wisdom of issuing Poe as often as enterprise and opportunity suggest it there can be no manner of question. There is a perennial demand for the classic tales, so grim and horrible, yet so fascinating. Each generation must have its share of editions, and every edition is eagerly required by an endless public on both sides of the sea.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, in union with Messrs. J. Sheills & Company, of London, have just issued the initial volumes of a set of *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, in eight volumes, which will be in all respects an edition worthy of the author, of the reader who exacts good literature, and of those

who, nowadays, demand the best products of the press, of the bindery, and of the illustrator, in supplying libraries, private and public.

Of the text nothing need now be said. It has passed through the ordeal of a generation, and is classic. But the external finish of the eight volumes in hand is of such unusual appropriateness that it deserves special remark. The twenty-four photogravures are exceptionally beautiful, and we have hitherto seen no illustrations to Poe that equal them. The size of the volumes is a convenient one for either the side-pocket or the library shelf.

The Life, Letters,
and Writings of
Charles Lamb.
Edited by Percy
Fitzgerald. With
Portraits. In Six
Volumes.

Another reissue of a classic to which the Messrs. Lippincott this year treat us is that of the complete works of Elia in six volumes. This is called *The Temple Edition of The Life, Letters, and Writings of Charles Lamb*, and has been prepared by the skilful hand of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, at once a devotee of the Gentle Charles and a finished bibliophile.

The six volumes contain all of Lamb's writings, even down to his share of the *Tales from Shakespeare*, which will delight many an old devotee of the sweetest and truest heart in all English letters, as it will make many a new one. But what to the old lover of Elia will appeal even more powerfully is the set of his portraits, which includes all that are known to the specialists. It is a great consideration to have the entire set of Lamb portraits thus brought together for comparison, and by mental methods similar to those of composite photography a true disciple may have a very authentic likeness of the master. There is abundance of portraits of Lamb's friends, and the set is appropriately bound, both for use and for beauty.

Hans Breitmann in
Germany-Tyrol.
By Charles G. Leland.

It has been many a day since the good-natured face of Hans Breitmann has peered at us from the leaves of a new book, but here it is, wreathed in smiles, dimpled with mirth and health, and overflowing with the human kindness which has made Hans a household joy this generation past. Philadelphians will be foremost to welcome a sequel to the ballads of their gifted townsman, but the whole English and German reading-world now owns the jolly singer of pigeon-English, and his latest medley will be appropriated wherever its composite language is understood.

Mr. Charles G. Leland has so many points of contact with the intellectual world that this yodling of "pallads" and gossiping in dialect seems but a small part of his achievements in language, yet it is just here, in fact, that his best claim to reputation lies. He has never done anything since the original *Hans Breitmann* ballads that at all approached them in originality and in lasting worth until the appearance of the present book, *Hans Breitmann in Germany-Tyrol* (Lippincott). This is a delightful *mélange* of prose and verse, having to do with leisurely travels in the Tyrol, with the legends which cling to the valleys there, and with the picturesque habits of "De Rollers" in general. Anybody who has read the original Hans will want these new glimpses of him, and will find them a wholesome refreshment after the *Zeitgeist* books of the last few years. Here is only jocund fooling, Teutonic laughter, with fine dashes of sense. The unique cover and title-page are the work of Mr. Leland's own artistic hand.

The Black Lamb.
By Anna Robeson
Brown.

Miss Anna Robeson Brown is the authoress of *Alain of Halfdene*, which recently appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and this fact will make for any new story by her a large and eager audience. She is a remarkable combination of womanly insight and masculine love of wild adventure, and her tales are like Stevenson's in their rush of incident, like George Eliot's in their finish of style, yet show the promise rather than the performance of these masters. That her matter and manner are all her own is the more remarkable in view of her literary resemblances.

The present tale, *The Black Lamb*, published by the Lippincotts, is about Colonel Sartoris, of Washington Square, New York, his son and heir, and his adopted son Noël Conway, who, like his queer father, is a dreamer and a Theosophist. He was born in India of a Creole mother, and bears the imprint of his singular birth both in mind and in body. The boys are uncommonly tall and vigorous, and have adventures in the West and in London which will startle the reader into absorbed interest. The colonel dies, and his estate is found to yield nothing, so the young men are thrown on their resources, and through journalism fall in with some extraordinary company. How they turn out must be left to the reader, who has had enough revealed to whet his appetite for the feast to which Miss Brown invites him.

The Track of a
Storm. By Owen
Hall.

Owen Hall has not hitherto appeared as a writer of stories of the present length; but by this work, *The Track of a Storm*, brought out by the Lippincotts, he at once advances to a high rank among those who are dealing with the fiction of adventure. Picturesque, melodramatic, like the tone which prevails throughout the dramas of *The Lyons Mail* or *The Bells*, this novel is a consistent work of literary art, and contains excellent portrayal of character and rapid succession of incident. The scene is laid in England, in the thirties, and opens with a stage-robbery by a masked highwayman on the road between Dover and London. Murder follows theft. One of the passengers, a banker, discovers a tell-tale mark on the robber's wrist, and observes closely other characteristics. The notes stolen from him finally turn up at his bank, and he starts out to trace the fugitive. He discovers him to be a Mr. Jenkins, of Holby Lodge, near Bristol, and, after trying in vain to find him there, overtakes him in the Park, charges him with the crime, and secures his sentence to death, which is commuted to transportation for life. How this alluring plot is wrought out must not be anticipated; suffice it to say that it is carried forward in Australia, where a love-episode intervenes, and the tale ends as happily as the injustice done to the innocent man by his accusation and conviction will permit.

A Woman in It.
By "Rita."

There is a solid, almost masculine, quality about the stories of "Rita" which sets them apart from the frivolous tales by women and gives them an enduring place in letters. Her last book, fresh from the Lippincott press, is called *A Woman in It*, and pictures the very questionable career of an Irishwoman whose "misadventures" have decided her to call herself Mrs. Noel Gray. She is beautiful, sprightly, fascinating, and has known the divorce courts, the scandals arising from an earlier affair, and the experiences of Parisian life. To secure a maintenance which will keep her on the right side of good repute, she beguiles a sick lady to take

her in as a companion, and here the trouble in Coombe Abbot begins. The curate, Mr. Babberley, proposes to her, Jack Enderleigh falls madly in love with her, and her employer's husband, Jasper Oldreeve, finally commits a crime to win her. She escapes from all this to a London establishment for the perfection of female beauty, and here has further adventures which gradually bring her back by fateful avenues to Enderleigh and Oldreeve. How she goes to Monte Carlo and is there confronted by her earlier misdoings, and how she finally begins anew in America, must be left to the investigation of readers who will inevitably be interested.

Figure-Drawing
and Composition.
By Richard G. Hat-
ton. Illustrated.

It is rare to find a book which deals intelligently, from the combined points of view of the artist and of the anatomist, with the subject of art-anatomy. The traits are so seldom mingled in a single author that there is scarcely a text-book on the subject that deserves mention in comparison with this judicious and suggestive volume by Mr. Hatton; and, as art studies are now attracting uncommon attention in this country, we commend to all earnest learners his well-planned book.

The illustrations introduced will be found very helpful, and the text is clear and ample, while the opinions expressed and the hints put forth strike us as being in all respects calculated to perform a wise office to the earnest student in art. *Figure-Drawing and Composition* comes from the J. B. Lippincott Company, who issue it in conjunction with its London publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

In the Younger Vein.

A Last Century
Maid, and Other
Stories for Chil-
dren. By Anne Hol-
lingsworth Whar-
ton. Illustrated.

Perhaps nobody in our day has so well understood the happy and sedate family life of the Colonial period as Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. She has written two books which give views into the interior of the old domestic life such as only a great love for it and the deepest knowledge of its people and its literature could beget. In *Through Colonial Doorways* and in *Colonial Days and Dames* the present tendency to seek the good example of our forefathers in taste and in manners is embodied. And what these books do for older heads Miss Wharton's latest volume, *A Last Century Maid*, fresh and beautiful from the Lippincott press, does for the little people in their teens. For the first time we have from her pen a cluster of short stories dealing with the life of children and spoken to children with the tenderness of accent and the sympathy and love with which every reader of Miss Wharton's adult books would at once credit her.

A Last Century Maid contains six stories of varying length, mostly devoted to Colonial days. The first one gives the title to the volume, and tells the tale of a group of children at Chalkley Hall, who, hearing that a council was to be held between a band of Indian chiefs and James Logan at his near-by seat, planned to take a boat on the creek and run away from the fancied danger. This they did, to the consternation of their parents and to their own greater dread, for they fell in with the very Indians from whom they were fleeing, and were rescued by them from a night on the water and the pangs of fear and hunger.

Of these Indians, Kanichungo was the interpreter, a noble fellow who was

very kind to the little fugitives; and his own story follows that of the Last Century Maid. He tells how the Lenapé tribe was driven from its haunts by the white man, and, though forbearing in nature, at last struck a blow in resistance. From this encounter a bright little captive was brought back to the tribe, Catrina, whose sole cry was "Mutter, Mutter," but she did not know her mother's name nor anything about her family, and so was taken into the wigwam of Kanichungo's mother. She won the love of all the tribe, but chiefly that of the warm-hearted Indian woman, and finally of Kanichungo himself. There was a rival, but Kanichungo was first in her regard, and when she desired to go from the camp and seek her mother he went with her. How she found her mother and left Kanichungo is the burden of the story, which we must not anticipate. Let it suffice to say that it is so sweet and tender and appealing that it will affect the oldest reader equally with the little one who must spell out the words. Christmas in Seventeen Seventy-Six is a fine story of the battle of Trenton; while Roy's Christmas Eve, A Dog and a Sunbeam in Prison, and Little Peacemaker are of later times, but conceived in Miss Wharton's own charming vein and executed with all her wonted grace of style.

A patriotic spirit breathes throughout these pages such as goes to the making of a united and a happy nation, and no girl or boy could receive a more lasting benefit than to be taught by heart these loyal and stirring stories of our grandfathers. The illustrations are worthy of the text, and the entire volume is a notable achievement in juvenile letters.

Trooper Ross and
Signal Butte. Two
Stories in One Vol-
ume. By Captain
Charles King,
U.S.A.

No one familiar with Captain King's stirring novels would deny that he had just the right talent to make him beloved of stout-hearted boys if he ever set his hand to the production of a real boy's tale. And now, in these two stories, *Signal Butte* and *Trooper Ross*, published, as are most of Captain King's books, by the Lippincotts, we may see how exactly adapted to the youthful fancy his great talent is. Both stories are about brave youngsters on the frontier of a generation ago, and both show that power to realize scene, act, look, and almost thought, which the dashing captain possesses alone among writers of military tales.

Signal Butte is a tale concerning young Leon McNutt, dubbed MacDuff by the men at old Fort Retribution, whose family was one night washed away by a cloud-burst in Apache Cañon. He was taken in at the fort, but a sinister uncle, named Muncey, turned up, who tried to lure him away and lose him. Leon came back and took part in a wild Indian adventure which involved half the region, and which resulted in the revelation of Muncey's rascally plans to seize Leon's patrimony.

Trooper Ross is otherwise Buster Ross, christened Roderick, the daring favorite of Fort Frayne on the Platte. He was only nine, but could out-shoot all the Indian youths, and rode his pony Beppo like a veteran. When Corporal O'Toole volunteered for a perilous mission through the Indian scouting-parties to the field column, Buster wanted to go along, which was pronounced absurd by every one but the redoubtable Buster. He slipped out before O'Toole, and actually swam across the Platte on Beppo, coming up just in time to shoot at an Indian and save the corporal's life. This is only one incident in the career of Buster; but it will serve to show the metal he was moulded of and how interesting he can be.

There is a fascination about Captain King's books all their own, and these two stories seem to preserve it throughout in a marked degree,—perhaps because the captain likes boys and knows that they will be sure to like him. The illustrations, by Mr. Stephens, are capital examples of conscientious work in black and white.

A New Alice in the
Old Wonderland.
With Sixty-Seven
Illustrations by
Anna M. Richards,
Jr.

We had all long ago thought that the perennial delight of the Alice books was to end with them: there could be no extension of that Wonderland and Looking-Glass country, and we consoled ourselves by reading again and again and still again the ever-fresh fairy-tales. But, to the delight and surprise of ourselves no less than of the countless friends of Alice, this *New Alice in the Old Wonderland* comes forth from the Lippincott press and fills the void. So like its great original is it that it seems spoken from the same inimitable lips, shot through with the same gleams of mad humor, filled to the brim with the same wild invention, and overflowing with the same serio-ridiculous poetry, yet still is new and fresh and original withal.

This *New Alice* is the work of Mrs. W. T. Richards, the wife of the famous marine painter, and it has been illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings in the same vein of restrained humor that characterized Tenniel, and in a manner scarcely inferior to his own delightful productions, by Miss Anna M. Richards, Jr., the author's daughter.

Mrs. Richards has in the text caught, by some happy inspiration, the very trick and manner of Lewis Carroll's droll humor, and, without trenching on his original ground in the least, she has succeeded in beginning in almost every instance where he left off, and in continuing the adventures of most of his immortal characters. This was a difficult task, but it has been achieved so ably and deftly that it must be allowed to be entirely justified. The book will be a year-long boon to young and old alike, and will always henceforth stand beside its red-backed peers of the old Alice on the best shelf of the family library.

Cousin Mona. A
Story for Girls. By
Rosa Nouchette
Carey.

Of fuller years and older manners are the young people who inhabit the pleasant English country which lies as a background for Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey's last book, *Cousin Mona*. They are the daughters of a gentleman living in India whose wife had died when they were babies and who had sent them to her old schoolmate, Miss Jackson, in England, to be educated. Rufa was the elder, Joyce the younger, the more beautiful, the more irresponsible. Miss Jackson, having become engaged to a clergyman, gives up her school, and at the same time the girls hear of the death of their father, their only source of support. They are respectively given the choice of living with either of two families of cousins, the Gregorys of The Pines, who are rich and fond of life, and the Cromptons at The Hermitage, an elderly brother and sister, steeped in habit and not possessed of much means. Which shall go to The Pines becomes a question that brings out all the characteristics of the two young girls, and it is almost a foregone conclusion that it is to be Joyce. Rufa goes to the solitude of Cousin Mona's Hermitage, and shows herself capable of fine self-sacrifices. She turns out a girl of sterling worth, and her romance is ended with a charming love-episode. The career of Joyce is a foil to this, which points a moral and artistically adorns the tale.

The Messrs. Lippincott issue the book in an excellent style, adapted to

readers below the twenty mark, to whom the pictures will be an aid and an attraction.

Girls Together.
By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated by
Ida Waugh.

As Miss Wharton knows well the young people who were our great-great-grandparents, so does another authoress of Philadelphia know intimately and lovingly the youths and maidens who will be the grandparents of the race to come. Miss Amy E. Blanchard is the acknowledged historian of all that pertains to girlhood and boyhood, and her books have made her a nursery deity wherever they are known. In *Two Girls* she introduced us to a little world all her own, constructed from the simple domestic traits of a pair of maidens who lived an every-day life, but who were so real and so sweet that we have never forgotten their tender charm.

In this last book by Miss Blanchard, entitled *Girls Together*, which comes from the same publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, we are again invited into the cosy family circle where Val and Theo are queens, where Aunt Janet Nelson presides, and where Archie and Jack and a half-dozen lads more are the squires of dames. The same life goes forward, only the young people are less young, and where in the first book the interest lay in the pursuits of childhood, it here centres in the courtesies and little excitements that lead on to love-making. Whom Theo finally marries, and how Val is disposed of, will surely interest every reader of *Two Girls*, and the readers of that happy tale must be legion.

The illustrations, as in the earlier book, are from the brush of Ida Waugh, who has devoted a fine artistic career to the illustration of childhood.

Chumley's Post. A Story of the Pawnee Trail. By William O. Stoddard. With Illustrations by Charles H. Stephens.

The especial trait of sympathy which enables an adult to understand a lad or a lass, to enter into their fancies and little romances, and to take to heart their wonder and fear and sense of right and wrong, is much rarer than many of us suppose. It requires a very amiable nature and a simple manly or womanly bearing to win the confidence of the young. They are instinctively alert for friend and for foe, and respond to a warm and kindly heart sooner even than their elders. Books, therefore, which would appeal to children must bear the impress of these characteristics. They must be bold, daring, and adventurous, but good, true, generous, and just, as well.

It would be hard to find a better example of all that this implies than *Chumley's Post*, by that veteran tale-teller, known to every intelligent boy and girl in the land, William O. Stoddard. It is a story of the West in those days when emigrants were overtaken by treacherous Indians and left scalplless upon their frontier farms. The lawless spirit of this life is depicted with telling strokes of a pen which has been educated on the ground. The wide region, with its beaten trail and immense perspectives, will open insensibly to the young eyes that pore over the pages, and the characters, Indian and white, types of good and bad unmistakably differentiated, will live in the minds of Mr. Stoddard's readers as lessons moral and historic.

Chumley, let it briefly be said, is the first settler in his section. Not much is known about him, and there are none to know it if there were,—none save a wicked-looking old Indian who turns up while he is planting his post to fix the limit of his land. After a while a Swedish family comes to settle near by, and Chumley saves their lives by helping to kill the five Pawnees who attack them.

The old Indian kills his share also. Then the Munro family arrives, and much adventure ensues, thrilling enough to please the most exacting youngster, but by no means overdrawn. And as each of these families brings a fair daughter, what wonder if adventure gives way to romance?

The book ends very happily for those who deserve it, and the evil-disposed are dealt with according to their light, but the tale is absorbing to the end, and every bright boy and girl will rejoice to have it for Christmas.

The illustrations supplied by the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, and executed by Mr. Charles H. Stephens, are superior to any we have seen in the boys' and girls' books of the time. Mr. Stephens evidently has a fund of knowledge about the region and the types he here deals with.

Popular History of Animals for Young People. By Henry Scherren, F.Z.S. Illustrated.

It is a consideration to parents to have offered them so valuable an addition to the nursery or kindergarten as this careful but most intelligible and delightful book on beasts, birds, and fishes. If the previous books noticed supply history for young people in its most attractive form, this handsome book gives natural history in an equally diverting fashion. The dry husks are removed, the hard nuts are cracked, and the youngster will learn to know his four-footed friends and enemies by pleasant anecdotes and unusual episodes told in as genial a way as if they were spoken by a gossip at the fireside.

The pictures in this *Popular History of Animals for Young People* (Lippincott) are an especial feature. They consist of thirteen colored plates and an abundance of wood-cuts through the text, and not only are they pleasing to the eye, but the reputation of the author, Mr. Henry Scherren, F.Z.S., insures them to be in all respects faithful portraits of the animals depicted. The book is a fine large octavo with a likable cover, and it will thus have friends among the little ones even before it is opened. When it is, there can be no manner of doubt that it will become a favorite for window-seats and lounges.

Hugh Melville's Quest. A Boy's Adventures in the Days of the Armada. By F. M. Holmes. Illustrated.

Of a nature similar to *The Wizard King*, yet so wholly of another treatment and about another period and people as to be desirable as a companion volume, is *Hugh Melville's Quest*, by F. M. Holmes, which, like the first book, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. In this story the date is the sixteenth century and the subject is the defeat of the Spanish Armada by the English. Hugh Melville is the younger son of the noble house of that name, whose father and elder brother have gone to fight the wars of their queen in Spain. Report arrives that the father is slain and the son in captivity, and young Hugh is eager to seek out and liberate his brother. At last his mother is induced by her brother to ride down to London, and here she and Hugh have audience of Queen Elizabeth, seeing at the same time many of the notable men and women of the day. Sir Francis Drake wins the heart of young Hugh, and he determines, with his mother's consent, to go out in the Cornhill Adventurer, a stout little ship sent against the Armada. His personal adventures here are thrillingly told; but, apart from these, the value of the book as a boy's story lies in its excellent pictures of English life during Elizabeth's reign and in the vivid description of England's greatest naval triumph. To learn history in this fascinating way is to remember it always and as sensibly as if one had taken part in its actual

scenes. The pictures are just such as best catch and hold the fancy of any bright boy or girl.

The Wizard King.
A Story of the Last
Moslem Invasion of
Europe. By David
Ker. Illustrated
by W. S. Stacey.

The best boys' books that come to our recollection are those that deal with actual events in a romantic vein. By such means the lad who reads also learns. The scenes and events of history, even if a trifle rose-colored or lurid, are left palpably on his mind. Dates he may not know; but, after all, dates can always be looked up; facts are hard to get and hard to hold.

Such a book, and there are none better of its kind so far as we know, is *The Wizard King*, by David Ker, which is just issued in holiday apparel from the Lippincott press. It is a story of many detached adventures, real and imagined, centring in John Sobieski the Polish patriot, who in the seventeenth century conquered the Turks and freed his people and his Hungarian neighbors from their depredations. His wild exploits and rash and sudden manœuvres gained for him among his enemies the name of The Wizard King, and if the original daring of this great historic character was uncommon, the invention of his fanciful biographer is no less alluring. Even the adult reader is kept in breathless pursuit of the noble hero through disguises, ambushes, intrepid acts of warfare, and equally intrepid deeds of kindness, and any one with a sympathy for boys and a knowledge of what they like must be sure that *The Wizard King* will make an ideal Christmas gift which will prolong its charms far into the after-season. The illustrations are stirring accompaniments of the text.

*A Book of Nursery
Songs and Rhymes.*
Edited by S. Baring-
Gould. With Illus-
trations by Mem-
bers of the Bir-
mingham Art
School.

Nothing could better show the tendency toward a purer taste which has come in with the new feeling for household art than the change in the methods of preparing rhyme-books for children. Here we have a subject as old as the hills,—the nursery rhymes of all the past generations of English lads and lasses; and yet so novel is the book in its presentation of the age-old jingles and ballads, so charming are the full-page designs and decorative margins fitted to them by skilled and tasteful artists in black and white, and so extensive is the learning which has been expended upon the collection, that, instead of a flimsy brochure with garish-colored prints, we have a volume worthy to lie on the library table and to be used as the companion of the kindergarten.

A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes is a product of the Lippincott house, by that veteran editor of folk-lore, Mr. S. Baring-Gould, assisted on the side of art by members of the Birmingham Art School, under the direction of Mr. A. J. Gaskin. And it is safe to say that never before did the old rhymes have such a setting. Each page is a work of decorative art in itself, and the type is broad and large for the assistance of young readers. The contents consist of nearly all the known nursery songs common to English-speaking children, together with a section of Game Rhymes and Nursery Jingles. It is refreshing even for an older head to encounter again the originals of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" and to discover that the lines which so often hover in our minds are but portions of longer poems. All this and much more is the reward for obtaining Mr. Baring-Gould's book, and there is no boy or girl who will regret it as a gift for Christmas or any other day in the year.

THE POWER BENEATH.

As the bow unto the cord is,
 So unto the man is woman;
 Though she bends him, she obeys him;
 Though she draws him, yet she follows;
 Useless one without the other.

This is love——and Fibre Chamois.
 Fibre Chamois is a light, crinkly stiffening.
 It is odorless, elastic, yet substantial.
 It is impervious to the elements.
 It is sewn in with the garment seams,—so,
 Rain or shine, muss or crush, it retains the
 original shape given it by the directing hand
 of the dressmaker.

Yields to pressure—certainly ; but immedi-
 ately regains its shape.

Follows every fold faithfully, and preserves
 each expensively developed dress
 eccentricity.

“Useless one without the other.”

Not for a day—a week—but for
 all time.

Different—all this—from those
 morning glories, hair-cloth, crin-
 oline.

Ever had them rain-soaked ?

Trunk-jammed ?

Crowd-creased ?

Bouffante, airy, flary in the
 morning ; limp and shrivelled at night ?

As to Fibre Chamois :

Whatever determination its elastic in-
 tegrity gives to sleeve and skirt remains.

You simply can crush it.

It doesn't soak.

It never gets limp.

It is always comfortable.

Comfortable ! Fancy our grandmothers.

Their leg-o'-mutton sleeves and full pleated skirts were sustained by sweltering wads
 of down, and natural pliancy and sinuous grace stalked about like unlubricated compasses.

At the sea-side. There's a test.

In the crinoline regimen every moisture-laden breeze was a successful conspirator in
 the fall of the regal fulness of the sleeve and in the lagging limpness of the skirt flare.

But there is neither starch, glue, nor other thing meltable in the composition of
“Fibre Chamois.”



Dampness cannot affect it.

Gowns lined with it may be voluminously ample and fluffy in rain or shine.

It comes in three weights: light, medium, heavy.

In four colors: black, slate, brown, and natural.

The price is 35 cents a yard.

The breadth is 64 inches.

As to wear:

This does not crease it, or modify its original setting.

If it gives a bell-like flamboyancy to a skirt, this peculiarity remains; and it maintains whatever individuality the designer pleases in soft silks, with no sign of fray.

Hitherto any linings which have ever approximated these desirable results (and that's all they have done) have ravelled through the skirt binding or abraded the dainty veneer of an exquisite shoe.

In short: Fibre Chamois has shaping persistency without uncompromising determinateness.

It sinks and moulds
In seam and folds,
And fills and fits
To all it holds.

With all this fluff and antique voluminousness there is either coolness or warmth, as may be desired, with always the same effect; for Fibre Chamois is adjusted in weight (as hinted above) to every dress exigency.

Another feature:

It always cuts to advantage: an important consideration when one remembers that the full skirt, like Gladstone intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, seems destined to swell and fold fuller than ever.

Its extra breadth embraces the proper artistic continuity for effective flaring and graceful lines.

Fully to appreciate all this, observe some of the recent stage heroines.

The complications through which they evolute may be almost archaic in their setting, but are beautifully inconsequent in the feature of costuming.

While the villain pursues, in the simulated swoon, in the scramble of quick change,—no matter, the persecuted lady always manages to preserve the sinuous flare or the buoyant swell of the skirt and the bursting picturesqueness of the sleeve.

For, after the hurly-burly of it all, a slight shake, a delicate preen, is all that is needed, and Fibre Chamois is itself again.

The writer can call to mind no ordeals more trying to dress form than these histrionic gambols.



Another tester : the evening dress !

Filmy fabrics, as a rule, intend to suggest all of the exquisite proportions they hide, or to fold and swell as an ample disguise.

Here, again, will Fibre Chamois measure to the emergency :

Fit to every dress line and curve ;

Fit like the silver lining to the cloud, invisibly identified with its billowy convolutions ;

Fit, with no suggestion of its sustaining presence ;

Invisible and as necessary as the skeleton to the human frame.

There can be no *persistent* daintiness and airiness without it.

So the filmy, fragile illusion may flaunt and float in the mazes of the dance,

Flutter and flatten in the crush of dinner stampede,

Momentarily assume the yielding flexibility induced by the boldness of the lover's arm in the conservatory—but—

The moment after, like a bird emerging from the ruffle and souse of a morning's dip, a shrug, a directing undulation, and Fibre Chamois immediately returns to its original integrity,

And the floating flare and airy frou-frou dazzle and enchant the same as ever.

Whenever the skirt must hang in graceful pleats, interlining is an absolute necessity.

In the past, this indispensable adjunct has miserably failed in several essentials.

First, if the stiffening maintained the identity intended, it would do that and nothing else.

That is to say, it could not be at once firm and pliant.

Fibre Chamois is never so uncompromising.

In this respect it closely resembles in point of graceful utility that agreeable and successful combination, Practical Courtesy,

Force and Grace,

Each an adjunct to the other,

A winning and effective, kindly firmness, appearing to yield, but always in control.

Again—the old stiffenings were characterized by the fact that they could be one of two things :

A success, provided they were undisturbed ;

A failure, in the presence of the simplest disarranging causes.

Fibre Chamois ends as it begins.

It has but one characteristic : adjustable practicability under all circumstances.

Then the minor but essential dress details :

Collars ; Belts ; Revers.

If they do not properly and persistently conform to the general dress shape, the gown is a failure.

Collars have a tendency to break and crease—

Belts wrinkle and curl—



Revers sag and flap,—until

Fibre Chamois interlines them, and then the conformation which at first delighted

continues to delight without mar or change.

Riding habits—

Bicycle garbs—

Jackets—all these are successfully lined with Fibre Chamois.

With all these good features, which so fully measure to that ancient phrase, “filling a long-felt want,”—features which have had such extensive heralding and commendation on all sides,—it is natural that the imitator and the substitutor should begin their characteristic chicanery.

However, remember one thing:

If Fibre Chamois were not so unmistakably good, it would not be worth while to imitate it.

To get the original, then, ask for Fibre Chamois ;

Insist on Fibre Chamois ;

Accept no substitute for Fibre Chamois.

Any woman is justified in resenting any attempt to suggest a “just as good” or “something better.”

These insinuations do not come with propriety from the dealer :

It is the customer's privilege to express dissatisfaction.

Make up your mind on another point :

Complaint on the part of a dealer in the case of any well-established article is a matter of profit,—margin, solely.

The quality of the goods, as a rule, is not taken into consideration if an inferior article enhances the returns.

What is known, and tried, and believed in, is always better than any unknown and experimental quantity.



Women who have used Fibre Chamois become its best advertisements.
Let this be its recommendation.



**Absolutely
Pure.**

DUMAS AS A CANDIDATE.—The elder Dumas, says the *New York Times*, stood in 1848 for the Chamber of Deputies, and this was his address to the electors:

"I am a candidate for the office of Deputy. I ask your votes. These are my reasons why you should give them to me. Not counting six years devoted to the acquirement of an education, four years passed in performing the duties of a notary, and seven years as an employee of the government, I have worked ten hours a day for twenty years. That makes seventy-three thousand hours.

"During those twenty years I wrote four hundred volumes and thirty-five plays.

"Of each of the four hundred volumes an average of four thousand copies have been printed and sold for five francs each. The thirty-five plays have each been performed, on an average, one hundred times.

"My books have produced—

	<i>Francs.</i>
For the compositors.....	264,000
For the pressmen.....	528,000
For the paper-makers.....	633,000
For the binders.....	120,000
For the booksellers.....	2,400,000
For the jobbers (<i>courtiers</i>).....	1,600,000
For the agents (<i>commissionnaires</i>).....	1,600,000
For the handlers of freight.....	100,000
For the circulating libraries.....	4,580,000
For the illustrators.....	28,600
Total.....	11,853,600

"My plays have produced—

	<i>Francs.</i>
For the managers.....	1,400,000
For the actors.....	1,225,000
For the decorators.....	210,000
For the costumers.....	140,000
For the owners of theatres.....	700,000
For the supernumeraries.....	350,000
For the watchmen and firemen.....	70,000
For the dealers in wood.....	70,000
For the sewing-women.....	50,000
For the oil-dealers.....	525,000
For the scene-makers.....	60,000
For the musicians.....	257,000
For the poor.....	630,000
For the bill-posters.....	80,000
For the sweepers.....	20,000
For the insurers.....	60,000
For the auditors and employees.....	140,000
For the machinists.....	180,000
For the coiffeurs.....	93,000
Total.....	6,360,600

"Taking three francs a day as the average pay of a workingman, and as there are three hundred working days in the year, my books have paid for twenty years the wages of six hundred and ninety-two people and my plays the wages for ten years of three hundred and forty-seven people; but the last figure must be multiplied by three to include the provinces, making one thousand and forty-one, and adding seventy for the ushers, chiefs of the *claque*, and cab-drivers, makes a total of fourteen hundred and fifty-eight.

"Plays and books, then, have paid the wages of two thousand one hundred and sixty people for all these years,—not counting Belgian pirates and foreign translators."

Yet he was not elected.



Those “smart” officers
use

SAPOLIO

to dazzle the fair sex!

AN EPISODE IN AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING.—When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was made a Cabinet minister, he got hundreds of requests for his autograph. For a time he answered each one in an autograph note, but the labor involved became so great that finally he had a printed form prepared, running, "Your request of such a date is hereby complied with." Then when an autograph request came in he simply signed this blank form and let it go at that.

One day a tall, raw-boned Warwickshire man walked into his office. "Morning," said he.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Chamberlain, looking up.

"I came for that place you promised me," said the countryman, after an awkward pause.

"Place? I promised you no place," said Mr. Chamberlain.

"Yes, you did," insisted the countryman, stoutly. "I've got your promise in your own handwriting." With that he hauled out one of the autograph replies, "Your request of such a date."

"But, man alive," said Mr. Chamberlain, "that was in response to a request from you for my autograph."

"No, 'twasn't," said the man. "I never asked for no autograph. I want a place. That's what I wrote for."

Mr. Chamberlain had the man's letter hunted up, and, sure enough, he found that it was a formal application for a place.

"Here," said the perplexed minister, emptying into his big hand all the money he had in his pocket. "I can't give you a place. I haven't any to give."

And with that the man had to be content.

"LUKE'S IRON CROWN."—One of the most awful modes of punishment inflicted by the law-invested barbarians of olden times was that jocularly referred to by the old Inquisitors as "Luke's iron crown." I can only find record of one country—Hungary—where it became the recognized mode of killing criminals convicted of enormous crimes (and there it was used only on regicides), but several other governments are known to have used it in aggravated cases. This mode of punishment with an apostolic name consisted in placing a crown of red-hot iron upon the head and leaving it there until the sizzling flesh and bone burned away and allowed the very brain of the writhing wretch to be fried to a crisp before life had entirely left the body. Could even a hooped and horned, spike-tailed devil, fresh from the infernal regions, devise a more inhuman method of inflicting the death-penalty?

The term "Luke's iron crown" was applied to this method of legal killing because it was first used in ridding Hungary of a rebel named Luke Dosa. Luke and his brother George headed a revolt, and the former allowed himself to be crowned king by his followers. When finally taken by the government, they made the crown business "too hot for him,"—an example to future would-be kings.—*St. Louis Republic*.

A CHILL FOR REGGIE.—She.—"You know, Reggie, that girls are being called by the names of flowers now, and my sister suggested that I should be called Thistle."

Reggie.—"Oh, yes, I see; because you are so sharp."

She.—"Oh, no; she said it was because a donkey loved me."—*Boston Globe*.




What MELBA says:

"I highly commend the genuine **Johann Hoff's Malt Extract**. I use it with my daily diet. It improves my appetite and digestion wonderfully."

Melba

Beware of imitations. The genuine *Johann Hoff's Malt Extract* has the signature on neck label. **EISNER & MENDELSON CO.**,
Sole Agents, New York.

 *Johann Hoff*

CHICAGO ETIQUETTE.—At a cake-walk in Greenebaum's Hall, the other night, the following notice was posted on the door leading to the refreshment room:

"Gents without ladies will not be allowed to dance twice in succession with the same lady unless the lady requests it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE NATIONAL TYPEWRITER.—One of the first buildings that meet one's eye on entering Philadelphia by the great Pennsylvania Railroad is the five-story structure, occupying an entire square, in which the now famous National typewriter is made. It is located on the historic Schuylkill (Twenty-Third and Arch Streets), in the centre of the City of Brotherly Love, and has a private railroad siding running into the building, so that the production of the factory can be loaded directly into the cars for transportation to any point in the world. The factory is superbly equipped with all that goes to aid in the making of perfect writing machines.

That the National is the least complicated, and therefore the least liable to get out of order, of any machine made, is demonstrated by the fact that its mechanism requires only about one-third as many parts as other standard machines. With but twenty-nine keys to manipulate, it is capable of printing from eighty-one to eighty-five characters, including capitals, small letters, punctuation marks, commercial signs, figures, etc., which is a greater number than is made by most machines.

The arrangement of its key-board has secured for the National the smallest size and lightest weight of any machine of its standard character. The arrangement of the letters in the key-board is the same as that in most machines, while the keys themselves are so arranged, in three short semicircular rows, as to enable the operator to use the hands and fingers in their natural positions, with the least effort and greatest speed.

It has an entirely original finger-key action, there being no levers employed. The type-bar movement is extremely simple; the keys act directly upon the type-bar, there being no swivels, turn-buckles, or take-up devices between the finger-key and the type-bar. The type-bar hanger and guide show an ingenious movement, which practically guides and locks the bar at the printing point.

One of the strongest features of this machine is the possibility of doing "many-color work." A single word can be written so that each letter will be of a different color; the change from a copying to a non-copying ribbon can be made *instantly*. The automatic pointer or tabulator is also a marked feature, as well as the single scale, which has double indications upon it.

Space forbids going further into details, but it remains to be said that long years' experience, together with comparative simplicity of mechanism, has enabled the National Company to give better value for sixty dollars than can be bought in the market to-day for one hundred dollars. The company's motto is, "Irrespective of Price, the Best; Trial Proves It."

The company, on application, furnish a beautiful pamphlet, descriptive of their machine, and containing other valuable matter.

A WOMAN'S TELEGRAM.—It has never been explained why a woman, in sending a telegram to friends to meet her at a railway station, never mentions the time when she expects to arrive, and quite often neglects to mention the road over which she is coming. It is a fact nevertheless.—*Chicago Tribune*.

nothing lost

Scott's Emulsion makes cod-liver oil taking next thing to a pleasure. You hardly taste it. The stomach knows nothing about it—it does not trouble you there. You feel it first in the strength that it brings: it shows in the color of the cheek, the rounding of the angles, the smoothing of the wrinkles.

It is cod-liver oil digested for you, slipping as easily into the blood and losing itself there as rain-drops lose themselves in the ocean.

What a satisfactory thing this is—to hide the odious taste of cod-liver oil, evade the tax on the stomach, take health by surprise.

There is no secret of what it is made of—the fish-fat taste is lost, but nothing is lost but the taste.

*Perhaps your druggist has a substitute for Scott's Emulsion.
Isn't the standard all others try to equal the best for you to buy?*

50 cents and \$1.00

All Druggists

SCOTT & BOWNE

Chemists,

-

NEW YORK

HOW HEBREW WOMEN USED COSMETICS.—The Hebrew women had learned in Egypt all the fashionable vanities, and carried them with them into the desert and afterwards into the land of Canaan. As in these days, the profuse use of cosmetics by women caused odious comparisons, and there were, besides, prophets, like Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, who discoursed on the vanities of the fair sex with a plainness, a brutality even, surpassing that of John Knox preaching to Mary Queen of Scots. The experience of the world has shown that the reproofs and warnings of preachers are powerless against female vanity, and the prophets of Israel were no exception, for among the women of the chosen people the practice in question was common, if not universal. In the Proverbs of Solomon, the son, when he is advised to keep the commandments of his father and the law of his mother, is especially counselled not to be taken by the eyelids of women, from which it would appear that the use of kohl, as practised by the women of modern Egypt, was then known. Kohl is obtained by burning and crushing frankincense or the shells of almonds. There are similar suggestions in the prophets. Jezebel, queen of King Ahaziah, who is remembered only for her badness and her tragic death, wishing to appease Jehu, who had just slain her husband, painted her face, tired her head, and looked out of a window. The sacred historian leaves it uncertain whether or not it was the painted face that aroused the ire of Jehu,—which was hardly possible, for he must have seen many such,—but he ordered her to be thrown out of the window, and she was trodden under the feet of his horses and afterwards devoured by jackals.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

CHARMS FOR DISEASES.—Lists of potions, decoctions, and remedies resorted to not only by Dyaks, Finns, and Badagas, but by Greek philosophers such as Serapion and Alexander of Tralles, are by no means attractive. It is sufficient to say that they are the quintessence of everything noxious, repulsive, and nasty. Eye of newt, toe of frog, and the liver of blaspheming Jew are savory and delicate in comparison. But no one could find fault with this ancient prescription for a good physician: He should be truthful, of a calm temper, not peevish with an irritable patient, hopeful to the last day of his patient's life, and rigid in seeing that his orders are carried out.

In China, whether the family physician possesses the above qualities or not, his salary is stopped as soon as the householder falls sick. The difficulty of this situation is enhanced by the rule that after feeling the pulse and looking at the tongue the physician is not to ask any troublesome questions nor may the sick man volunteer any information. An old Roman was not above the use of what are called magic songs, but which seem pure gibberish. A dislocation was to be reduced by the utterance of the formula "Huat, hanat, pista, ista, damniato, damnaustra." The closing words seem more allied to the language of the modern cabman than to that of the elder Cato, to whom it is ascribed.

Not much more civilized are such Anglo-Saxon phrases as the following: To remove dust or particles from the eye, you should spit thrice and say three times, "Tetunc resonco, bregan gresso;" to stanch blood, say the words, "Sisycuma, cucuma, incuma, cuma, uma, ma, a;" and to cure the toothache, spit in the mouth of a frog, and say, "Argidam, margidam, sturgidam." For quinsy, however, you need only press the throat with the thumb and the ring and middle fingers, cocking up the other two, and tell the disease to be gone.—*Saturday Review*.

Cottolene

THE NEW SHORTENING

IS SOLD
EVERYWHERE

IN POUND
ONE POUND
TINS

IN
THREE POUND
TINS

AND POUND
FIVE POUND
TINS.



Genuine COTTOLENE always has trade-mark—steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Montreal.

MISS TRAIN'S story, "A Social Highwayman," which appeared in LIPPINCOTT'S for July last, has been dramatized, and was produced with great success at the Garrick Theatre in New York on September 24. The leading papers in that city hailed the piece as a valuable addition to the resources of the American stage.

REPRISALS.—In the summer of 1563 eight English merchantmen anchored in the roads at Gibraltar. England and France were then at war. A French brig came in after them, and brought up near. At sea, if they could take her, she would have been a lawful prize. Spaniards under similar circumstances had not respected the neutrality of English harbors. The Englishmen were perhaps in doubt what to do, when the officers of the Holy Office came off to the French ship. The sight of the black familiars drove the English wild. Three of them made a dash at the French ship, intending to sink her. The Inquisitors sprang into their boat and rowed for their lives. The castle guns opened, and the harbor police put out to interfere. The French ship, however, would have been taken, when, unluckily, Alvarez de Baçan, with a Spanish squadron, came round into the straits. Resistance was impossible.

The eight English ships were captured and carried off to Cadiz. The English flag was trailed under de Baçan's stern. The crews, two hundred and forty men in all, were promptly condemned to the galleys. In defence they could but say that the Frenchman was an enemy, and a moderate punishment would have sufficed for a violation of the harbor rules which the Spaniards themselves so little regarded. But the Inquisition was inexorable, and the men were treated with such peculiar brutality that after nine months ninety only of the two hundred and forty were alive.

Ferocity was answered by ferocity. Listen to this! The Cobhams of Cowling Castle were Protestants by descent. Lord Cobham was famous in the Lollard martyrology. Thomas Cobham, one of the family, had taken to the sea, like many of his friends. While cruising in the Channel he caught sight of a Spaniard on the way from Antwerp to Cadiz with forty prisoners on board consigned, it might be supposed, to the Inquisition.

They were, of course, Inquisition prisoners; for other offenders would have been dealt with on the spot. Cobham chased her down into the Bay of Biscay, took her, scuttled her, and rescued the captives. But that was not enough. The captain and crew he sewed up in their own mainsail, and flung them overboard. They were washed ashore dead, wrapped in their extraordinary winding-sheet. Cobham was called to account for this exploit, but he does not seem to have been actually punished. In a very short time he was out and away again at the old work. There were plenty with him.—J. A. FROUDE, in *Longman's Magazine*.

LIFE'S WHIRLIGIG.—Interested Friend.—"And your boys are all educated and gone to themselves, Mr. Jones?"

Jones.—"Yes, all in perfeshn'l life in the city."

"And who's working your great farm?"

"Well, I've got three fellers tryin' t' work it, but makin' mighty poor fists uv 't."

"Where are they from?"

"Perfeshn'l men 't starved out in the city."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Hot griddle cakes,
waffles and
muffins are
delicious
and whole-
some when
made with



Cleveland's Baking
Powder
"Absolutely the Best"

Ye Ancient Way

Inne olden dayes, ye gallant knighte
Withe blade in tourney foughte ;
Hys pennante waved bye daye & nighte,
His lyfe he held as naughte.

Soe whenne he dyde on crimson fielde
Hys ladye drooped lykewise ;
Hys castle faire, his arms & shielde,
Hys victor tooke as prize.

The Modern Way

In modern days, no lance or spear
Waves he who fights through life ;
He battles for a hearthstone dear,
For children and for wife.

So, should he fall, no baron bold
Treads in by loot allured :
The home he made his children hold ;
The modern knight's INSURED.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE

921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

TOO MUCH EDUCATION.—Ever since the enormous enlargement, numerically, of the English universities there can be little doubt that the value of a degree has gone down commercially. The number of first-class men seeking work and finding none is a sorry comment on the development of the English university system. If this is true of the first class, what must be the lot of the second, the third, and the pass man? The learned professions, in fact, are overcrowded. The cause of this unhappy crowding of the market for brain-laborers is not far to seek. An immense number of persons who in former times would have worked with their hands as their fathers did before them are being educated to work with their heads. There is a general levelling up of the social grades, if you look at it optimistically. The son of the artisan becomes a clerk, the son of the clerk aspires to teach in a school, the son of the school-teacher aspires to go to Oxford or Cambridge. But this levelling up is not an unmixed blessing. The result is that we have fifty times too many clerks,—two hundred applied for an insignificant post advertised in the *Times* the other day,—ten times too many half-educated teachers, and, alas! ten times too many university graduates turned out every year to crowd the ranks of the bar, the schools, and journalism, and recruit the year's crop of miserable and hopeless failures. None of these people can dig as their fathers did; they cannot make shop-boys, or 'bus-men, or crossing-sweepers. Too many of them can only teach or starve. It is really impossible to deny that a certain degree of intellectual education unfits a man to work with his hands and earn his bread as a laborer. It may be that it ought not to do so, but in the present imperfect state of the world so it is. Therefore, somehow or other, places must be found for this enormous harvest of tolerable scholars as school-masters or something analogous in the social scale. Every year the problem is how to do it. That problem formerly the university solved by the fellowship system. The number of scholars was small, and they had a fellowship apiece. That solution is no longer possible, even if it were desirable. Then the universities tried ignoring the problem altogether. They, as it were, denied liability. Their position was, "Our business is to provide facilities for learning for those who wish to learn, and opportunities to study for those who care to study. We have no duties beyond that. When our men have attained, by the help of our endowments, to a degree, the connection between us terminates. They must shift for themselves." Theoretically, of course, this was undeniably a logical position which they could very fairly take up; but in practice they must be held responsible, in some degree at least, for the men whom they have raised out of their own position in life by scholarships and exhibitions specially offered for necessitous persons.—*Saturday Review*.

COULDN'T FOOL THE ELEPHANT.—An elephant was sent to Nagerboil for the purpose of piling timber by the Dewan, who requested the wife of a missionary there to be good enough to see the animal fed, and thus prevent its keeper from abstracting its food. It was therefore brought to the house for this purpose, and at first all went on correctly, but after a time it was suspected that the amount of rice was getting smaller and smaller, so one day the keeper was remonstrated with, and of course protested against the imputation of having taken it, adding, in true native phraseology, "Madam, do you think I could rob my child?" The elephant looked on most sagaciously, and at this stage of the proceedings quietly threw his trunk around his keeper and untied his bulky waist-cloth, when the missing rice fell to the ground.

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MRS. A. W. WINTER, *Steelton, Pa.*

Have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for eight years, and find it does all you claim it to do. It has no equal for washing all kinds of clothes.

MRS. R. A. HAMILL, *Cochranville, Pa.*

I use lots of Dobbins' Electric Soap and like it better than any soap I have ever found.

MRS. J. W. CARLISLE, *Foster City, Mich.*

I have forwarded you to-day 60 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers, and wish in return the picture you send out for that number. You make the best laundry soap made. I have used many different brands, but yours is the best. I use it in the bath as well. I always keep a supply on hand, as it gets dry and hard, and lasts just thrice as long as the cheap, common trash called soap.

MRS. E. B. JOHNSON, *Nahant, Mass.*

I like Dobbins' Electric Soap better than any other kind, and I have used a good many. It is so nice for white clothes, and will not take the colors out of colored clothes, and very fine for washing blankets. There is some satisfaction, I should say a great satisfaction, in washing undergarments with Dobbins' Electric Soap. It being free from rosin, they are always soft, and they are not full of little hard clumps that cause one a great deal of uneasiness. I feel sure that when clothes are washed with Dobbins' Electric Soap they last much longer.

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AN OBSCURE LITTÉRATEUR.—It seems odd that a man could make twelve thousand dollars a year in New York by writing fiction, die, and remain as utterly unknown as if he had never existed. Arthur Elder Nelson was such a man. He did not get even a three-line obituary in any newspaper. His dealings were mostly with two huge New York concerns devoted exclusively to the manufacture of dime and half-dime novels, and his specialty was the fiction that deals with boy pirates, boy highwaymen, boy robbers, and other equally interesting juveniles. He started six years ago, when he was twenty-five. Educated and refined (he was an Oxford man), he came to this country shortly after attaining his majority.

His first effort in the line of blood-and-thunder narrative was made during his leisure as a drug clerk. The success of his production encouraged him to persevere, and for the last two years he had worked steadily. His publishers say that his own share of the profits of his pen last year was twelve thousand dollars, and he lived pretty well up to his income. He spoke four languages, and his wide reading and ripe scholarship enabled him to wander at will in the highways of literature, plundering wherever he saw an opportunity. Thus his works were, as a rule, mere plagiarisms brought down to his readers' level. He never aspired to anything higher.

Certainly if he had wished to be a serious writer his income could never have exceeded, say, three thousand five hundred dollars a year, even had he attained great vogue. As it was, he kept a horse and carriage and enjoyed life like a sybarite, being unmarried and uncontrolled. And not even his thousands of admirers scattered through the school-rooms, district telegraph offices, and street corners of this republic had any idea of his personality.—*Philadelphia Press*.

NOT WHAT SHE WANTED.—Edith.—“Ma, that new maid is awful stupid.”
Mamma.—“What has she done?”

Edith.—“I wanted to practise a little, so I sent her to the music-room for ‘The Lost Chord.’”

Mamma.—“Well?”

Edith.—“She brought me the clothes-line.”—*Texas Siftings*.

DANGEROUS PETS.—I never liked pet tame leopards, and I will only warn young officers in India against keeping them as pets. They may be very well behaved to their own master, but when a visitor comes to call, not knowing anything about the existence of a leopard in the house, it is very unpleasant to him to find a huge beast coming sniffing up to him and raising its head as if to lick his face. The visitor is probably seated in the darkened drawing-room, and the servant who introduced him has gone off to call his master, who is said to be dressing or bathing.

I remember an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour that I spent in a certain subaltern's bungalow with a strange leopard as my only companion, for the native servant did not come back to the drawing-room, as he had a holy horror of the leopard on his own account. When at last my young friend appeared, he could hardly believe that any one could be afraid of such a harmless, playful animal as his leopard. I thought otherwise, and did not repeat my call. Before the end of a month this leopard bit his own master,—of course in play; but the warning was taken, and the master had the skull and skin very handsomely set up as a souvenir of his old pet.—C. T. BUCKLAND, in *Longman's Magazine*.

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ST. LOUIS.

THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.—It is curious to note how all writers insist upon the carnival as a specially popular festival, for, though the people, of course, took their part as spectators and jostled and jested with each other in a struggling mass in the Corso, still it was eminently a feast provided for them by the aristocracy. The people had little more to do with the active part of it than the rank and file of the Achæans and Trojans had to do with the Homeric battles, for much money had to be spent upon it.

In 1499 Sebastiano Pinzoni writes, "The Roman aristocracy hold high festival, and it goes badly with such as have no money." In 1634 the jousts which Cardinal Antonio Barberini arranged, with dresses and one thing and another, cost more than fifty thousand scudi. Especially in the races for Barbary horses up the Corso there was always great emulation among the noblest houses in Rome, and the nobles would hang up the banners which were the prizes in their private chapels. Thus, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century we find all the most aristocratic names in Rome on the list of winners.

Toward the end of last century their interest was on the wane, for Goethe says that in 1788 the horse-races were no longer confined to the aristocracy, but the middle and lower classes also took part in them: "The great men are parsimonious: they hold aloof from the proceedings;" a great contrast with 1761, when, according to Casanova, "all that was noblest and most brilliant in Rome mixed freely with the common people." From which it would seem that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the rich spent freely, and made the real carnival for the poor; but to-day the positions are reversed, and the poor spend all the money to make a carnival of quite a different kind for themselves, in which the element of speculation plays a prominent part, and the aristocracy, as a rule, ignore the whole proceeding, though visitors contribute largely toward its expenses by hiring balconies and otherwise taking part in what is to them a novelty.

As things go at present, it is not likely to improve; a good carnival costs too much money, and the aristocracy hold their carnival in their private houses and palaces. The carnival at Nice, with its battle of flowers, is made by the rich visitors, and the American carnival at New Orleans is by no means a festival made by the people.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

HOW PRIVATE ALLEN GOT HIS NICKNAME.—"I never knew until to-day," said a well-known Georgia politician, "how Representative Allen, of Mississippi, got the nickname 'Private' John Allen."

"How was it?" somebody asked.

"He was running for Congress against General Tucker, out in Mississippi, and Tucker made a speech one day whooping himself up on his war record. He started out by saying, in a stentorian voice, 'I slept one night before the battle in a tent——'

"This was enough for Allen. When he got up to speak, he said, 'Yes, boys, General Tucker did sleep in that tent that night, and I stood guard on picket around the tent. Now, all you here to-day who slept in tents vote for Tucker, but those who stood guard in the rain and cold vote for John Allen.' From that moment to this he has been called 'Private' John Allen. Of course he was elected."—*Atlanta Constitution*.



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RUSSIANS DURING THE TURKISH WAR.—I was struck with the utter absence of enthusiasm and the dislike to the war. In the canteen tent I frequently heard officers of the guard, who had not yet been under fire, making use of such expressions as, "Ah! if I were only lucky enough to be back in St. Petersburg!" or, "I'd give somebody a good round sum to give me a slight flesh-wound," etc. The wounded in the hospital frequently spoke in indignant terms of the officers, which, as a rule, is certainly not the habit of the Russian soldier.—*Experiences of a Prussian Officer.*

AN ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.—Count de P—— had been raised by Bonaparte to honors and dignities, but for some unaccountable reason he betrayed the confidence which his patron had reposed in him. When Bonaparte became cognizant of the man's treachery, he ordered him to be arrested. He was to have been tried the following day, and in all probability he would have been condemned, as his guilt was fully established. In the mean time Mme. de P—— solicited and obtained an audience of the Emperor.

"I am very sorry for your sake, madame," he said, "that your husband should be mixed up in an affair which places his ingratitude in so glaring a light."

"Perhaps he is not so guilty as your majesty supposes," said the countess.

"Do you know your husband's signature?" inquired the Emperor, taking a letter out of his pocket and handing it to her.

Mme. de P—— rapidly perused the letter, recognized the handwriting, and fell into a swoon. When she came around, Bonaparte put the letter into her hands, saying,—

"Take it. This is the only legal evidence that exists against your husband. There is a lighted fire behind you."

The countess quickly snatched up the important document and threw it into the flames. P——'s life was saved; but as for his honor, not all the influence of a generous Emperor could avail to restore it.—*Tribuna.*

A MADAGASCAR SEDAN-CHAIR.—Four men at a time carry the passenger, always keeping step. The men on the left side support the pole on the right shoulders, holding it with their right hands; those on the right side have their heads between the poles, the right-hand pole resting on their right shoulders, while with their left hands they catch hold of their companions' right wrists, and so steady each other.

Every half-minute, without slackening their pace, they throw the *filanzana* onto the shoulders of four others, who, in anticipation, have been running on ahead so that there should be no pause. They were a bright and cheery set of people, never ceasing to laugh and chatter the whole day, and were like a lot of big children out for a game of ball,—the unfortunate passenger being the ball. The sailor's description of his camel-ride over the Bayuda desert—that the beast played cup-and-ball with him the whole way, and only missed him twice—would have been equally suitable to this mode of travelling.

The bearers are of a higher class and generally younger than the baggage porters, and are specially trained to keep up a fast rate of travelling day by day. The latter have, as a rule, enormous bumps on their shoulders, which I have read are hereditary, but my own impression is that their growth on each individual is the result of the constant friction of the long bamboos on which they swing their loads.—ZELIE COLVILLE: *Round the Black Man's Garden.*

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F. J. Gregory, M. D., Keysville, Virginia.

"For eighteen months my wife, aged forty-one years, was a sufferer from a **Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh**, which resisted my best-directed efforts at relief. The taking of the smallest quantity of the most easily digested food on the stomach would produce an attack of nausea and vomiting, the severity of which is seldom witnessed, and when the stomach was free of food she would have attacks of **Gastralgia of the most excruciating nature.** She also suffered from habitual constipation, at times with hemorrhages from the bowels. I pursued the usual line of treatment, and called to my help two of the most skillful physicians in Southside, Virginia, who supplemented my treatment with some of the newer drugs, but with no benefit, and so her condition went on from bad to worse until death seemed almost imminent from inanition. I then put her on a milk diet, with a glass of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** every hour or so during the day, and after the use of the first bottle improvement was marked, and **before a case had been used her cure was complete.** It has been nearly two years since, and there has been only one slight recurrence, which was a few days since, and it readily disappeared on the use of the water for a few days."

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CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

WITHIN ONE OF IT.—One day the Chodja prayed aloud that God would send him a thousand piastres. "A full thousand! I could not take less!" said he, in concluding his prayer. A rich man who had heard the Chodja praying thought he would try his consistency, and next day placed a bag containing nine hundred and ninety-nine piastres in his way. The Chodja found the bag and counted the money, but as he was turning to carry it home the tempter stepped from behind a wall and cried, "Yesterday, in your prayer, you said you could not take less than a thousand piastres, and I wished to show you your inconsistency. Leave that money: it is mine." "Oh, no!" said the Chodja: "this money God sent me in answer to my prayer, and I shall take it home, trusting that He who sent me nine hundred and ninety-nine piastres will some time surely send me the one outstanding piastre. There is no inconsistency, but plenty of faith, in me." And he walked away, well satisfied, carrying the bag.—*Good Words.*

IBSEN'S TABLE.—The papers on the table were all most neatly tied up into little bundles, the manuscripts fastened with elastic bands; everything was in its place; for Ibsen has a most remarkable love of order and neatness. He is faddy almost to the point of old-maidism, and cannot bear disorder. Everything he does is done slowly and neatly, and he is always punctual to a second. He writes a clear, round hand, the very essence of copy-book work. He talks very quietly and deliberately, and walks and moves slowly.

He is never in a hurry. This is particularly so with his work. It takes him at least two years to write a play, for he writes and rewrites so often that by the time it is finished not a line of the original remains, and very often the entire plot has been changed. Indeed, so particular is he about his manuscripts that he has many a time destroyed the entire work of many months because it has not given him satisfaction. He is very secretive about his work, and no one ever knows what he is doing until the last sheet is in the printer's hands.

He is very painstaking, and in everything except his extraordinarily advanced ideas has far more of the calmness and precision of a writer of the eighteenth than the nineteenth century. He never seems to be influenced by the bustle around him or the general rush of life. He notes the turmoil of existence in others, and comments upon it, but it does not in any way influence his own individual life.

Casting our eyes around, we noticed that by the side of the inkpot on the table on which so many remarkable books have been written there stood a little tray, and on the tray one of those small carved wooden bears so common in Switzerland. Beside it was a little black devil for holding a match, and two or three little cats and rabbits in copper, one of the former of which was playing a violin.

"What are these funny little things?" we queried.

"I never write a single line of any of my dramas without having that tray and its occupants before me on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is; but I cannot write without them," he repeated; "but why I use them is my own secret." And he laughed quietly. Are these little toys, with their strange fascination, the origin of those much-discussed dolls in "The Master-Builder"? Who can tell? They are Ibsen's secret.—*Temple Bar.*

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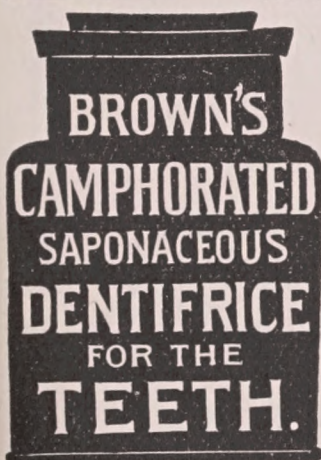
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THE ENGLISH CHAPLAIN.—These commissioned chaplains are divided into four classes, according to their seniority, ranking respectively as colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, and captains, and headed by a chaplain-general,—at present Dr. Edghill,—who is at the War Office.

The pay of a military chaplain is not great, ranging from ten shillings to one pound two shillings and sixpence a day, and he retires on pension when he has completed twenty years' service, except under special circumstances, when the term of service may be prolonged. He is not entitled to special fees for the performance of any duty whatever for officers and men, such as furnishing copies of certificates of baptism, marriage, or burial.

His duties embrace the conduct of the parade and voluntary services in the garrison church on Sunday morning and evening respectively, the regular visiting of the sick in hospital and of the soldiers' families in the married quarters, and the weekly religious instruction of the children and drummer-boys. These, however, are the barest lines of his duty. There are a thousand other ways by which, if a chaplain would do his work effectively, he must come into sympathetic touch with the men.

No rules or regulations can make a chaplain really efficient if it be not born in him from the first. There are special instincts, intuitions, and natural powers which are essential, and which if he have them not he had better relinquish the work at once and forever.—*Chambers's Journal*.

ACCURACY.—“Mr. Pennersby,” said the city editor to the reporter, “did you write this sentence?—‘The Congressman stood speechless with amazement.’”

“Yes. Is there anything wrong with it?”

“Well, I don't know. Unless you are very sure of your facts, we'd better change it to ‘The Congressman was amazed.’”—*Washington Star*.

GOOD USE OF A FLAG.—In Havana there was one evening a great row in the streets, and a man was killed. Every one ran away except an Englishman, who did not see why he should run off, but stopped to do what he could for the wounded man. The city was then, as it often was, under martial law, and in a few minutes a party of soldiers came up and walked the Englishman off. He was tried then and there by a sort of drum-head court-martial, and condemned to be shot the next morning at eight o'clock.

He managed to get the news conveyed to the English consul, and at seven forty-five o'clock next morning the consul appeared in his coach-and-four, uniform, cocked hat, and sword, all his orders on, etc. The shooting-party were drawn out, and the prisoner was there, too. The consul walked up to the officer commanding the party and demanded the life of his countryman.

“Very sorry,” said the officer, “but I must carry out my orders.” And he showed the warrant signed by the governor.

“Well,” said the consul, “at least you will allow me to shake hands with him before he dies?”

“I can't refuse that,” was the reply. On which the consul stepped up to the Englishman, put his hand into his breast-coat pocket, drew out a union jack, unfolded it, threw it over the man, and then said, “There, now, fire if you dare!” The lieutenant was staggered, the matter was referred to the governor, and the Englishman was saved.—*The Spectator*.

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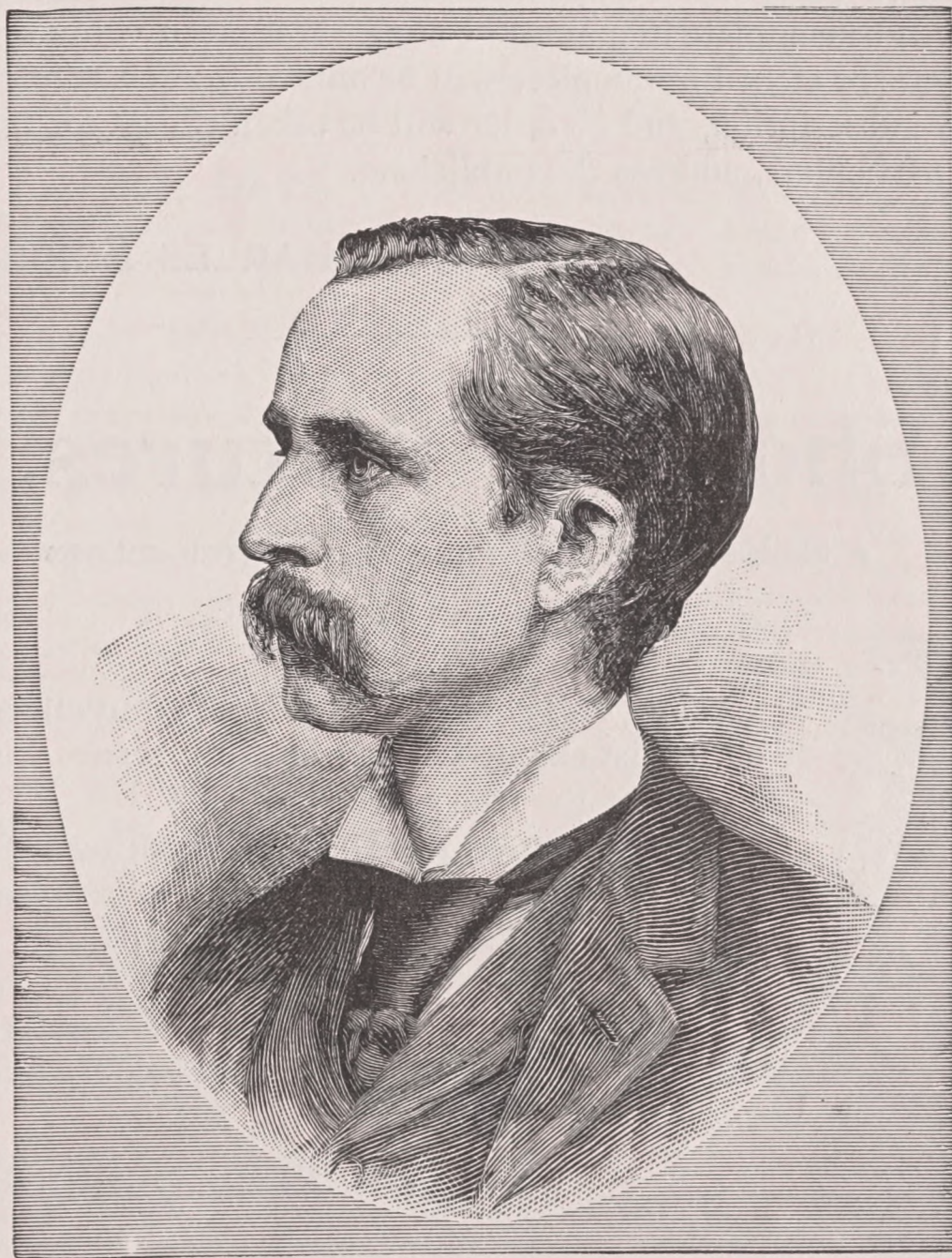
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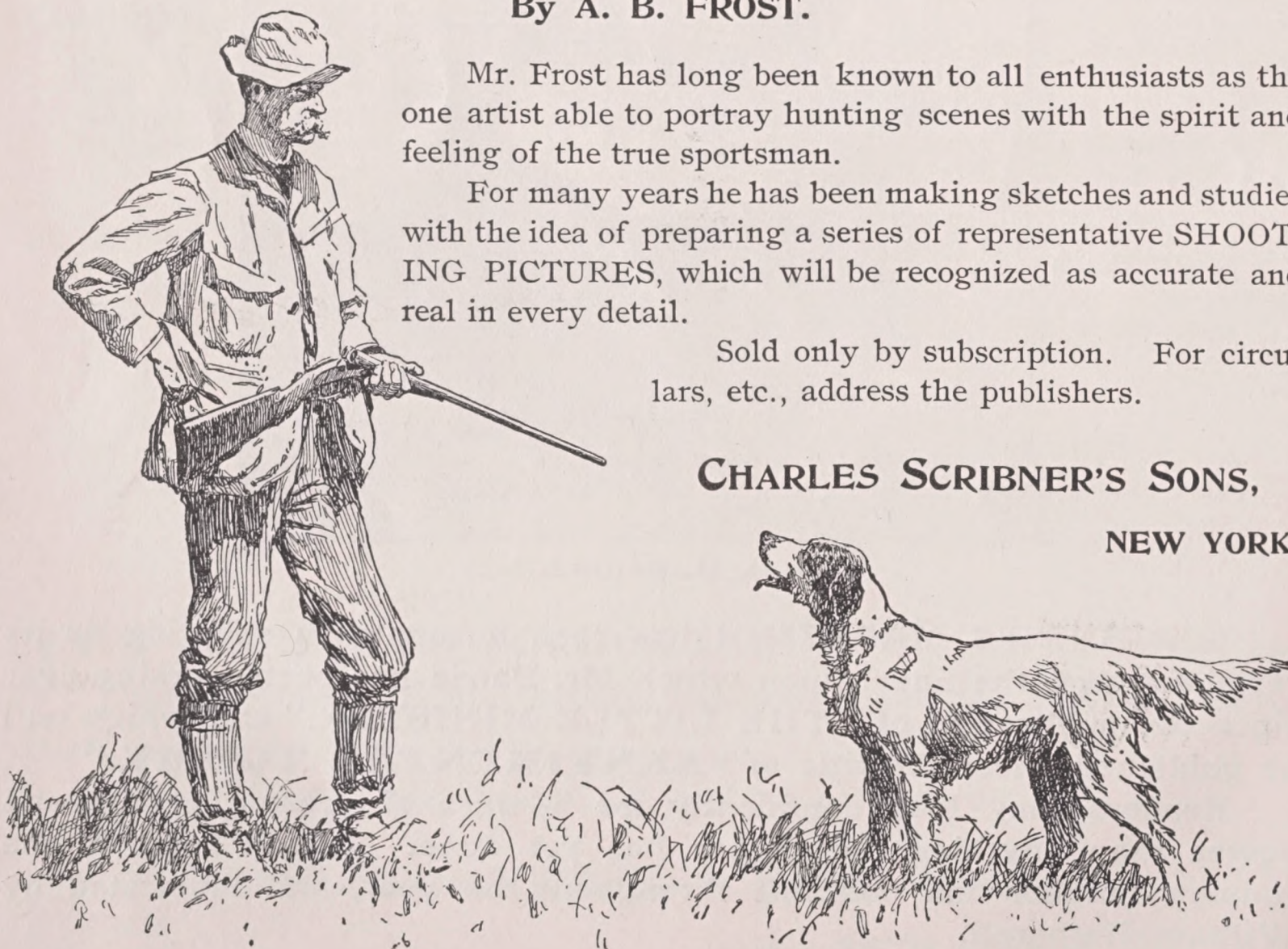
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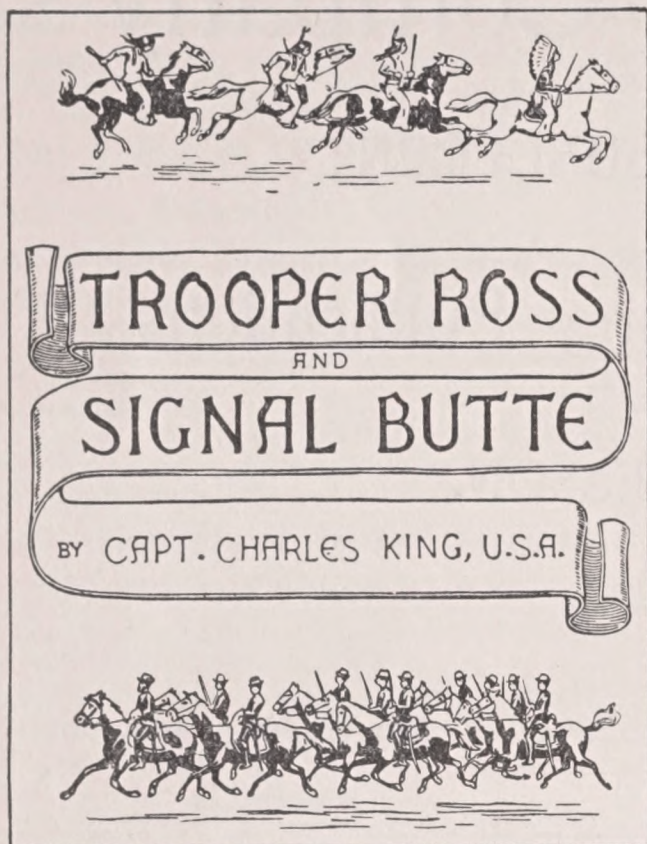
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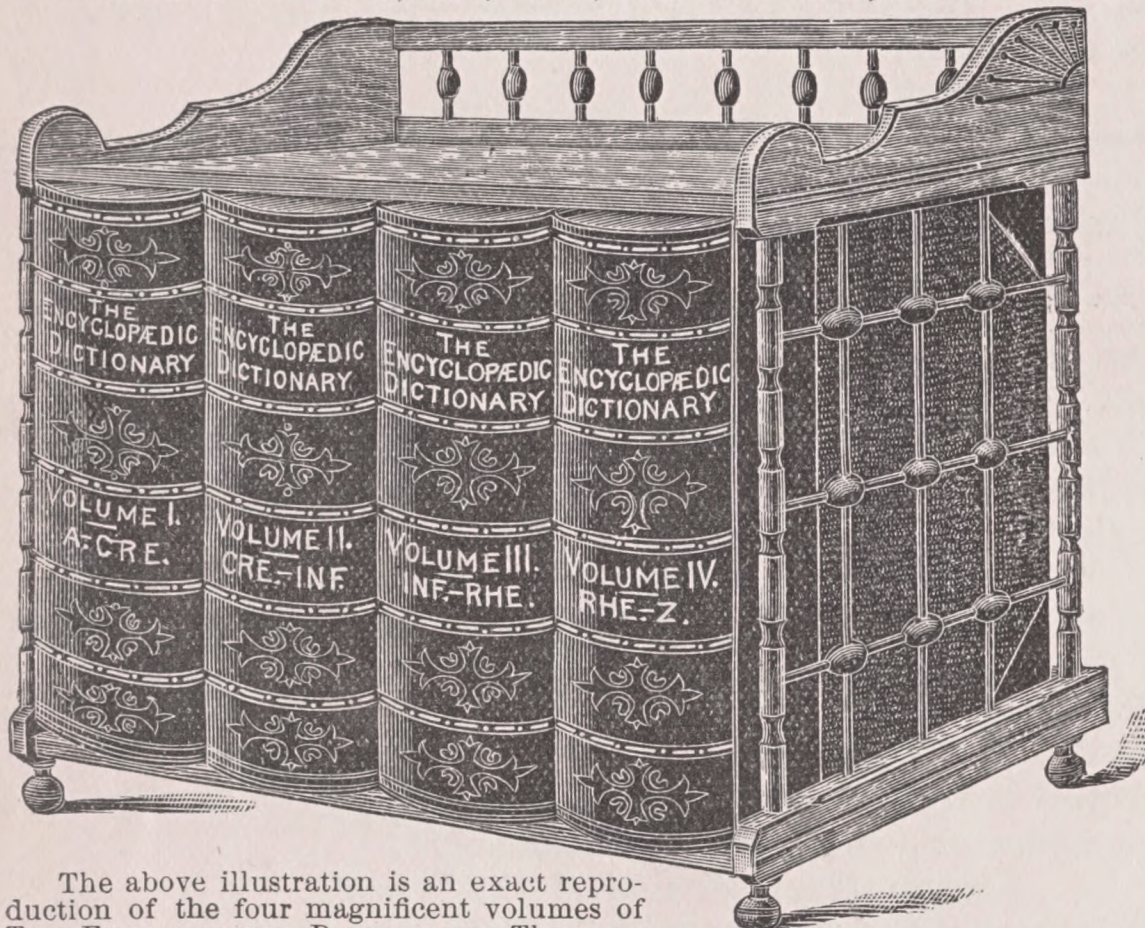
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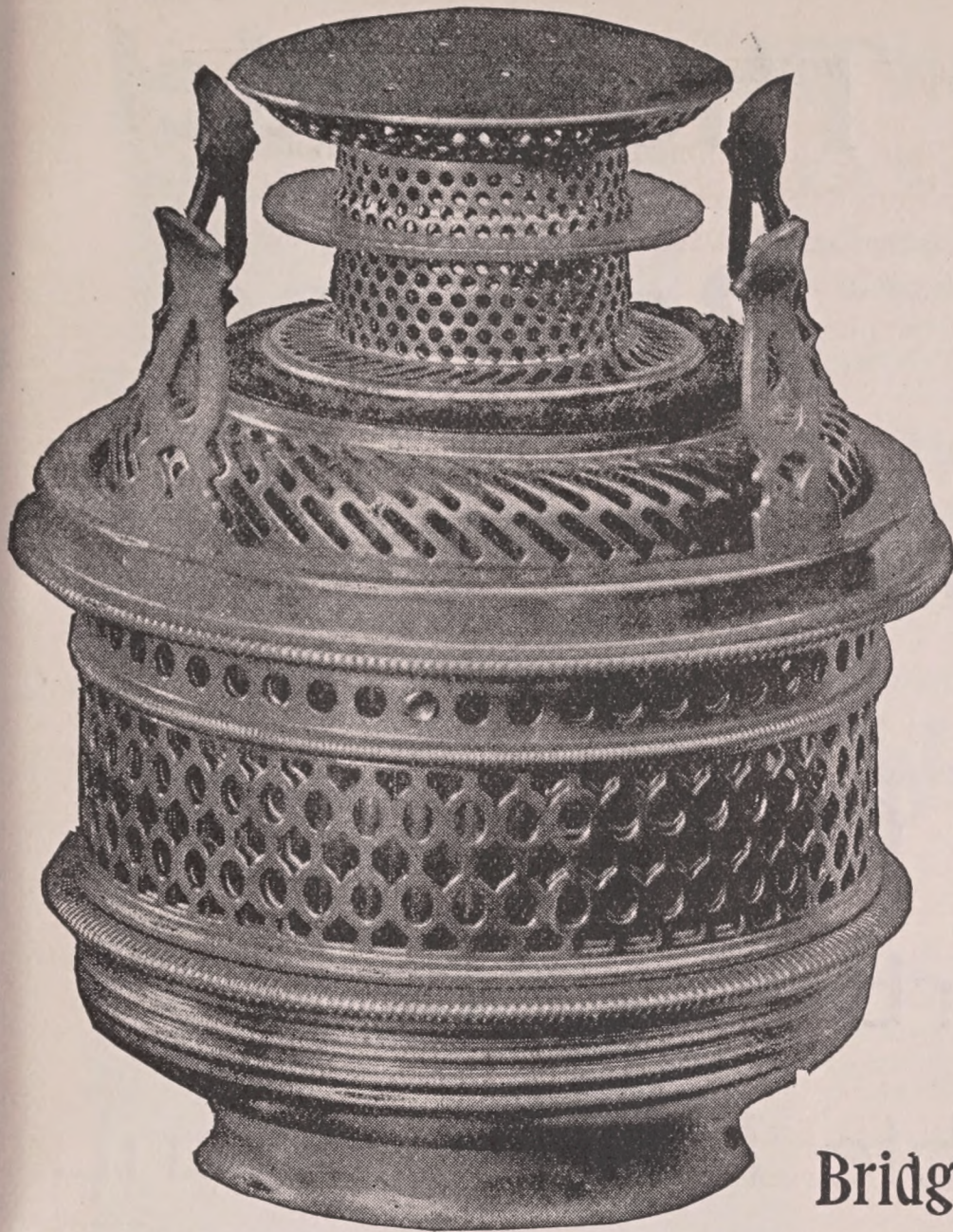
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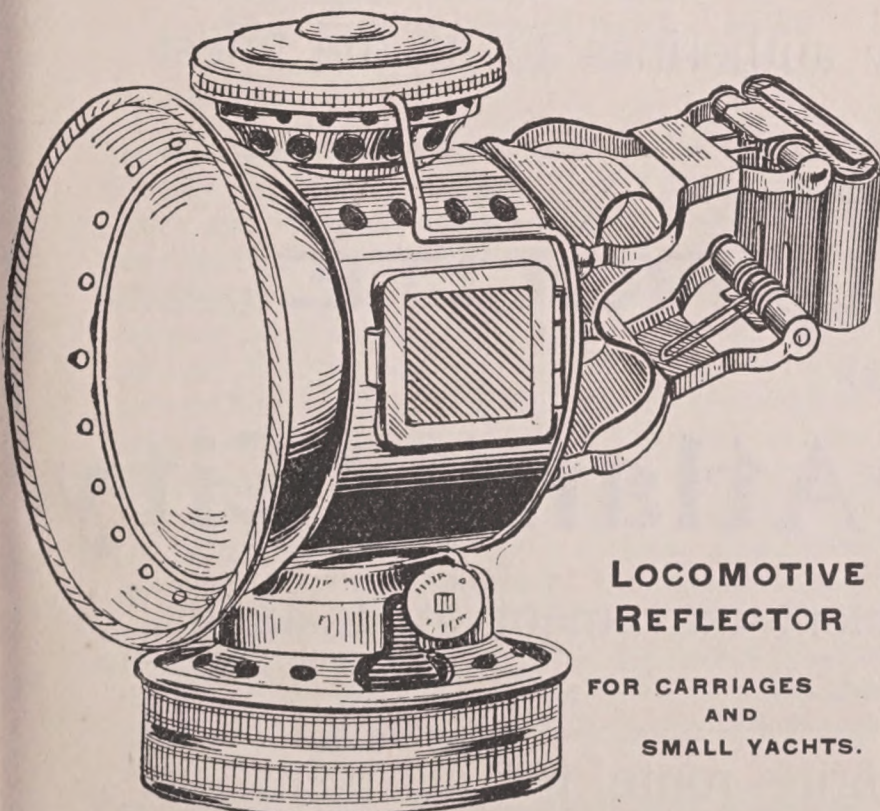
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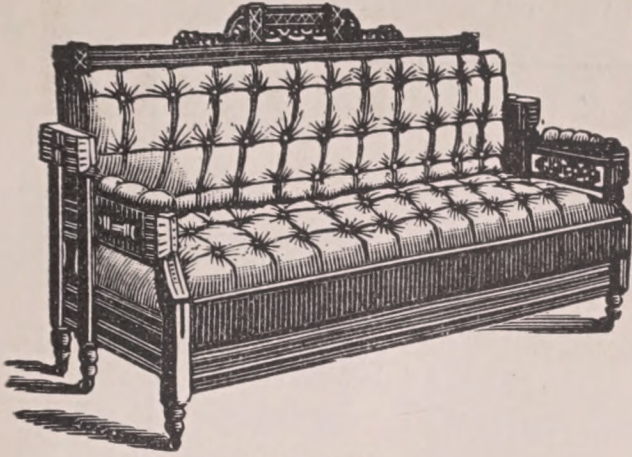
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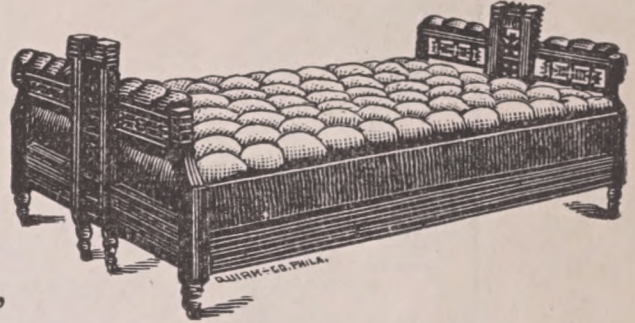
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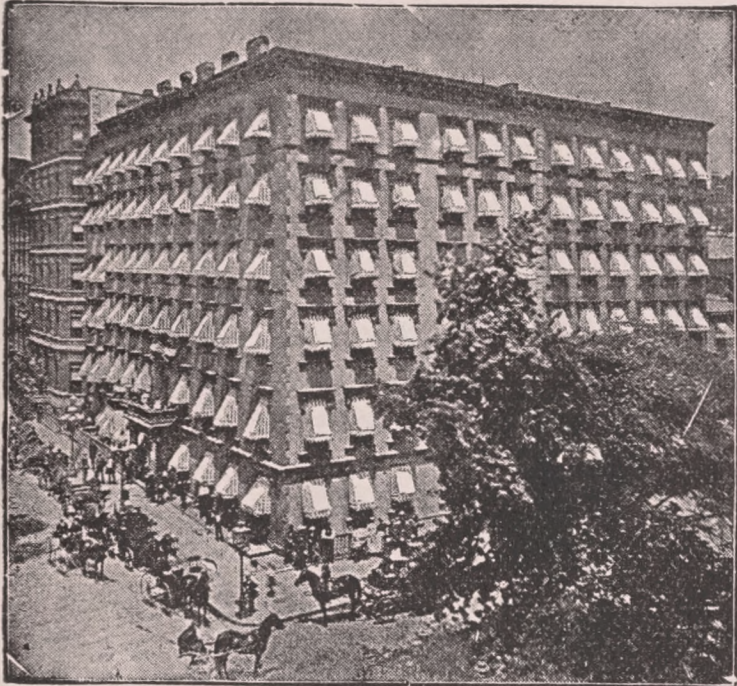


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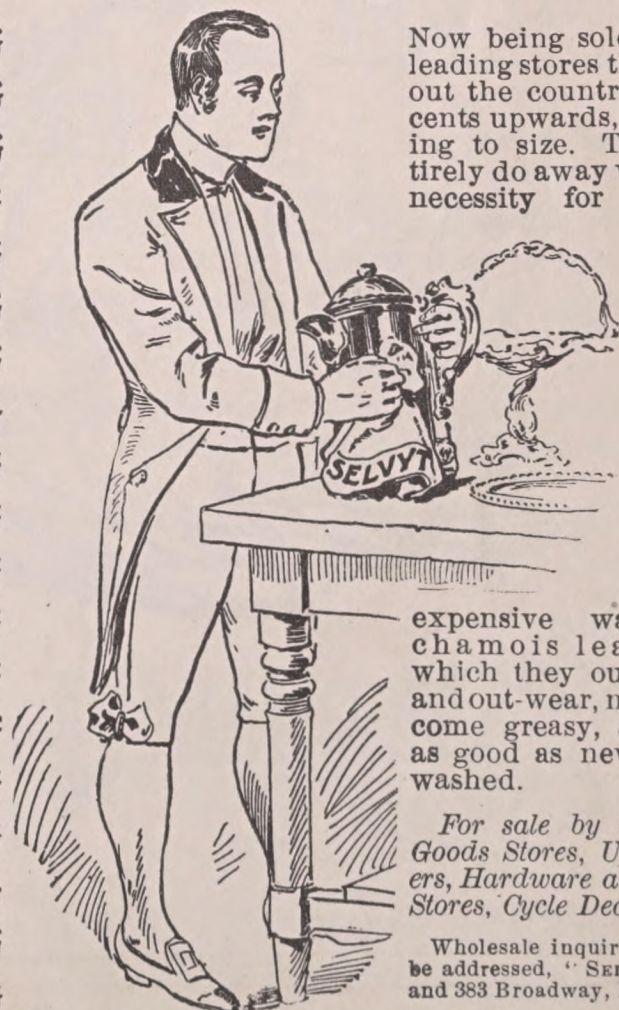
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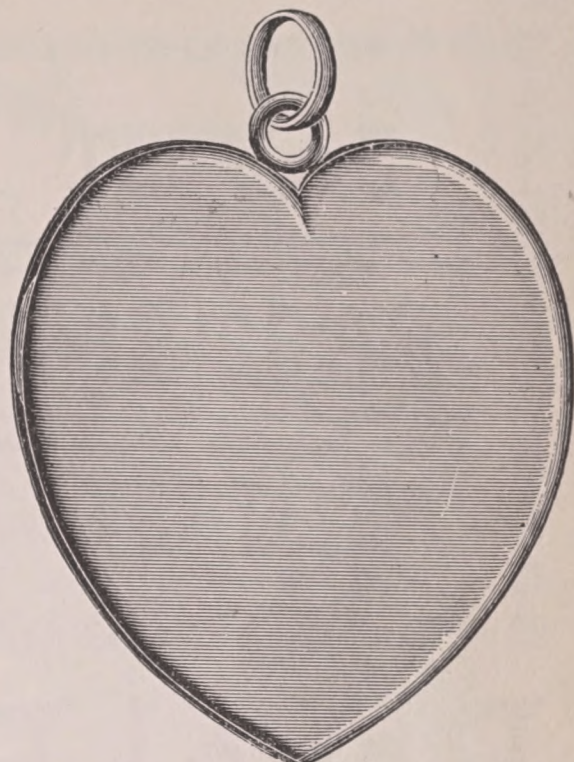
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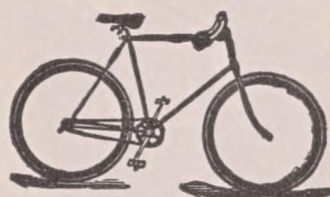
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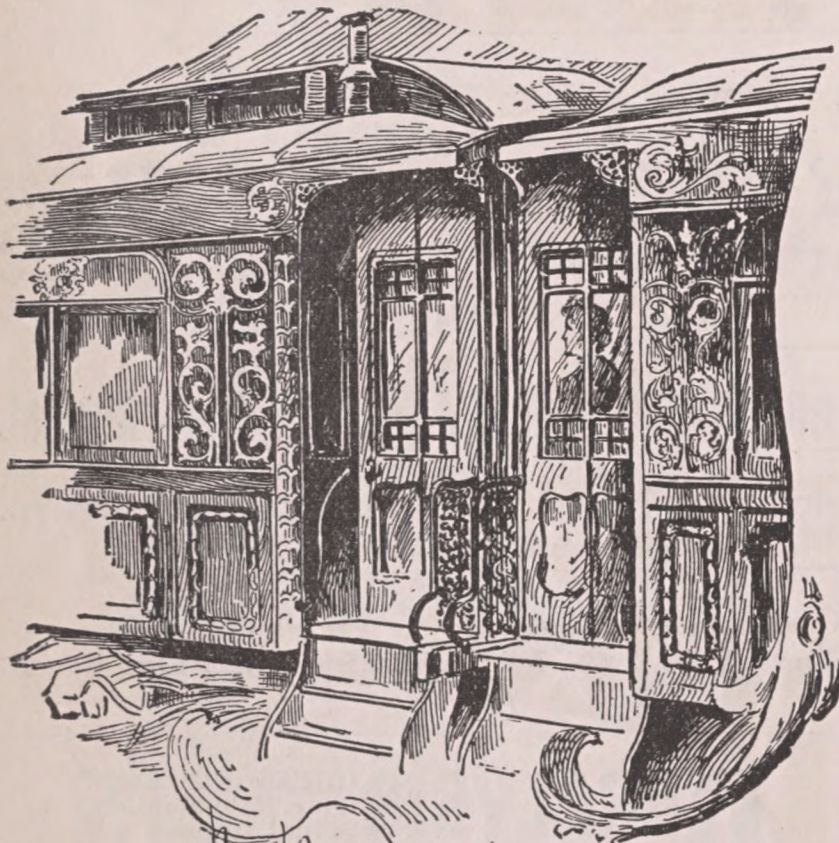
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A brand of the
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SKIRT BINDINGS

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Send for samples, showing labels and material,
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To Keep on the Crest of the Wave



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The wave of prosperity is at hand. We are ready to pull.



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(Potter Building)
NEW YORK

*Lyman D. Morse
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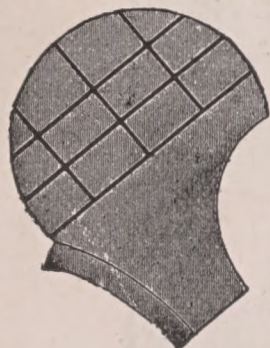


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For Waists, Sleeves
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ADDING INSULT TO INJURY; OR, THE JUGGLER'S JOKE.—Continued.



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Instructive and Entertaining.

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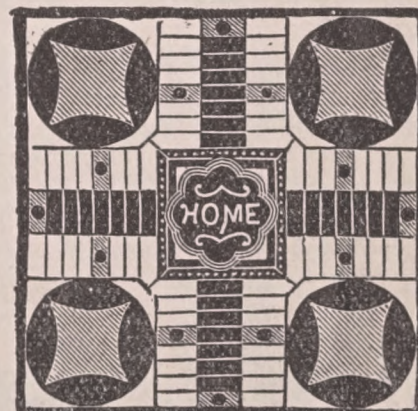
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Leo.—“ Well, I’ll be blowed ! if this ain’t what I call—

"Going up"



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SAFETY SPEED
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Economy Combined

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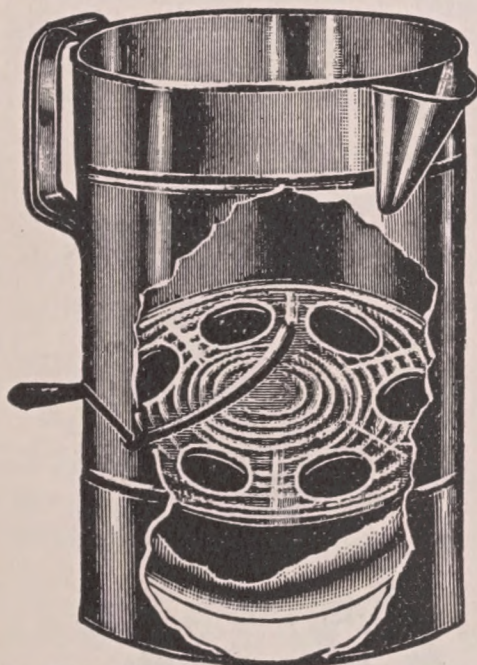
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This can only be said of
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ROLLER**

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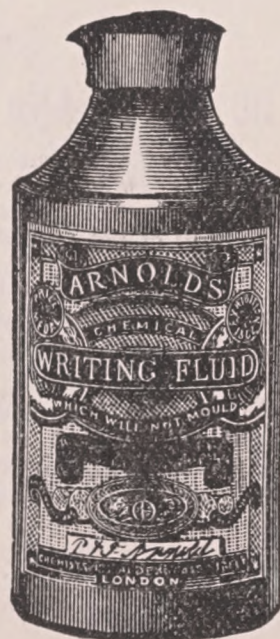
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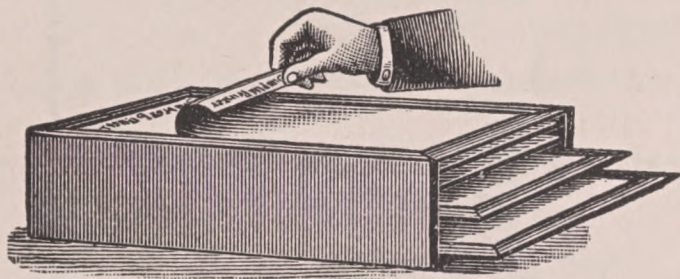
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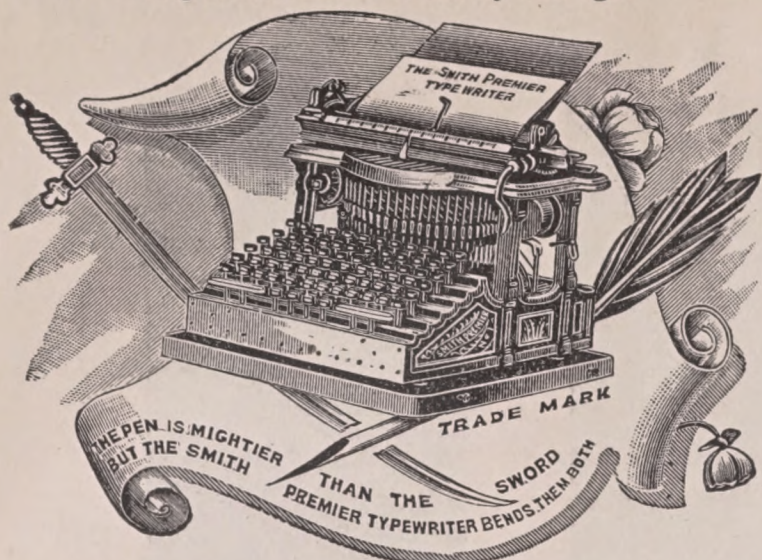
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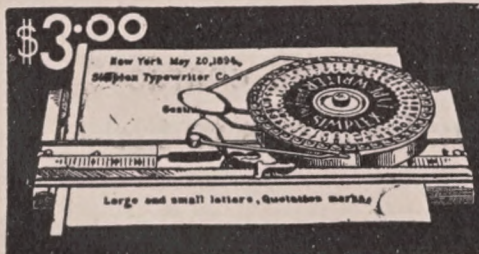
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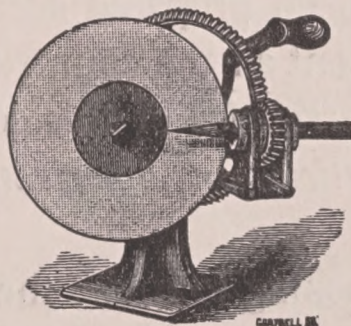


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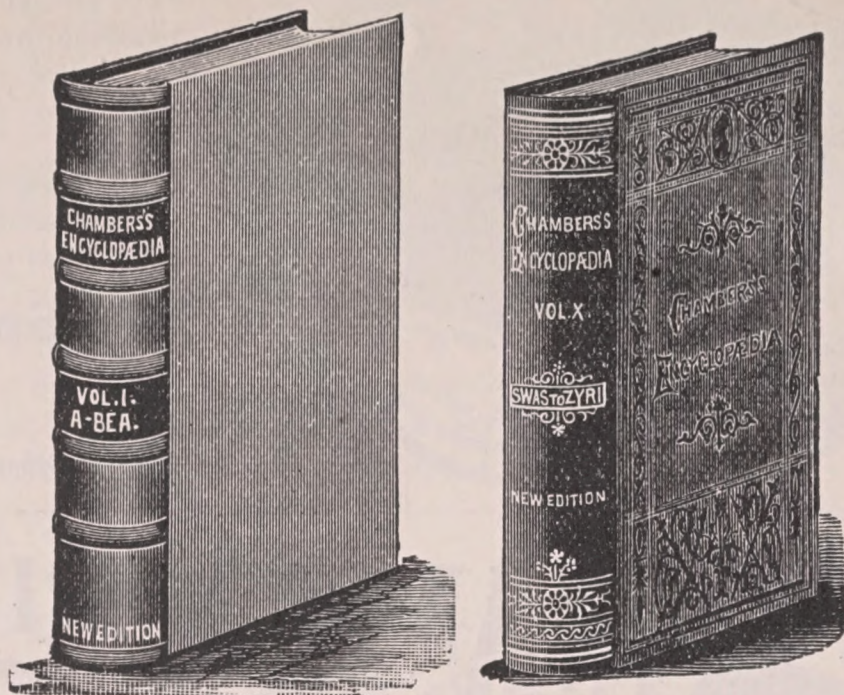
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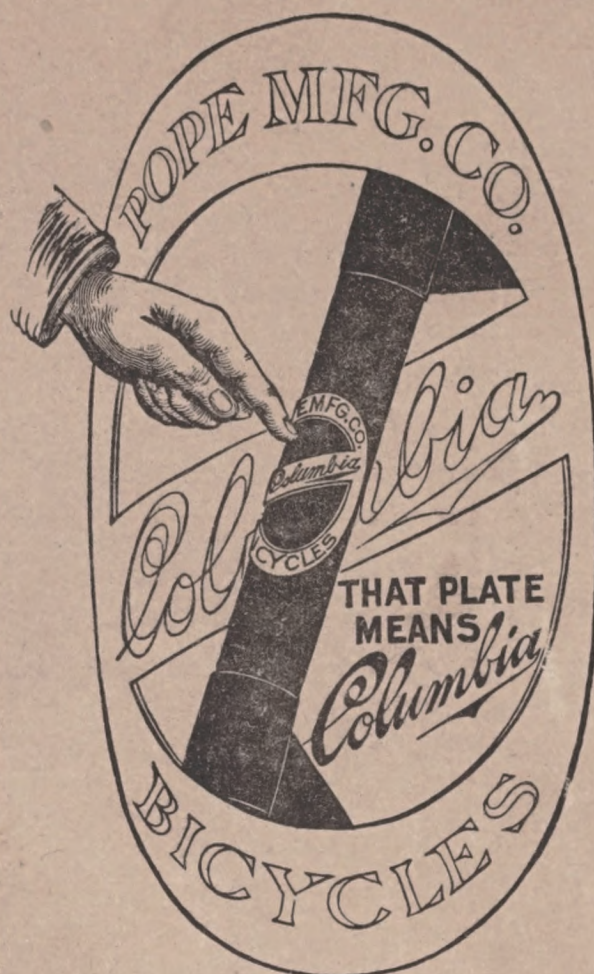
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